The Myth of the Neighborhood, by Denis Hamill

Rabin's Lament: Israel's Ex-Prime Minister at Home

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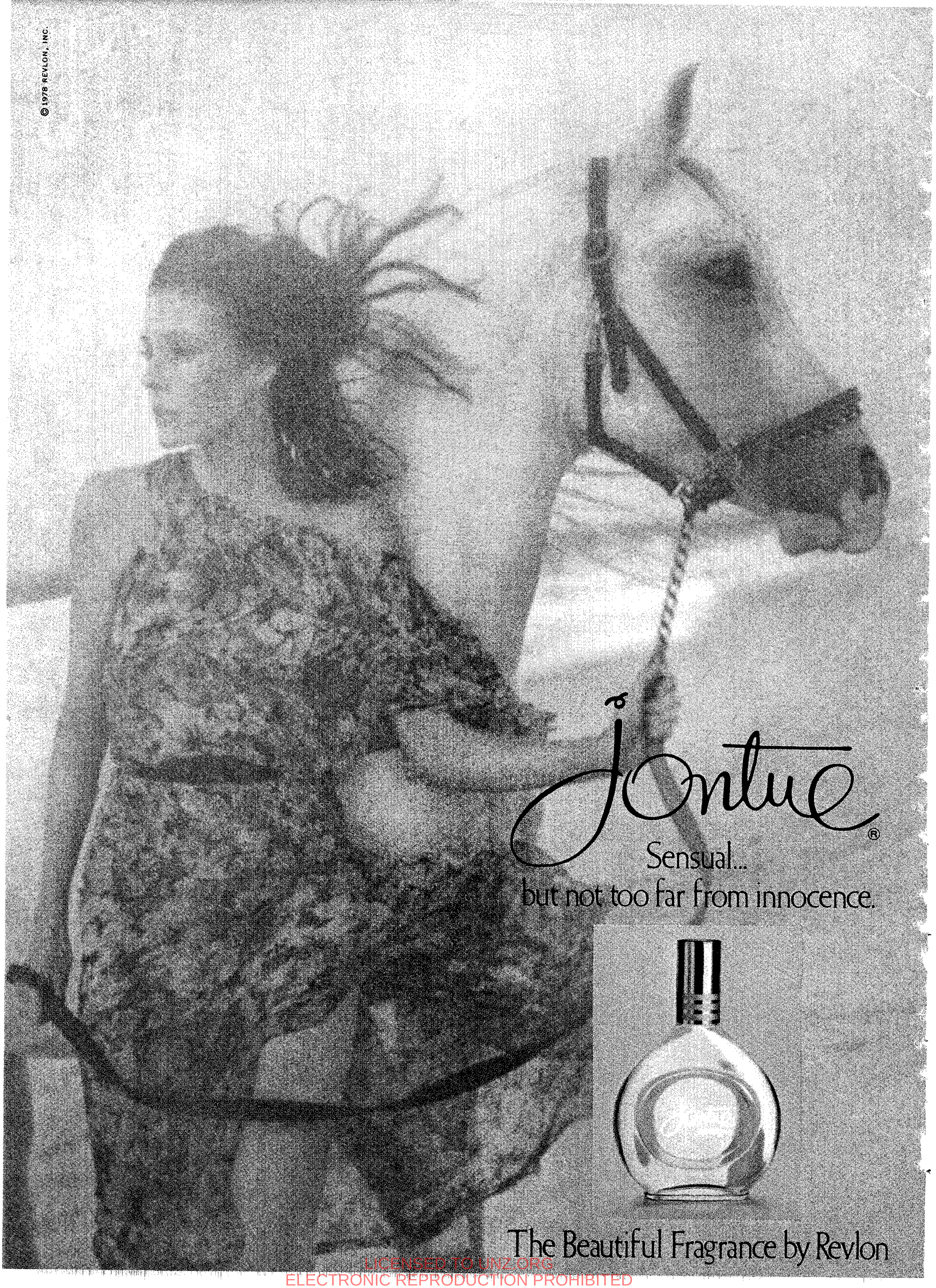
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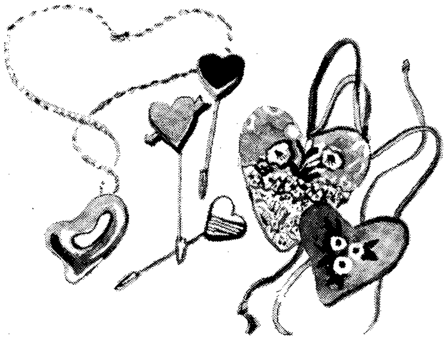
To get you started . . . here's your handy guide to Macy's "heartland".

1 THE DECORATIVE HEART: needs stick-pins and pendants from Trifari in gold-tone and white enamel. 6.00 to 7.50. Costume Jewelry on 1.



2 THE DESIGNING HEART is vermeil on silk cording from the Robin Kahn Collection, 20.00-90.00. The Little Shop on 3.

3 THE JR. HEART will throb over the collection from Jr's on 4. Red plastic pins, 3.00. Bright, made-in-France, striped, stick-pin hearts, 3.00. Matching earrings, 4.00. Romantic, enamel stick-pins plus pendant, 6.00 the set.

4 THE ORGANIZED HEART will love our collection of red boxes and memos topped with old-fashioned valentines. Boxes, 12.00-16.00. Memo pads, 7.50-10.00. Small Leather Goods on 1.

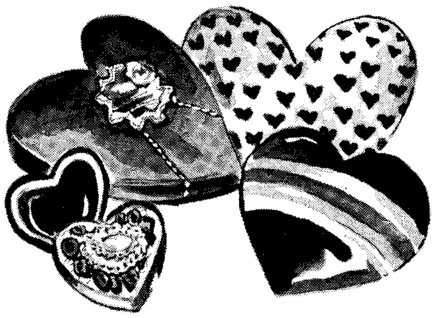
5 THE QUEEN OF HEARTS is really a beauty of a big beach towel, 17.00. The Pavilon on 6.

6 THE YOUNG HEART wins the heart-print pillow, 12.00, from Prints Charming on 5.

7 THE HERBAL HEART IS FILLED with fragrant potpourri. Magic wand, 6.50. Heart box, 6.50. Sachet pendants, 7.00 & 7.50. The Self Center on 4.

8 THE BEATING HEART does just that . . . with a flick of a switch. Lights up too! Pendant or pin, 10.00 each. The Arcade on 1.

9 THE SOFT HEART pick a heart-shaped pillow in gold, 18.00 or silver, 22.00, both with rainbow stripes. The Cellar.

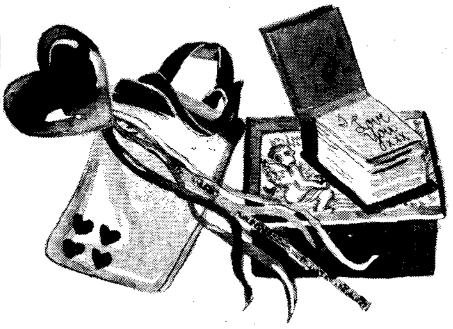


10 THE SENSUOUS HEART will pick heart bikinis, 2.50-6.00 pr. Jr. Lingerie on 4; or a saucy-heart trimmed garter belt, 5.00. Bare Minimums® on 2.

11 THE PLAYFUL HEART will want a "Coeurs et Fleurs" cotton knit sleepshift, 13.00. She (or he) will take to a big thirsty terry robe with heart trim, 53.00. All Jr. Lingerie on 4.

12 THE DRAMATIC HEART will flaunt Stagelight's heart and circle "beauty marks" in gold, silver or black, 2.50, pkg. All on 4.

13 THE TRAVELLING HEART goes in a heart-shaped red duffle, 25.00. From the Leong soft luggage collection on 5.



14 THE MANLY HEART will throb for Jockey® "King of Hearts" briefs, 4.50, and "Luv Sox" with red/white hearts, 2.25 pr. Men's Furnishings on 1.

15 THE COLLECTOR HEART thrills to a genuine Waterford crystal heart pendant, 25.00. Or Japanese print lacquer heart boxes, 3.50-4.50. Gifts On 8.

16 THE DOMESTIC HEART will work wonders with a heart baking set. Includes cake pan, cookie cutter, mold and recipes, 9.00. The Cellar.

17 THE DELICIOUS HEART is red velvet and filled with Perugina chocolates, 17.00 & 26.00 . . . or it's a red ceramic one with over 3/4 lb. of famous Lindt Chocolates, 15.00. The Marketplace in The Cellar.

18 THE "RED HOT" HEART is really a glass jar filled with cinnamon hearts, 4.50. The Arcade.

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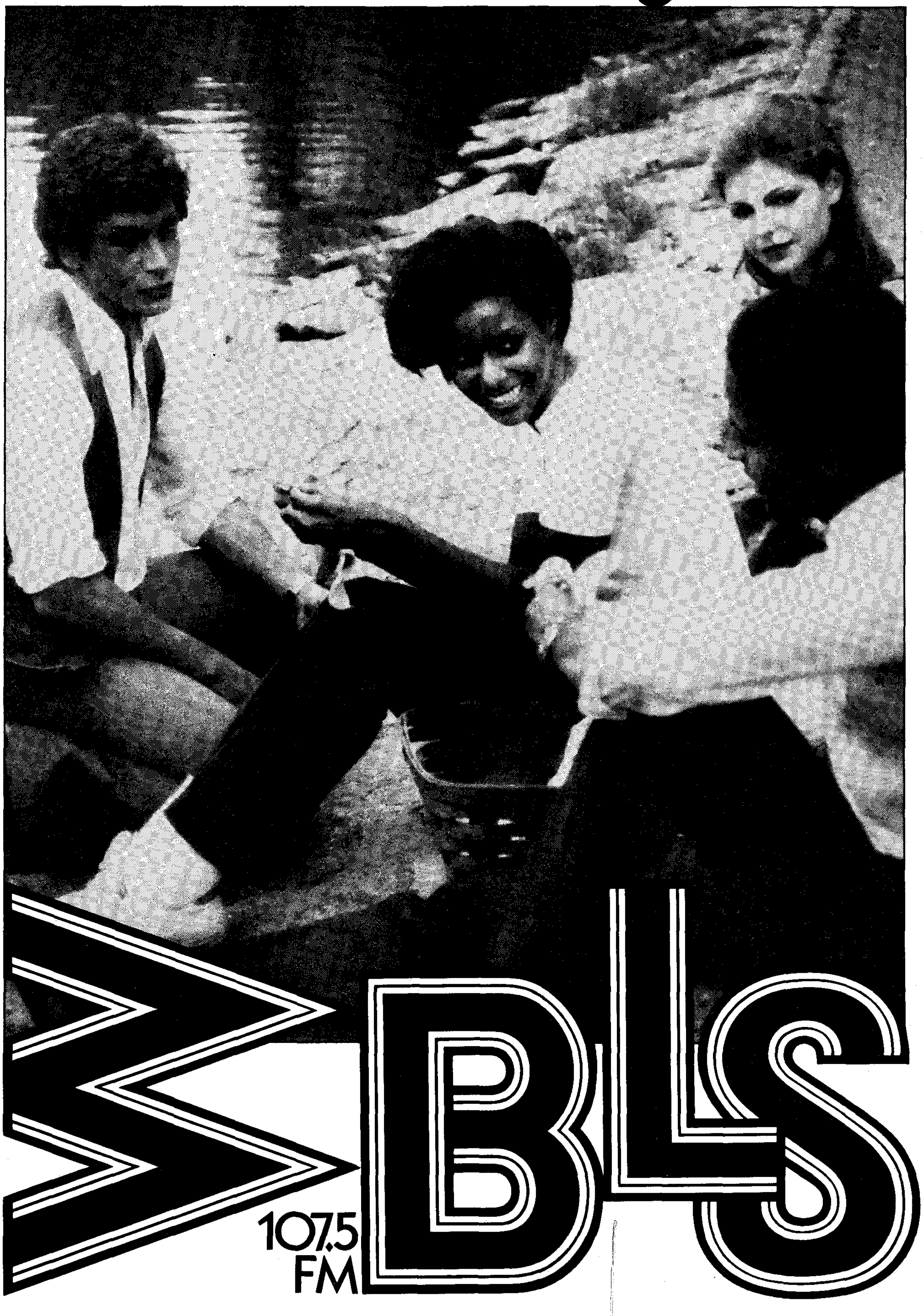
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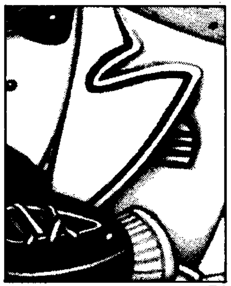
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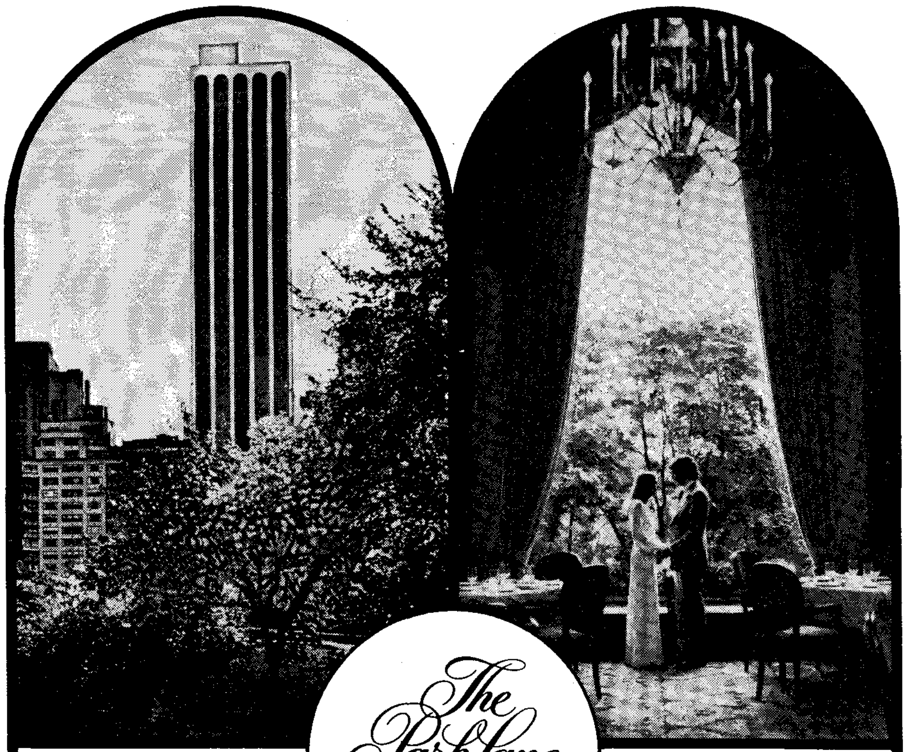
For subscription information, write Joseph Oliver, New York Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 2979, Boulder, Colorado 80302.



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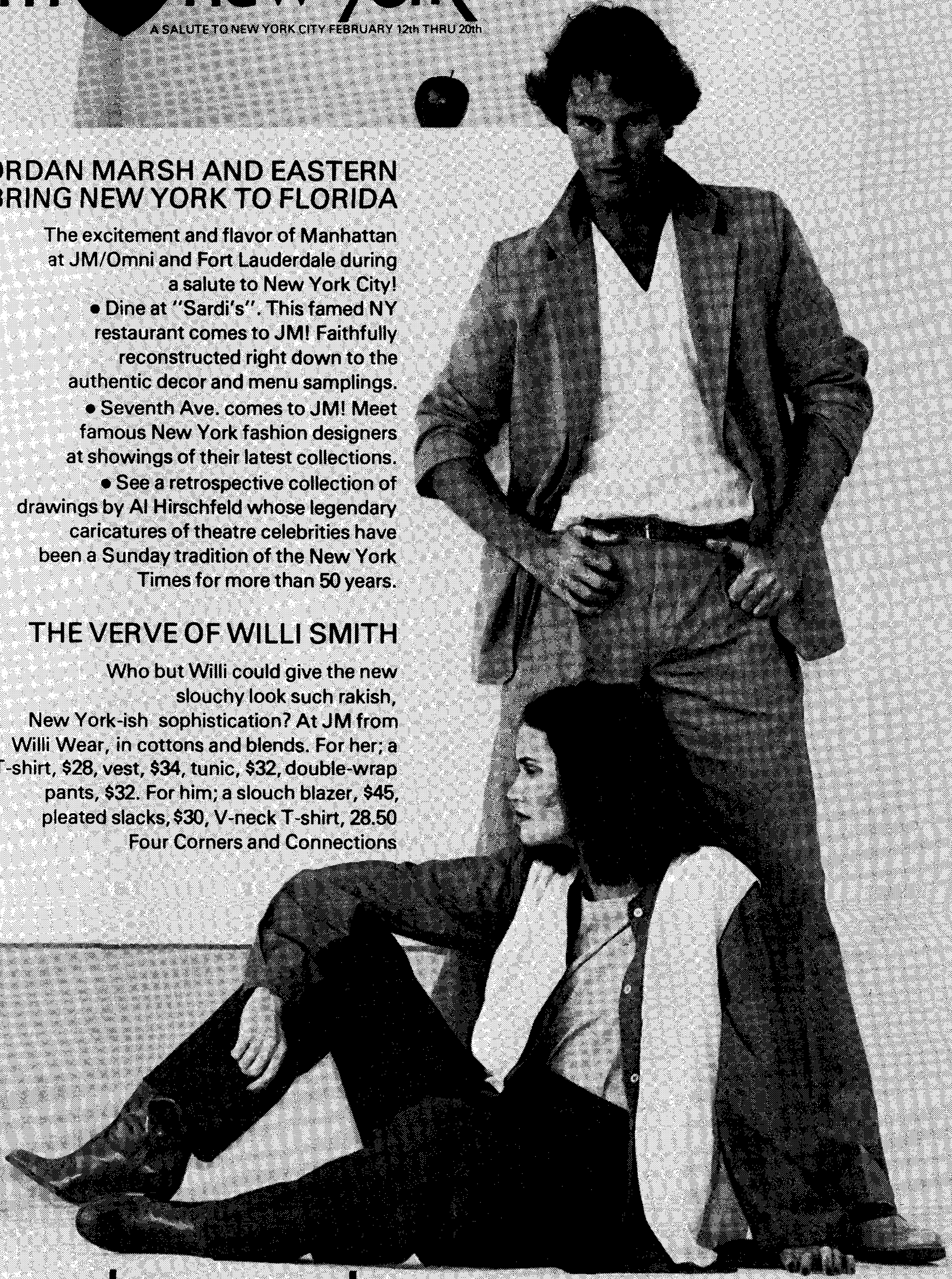
A SALUTE TO NEW YORK CITY FEBRUARY 12th THRU 20th



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The excitement and flavor of Manhattan at JM/Omni and Fort Lauderdale during a salute to New York City!

- Dine at "Sardi's". This famed NY restaurant comes to JM! Faithfully reconstructed right down to the authentic decor and menu samplings.
- Seventh Ave. comes to JM! Meet famous New York fashion designers at showings of their latest collections.
- See a retrospective collection of drawings by Al Hirschfeld whose legendary caricatures of theatre celebrities have been a Sunday tradition of the New York Times for more than 50 years.

THE VERVE OF WILLI SMITH

Who but Willi could give the new slouchy look such rakish, New York-ish sophistication? At JM from Willi Wear, in cottons and blends. For her; a T-shirt, $28, vest, $34, tunic, $32, double-wrap pants, $32. For him; a slouch blazer, $45, pleated slacks, $30, V-neck T-shirt, 28.50 Four Corners and Connections

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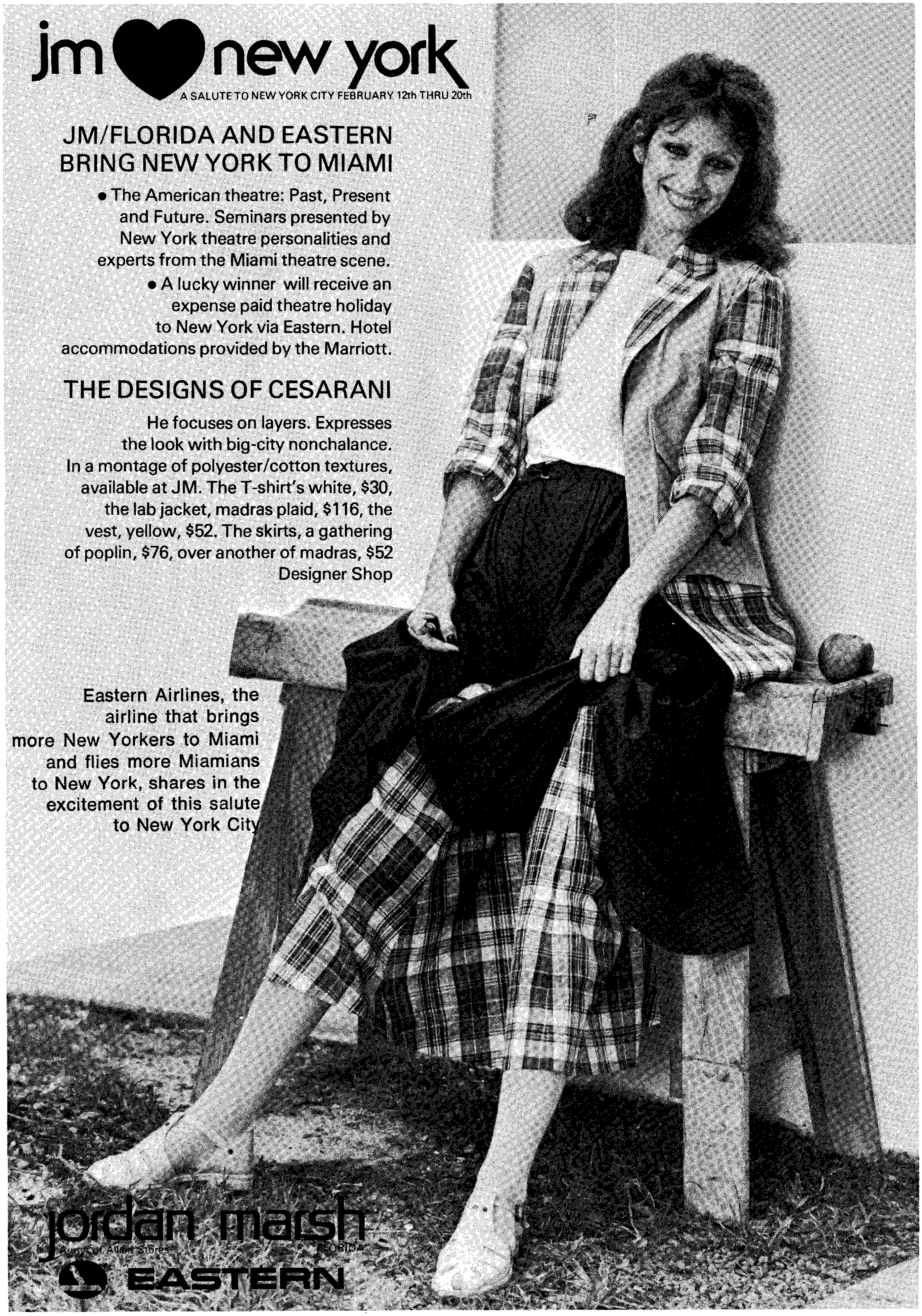

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JM/FLORIDA AND EASTERN BRING NEW YORK TO MIAMI

- The American theatre: Past, Present and Future. Seminars presented by New York theatre personalities and experts from the Miami theatre scene.
- A lucky winner will receive an expense paid theatre holiday to New York via Eastern. Hotel accommodations provided by the Marriott.

THE DESIGNS OF CESARANI

He focuses on layers. Expresses the look with big-city nonchalance. In a montage of polyester/cotton textures, available at JM. The T-shirt's white, $30, the lab jacket, madras plaid, $116, the vest, yellow, $52. The skirts, a gathering of poplin, $76, over another of madras, $52
Designer Shop

Eastern Airlines, the airline that brings more New Yorkers to Miami and flies more Miamians to New York, shares in the excitement of this salute to New York City

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A SALUTE TO NEW YORK CITY FEBRUARY 12th THRU 20th

JORDAN MARSH AND EASTERN BRING NEW YORK TO FLORIDA

- Wall Street visits Florida with instant market quotes from a quotron machine, market seminars and broker consultations plus daily distribution of the Wall Street Journal, courtesy of Loeb Rhoades/Hornblower.
- The Soaps come to JM! Ruth Warwick, "Phoebe" of All My Children, and Don Stewart, "Michael Bauer" of The Guiding Light will be at JM to meet their multitudinous Florida fans.

THE FLAIR OF PERRY ELLIS

The stirring of a New York spring comes through in sports dressing by Perry Ellis for Portfolio. Now at JM in flax, green-hemp, olive or fog linen and cotton. Blouson jacket, $48, plaid shirt, $33, flounced underskirt, $50, drawstring overskirt, $70
Biscayne East Sportswear

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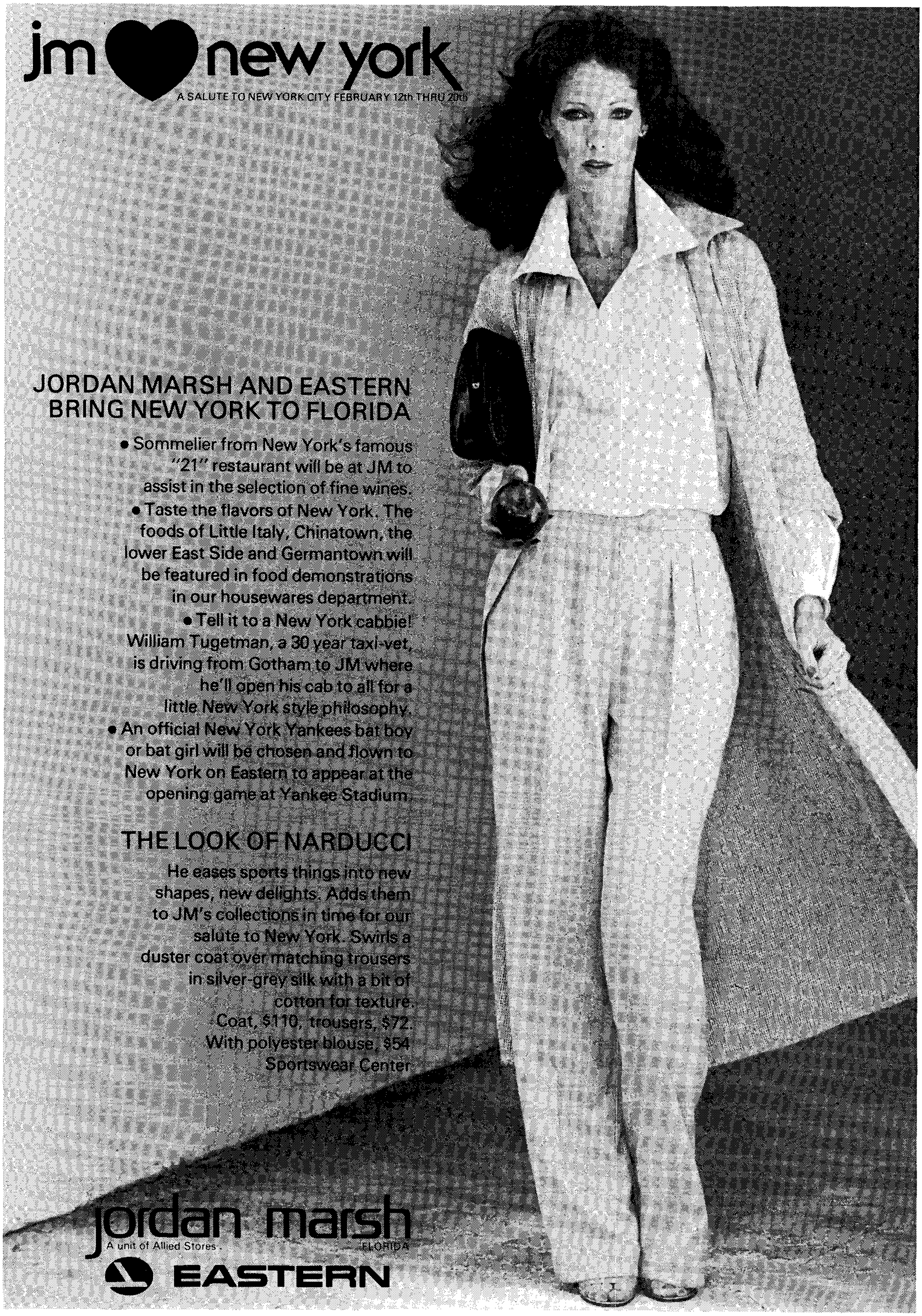

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A SALUTE TO NEW YORK CITY FEBRUARY 12th THRU 20th

JORDAN MARSH AND EASTERN BRING NEW YORK TO FLORIDA

- Sommelier from New York's famous "21" restaurant will be at JM to assist in the selection of fine wines.
- Taste the flavors of New York. The foods of Little Italy, Chinatown, the lower East Side and Germantown will be featured in food demonstrations in our housewares department.
- Tell it to a New York cabbie! William Tugetman, a 30 year taxi-vet, is driving from Gotham to JM where he'll open his cab to all for a little New York style philosophy.
- An official New York Yankees bat boy or bat girl will be chosen and flown to New York on Eastern to appear at the opening game at Yankee Stadium.

THE LOOK OF NARDUCCI

He eases sports things into new shapes, new delights. Adds them to JM's collections in time for our salute to New York. Swirls a duster coat over matching trousers in silver-grey silk with a bit of cotton for texture. Coat, $110, trousers, $72. With polyester blouse, $54 Sportswear Center

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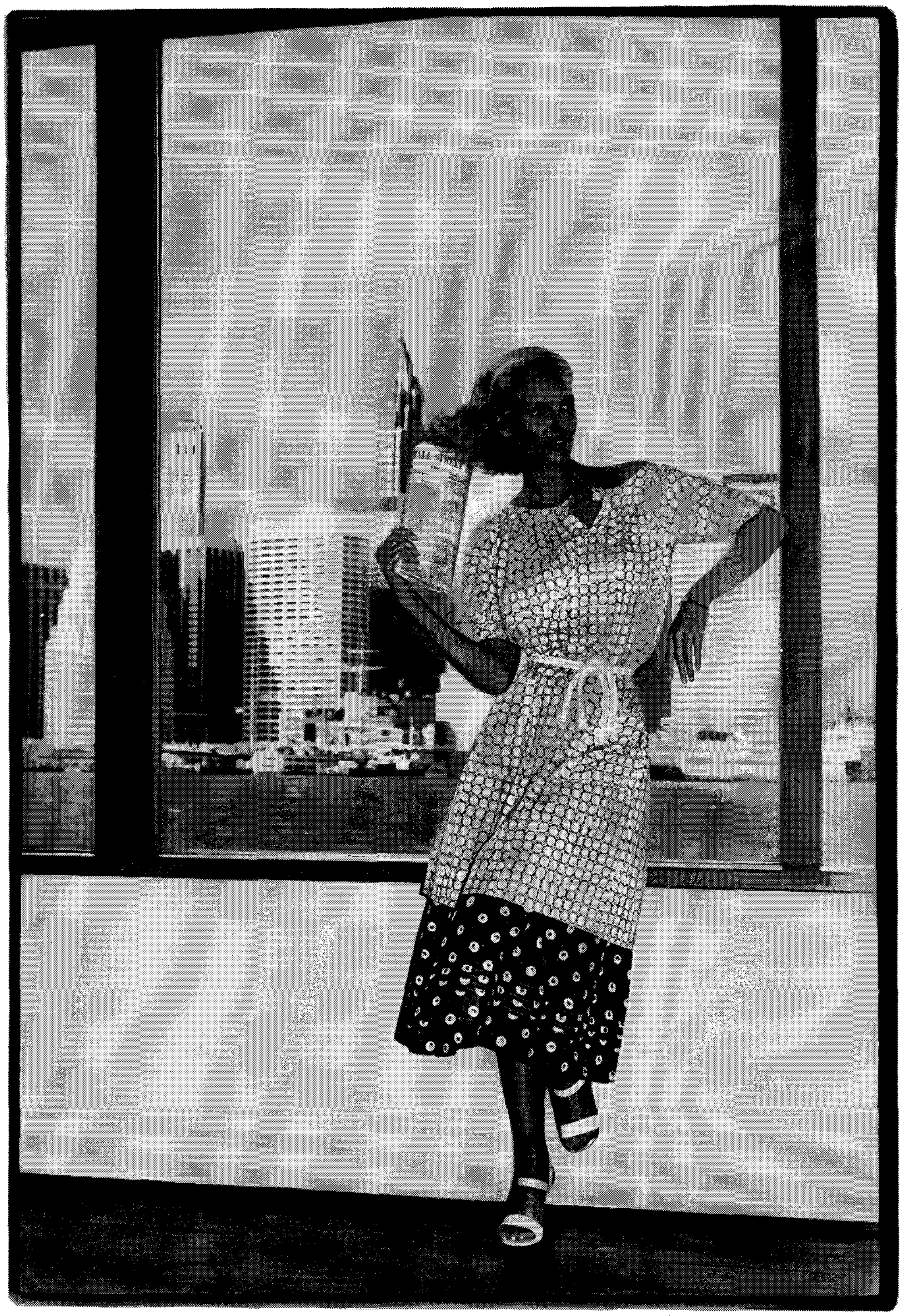

Manhattan migrates south to Jordan Marsh.

Liz Claiborne's tunic and skirt, fashion that moves with you from city to beach. Imported from the big city by Jordan Marsh. New Yorkers are always at home at Jordan Marsh Florida. And so is the American Express® Card.

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LETTERS

Cooking by the Book

Mr. Bayer and Miss Wolfert seem to be a bit muddleheaded about cookery books ["A Delicious Little Cookbook Scandal," by William Bayer and Paula Wolfert, December 12]. The vast majority take the form of a personal anthology of dishes that the author has tried and liked. Very few of the recipes in them are wholly original. The main point of my book *Feast Without Fuss* was to help people cook delicious food in their own homes without fuss or panic. The recipes I included are those I have tried, cooked myself, and liked. I had no idea but am not surprised that so many of them had been published in *Gourmet*, a marvelous magazine for those who like good food. As I have been collecting and copying out recipes for 25 years without making a note of the publications from which I took them, since at that time I had no intention of writing a book, it was, I suppose, highly likely that many would have come from *Gourmet*, especially since my mother has subscribed to the magazine from the first issue. It seems that on average the magazine publishes about 100 recipes each month, so I must have read some 30,000 recipes over the past 25 years, from which it appears I may have selected some 160. Surely a very individual selection by any standard. As I obtained written releases in all those cases where I knew the source, I would naturally have asked for similar permission in all other cases if I had been aware of the specific author or, indeed, of *Gourmet* itself.

If Mr. Bayer and Miss Wolfert can find nothing better to do, I have a suggestion for another useless research project. Why do they not find the original source of the 30,000 recipes published in *Gourmet* over the past 25 years, or do they think they have all been dreamed up by the magazine and its contributors? I can give them a start. Mr. Bayer quoted to me, as an example of a *Gourmet* recipe I had copied, a chicken dish, Chicken Rouxinol, which my husband and I ate at a restaurant in the Algarve. With the proprietor's permission I first published it in British *Vogue* in September 1971, and subsequently received permission to include it in my book. In May 1973, it was published in *Gourmet*.

Lady Harlech
London, England

The author's reply: Lady Harlech uses Nixonian tactics: She evades issues by denying things of which she is not accused. Our point was not that she didn't think up a whole book of brand-new dishes, but that she copied *Gourmet* texts nearly word-for-word, without giving credit. Her story that when she did this she had no intention of writing a book is belied by the date of the book contract, as pointed out in our piece. As for chicken Rouxinol, it is *not* one of the 165 recipes we say she copied, and we did *not* quote it to her at any time.

Better Read Than Said

Being quoted not once but *twice* in the same issue of *New York* Magazine is very good for your ego, especially if you are a defector, living in Boston. But being *mis*quoted not once but *twice* in one issue of *New York* Magazine induces nothing short of euphoria.

In your January 23 issue, my friend John Margolies ["Stop Us Before We Kill More!"] quotes me as saying that the "Decoration & Design Building" on Third Avenue and 58th Street is a "giant Op Art production number. This fantastic display . . ." Well, when I first commented on it, in the December 1963 issue of the late, lamented *Architectural Forum*, I described the D&D as "a marvelous play of cubes, planes, and volumes, all constantly changing in sunlight, in space, and as you see the building from different vantage points." And so on. I'd prefer to stick with the real, rather than the attributed, quote.

On page 63 of that same issue of *New York*, my only *other* friend, the Cooper-Hewitt's Dick Oliver, quotes me as saying that "vernacular architecture is junk." I have said an awful lot of stupid things in recent years, but I don't think I have said that "vernacular architecture is junk."

Or, if I did, I have changed my mind.

Peter Blake, FAIA
Chairman, Boston Architectural Center
Boston, Mass.

More on Learning Disabilities

Your recent article "The ABC's of Learning Disabilities" [by Evelyn Cappell Rubin and Ron Rubin, January 30] was an excellent treatment of this complex, sometimes elusive, subject.

An additional resource that may be of value to parents finding their way through what seems, at times, a maze of pediatricians, school psychologists, clinic staff, mental-health-center programs, etc., is the Association for the Learning Disabled (sometimes called the Association for Children with Learning Disabilities). Offices are staffed throughout the New York area. Phone (518) 472-7110 for information.

Bill Claflin
Alcohol Education Coordinator
Community Mental Health Center
Pomona, N.Y.

Strike Up the Band

I would like to point out to those who find that the need arises to dance like John Travolta ["How to Dance Like John Travolta, Should the Need Arise," by Rhoda Koenig, January 16] that the diagram for "The Scissors" does not follow the description. The silhouetted figure is leaning backward while his toes are touching. The copy instructs, "When your heels are touching, push your elbows back and lean backward." In order to avoid a revolution on the dance floor, I would like to suggest that we all follow the written instructions (should the need arise).

Elise Levy
Brooklyn

A House Is Not a Home

There are times when the embattled building owners of this city do have something to be thankful for, even if it is simply the understanding of our problems by one of the city's influential publications. In its recent article on "63 Ways to Strengthen New York" [January 9, 1978], *New York* Magazine made by far one of the strongest cases to date for the need for a strong, effective housing policy. I congratulate the magazine on its responsible journalism and sensitivity to the city's need. The proposal on ending rent control, encouraging co-op conversion, and a "tenant tax system" must be taken seriously if we are to save the city's housing stock.

Edward Sulzberger
President
Metropolitan Fair Rent Committee, Inc.
Manhattan

Correction: We inadvertently failed to give credit to *Hans Holzer's Haunted Houses* (© 1971 by Hans Holzer) as the principal source for "New York's Haunted Houses" in our issue of November 21, 1977. Our apologies to Professor Holzer.

You've done so much to make your hair gorgeous that now it's really in trouble.

We're not against coloring, bleaching, straightening, and perms. We're just against splitting, breaking, and damage.

Congratulations! You have the power to make your hair do just about anything you'd like.

You can dry and style it almost instantly, with the enormous heat and wind of your blow dryer. You can improve the color. Straighten out the frizz. Or put in curls with a perm.

Add to any of this, harsh shampoos and sun and swimming, and you've got battered, damaged hair. And great big problems.

The Problems. Damaged hair looks dry, lifeless and dull. Feels rough and brittle. Breaks and splits and just will not behave. And it won't get better without the help it so desperately needs.

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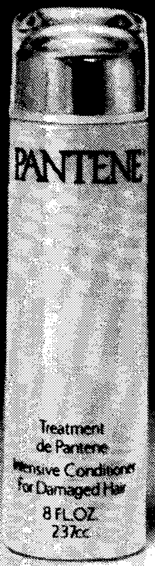

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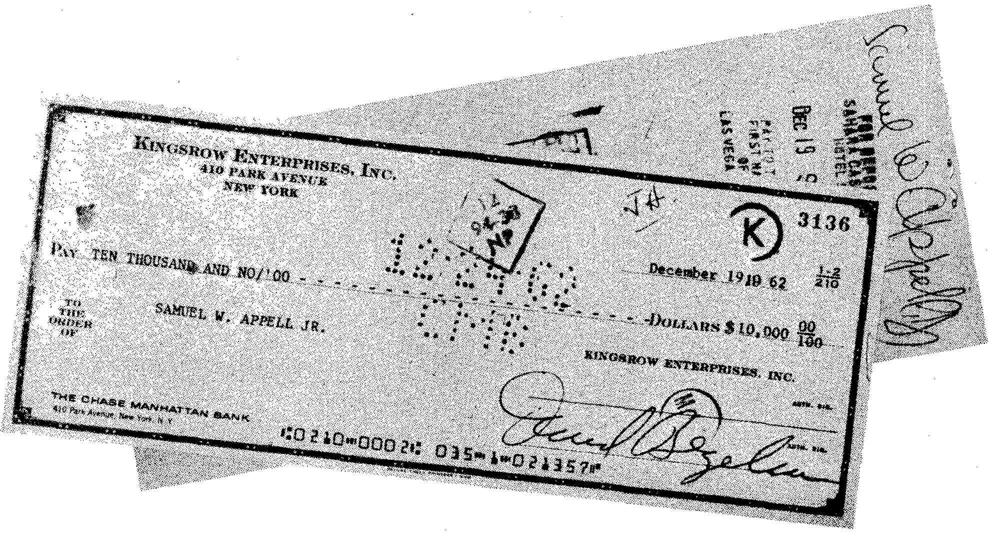
NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Begelman Scandal Grows: Another Forged Check



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DEC 19

Samuel W Appell

Canceled check: *A $10,000 payment to a fictitious person.*

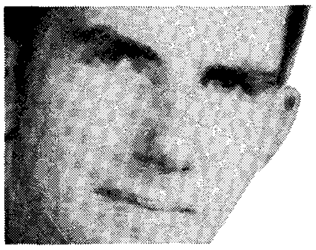
Sid Luft has discovered yet another check apparently written by David Begelman on Judy Garland's Kingsrow Enterprises account. As reported in *New York* (February 6), Luft had previously discovered almost $100,000 in checks and bank transfers made by Columbia Pictures president David Begelman, who was Judy Garland's agent in the early sixties, on the Kingsrow account.

Sid Luft has discovered a $10,000 check that he believes Begelman wrote to a "Samuel W. Appell Jr.," forged the Appell name just like he forged Cliff Robertson's name on a Columbia Pictures check in 1976, and then cashed it himself. The $10,000 check was listed on the Kingsrow books as payment to Appell for "sets and set dressing" for a Judy Garland CBS-TV special taped in New York in February, 1963. At CBS, senior set decorator Myron Bleam says, "There's never been a Sam Appell here and I go back 30 years."

The Appell check was issued on December 19, 1962, two months before the show was taped. Although "Appell" supposedly worked in New York, he cashed the check at the Hotel Sahara in Las Vegas. The Samuel Appell signature endorsing the check is similar to Begelman's signature.

Meanwhile, there's talk that Columbia's board, which initially suspended Begelman upon learning of his check-cashing problems and then reinstated him, may reverse itself again and ask Begelman to step down. We hear he'd be asked to stay on as an independent producer and consultant with a lucrative contract. **—Jeanie Kasindorf**

Haldeman's Version: Deep Throat; Who Erased Tape



Fielding: Deep throat?

In his forthcoming book, *The Ends of Power,* H. R. "Bob" Haldeman reveals his theories on the two lingering Watergate mysteries. According to family sources close to Haldeman, he names Fred Fielding, 38, deputy counsel to Nixon and John Dean's assistant, as Deep Throat.

As for the eighteen-and-a-half-minute tape erasure, the culprit was, Haldeman reportedly writes, Richard Nixon himself. Nixon intended to go through *all* the tapes, erasing incriminating conversations wherever he found them, but soon realized the task would take years.

'TV Guide': To Stay in Annenberg Family?

Walter Annenberg has made no secret that for the right price he would sell *TV Guide,* the highly profitable weekly with a circulation of 20 million. However, there have been no takers. Apparently no one has the kind of money Annenberg wants: Prices mentioned have gone as high as a billion, but the last known price quoted by Annenberg is $500 million. Since no one is biting, an unnoticed development has occurred at the *TV Guide* offices: Annenberg's daughter, Wallis, has had an office set up for herself. Maybe the too-rich *TV Guide* is staying in the family after all.

Con Man Outsmarted

While the creditors of Lloyd, Carr & Company, the fly-by-night commodities firm, line up for their share, Ed Katz, president of New York–based Choice Air Courier Service, can sit back and gloat. Smelling a rat, Katz forced Alan Abrahams, alias James A. Carr, into paying his $20,000 Choice bill two weeks before the public discovered Carr was really a swindler.

Lloyd, Carr started using Choice's national courier service in mid-December and was soon running up bills of over $1,000 a day. Katz got suspicious "because everything was always *rush* with them, and their pickups were usually out in the boondocks. Also, Lloyd, Carr usually wanted our messengers to pretend they were company representatives who just happened to be passing through town."

In early January, Katz called Carr to discuss the rapidly mounting bills. When Carr didn't return his call, Katz pulled the plug. He ordered all outstanding Lloyd, Carr deliveries sent directly to Choice's New York headquarters. Some $60,000 in checks and $4,300 in cash arrived. "It wasn't long before Abrahams himself was calling me," recalls Katz, "telling me he was an attorney and who did I think I was. But he sent a messenger with a $20,000 certified check and I gave him Lloyd, Carr's loot."**—Jacqueline Thompson**

WIDE WORLD

Abrahams: Forced to pay up.

Politics / Tad Szulc

GOOD-BYE, JAMES BOND

WIDE WORLD

Turner and Carter: *Replacing brawn with brain in our intelligence operations.*

In From the Cold War

Admiral Stansfield Turner's dismissal of hundreds of clandestine operatives in the CIA Directorate of Operations has made him—without question—one of the most controversial directors in the agency's history. Late last year, Turner summarily removed 820 officers of the clandestine services (some 400 more are to go next month) including the deputy director of operations, William Wells. This 8 percent reduction in the CIA's 15,000 employees shattered CIA morale even more than the Senate investigation by the Church committee two years ago.

The resentment of the victims and the fears of those who may go next should not be surprising. CIA officers are the only U.S. government employees who have neither job tenure nor the right to appeal dismissal—no matter how many years they have worked for the agency.

But all the bloody screams from the CIA's decimated undercover rank and file have obscured the real news behind the Turner slaughter: The intelligence community is making a major shift in policy.

Among the hundreds of purged agents are many Ivy League veterans from the elitist Office of Strategic Services and the CIA's cold-war years. These are the folks who spent far too much time and money figuring out elaborate espionage games, like how to deprive Fidel Castro of his beard, running weird behavior-modification experiments with LSD, or conducting subversive activities against unfriendly governments.

In their stead, there is a new breed of superspook who is rated more for his ability to understand and interpret—rather than manipulate—world events.

What is emerging, finally, under Carter and Turner is the age of the analyst of intelligence—something sadly neglected in the past in favor of clandestine political and paramilitary operations.

When Jimmy Carter took office thirteen months ago, he discovered he had the worst of both worlds: The Central Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and their fellow sleuths had been cavalierly violating American rights as well as interfering thoughtlessly in the affairs of other countries (assassination plots, "destabilization" of governments, and so on) and only rarely coming up with a decent intelligence product.

To present the president with a rational foreign policy today, national-security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance must know, for example, why French Communist-party boss Georges Marchais suddenly started referring to his socialist rivals as "comrades" in mid-January, or what Iraqi leaders had in mind when they strangely decided last week to boycott a summit meeting of hard-line Arabs. And it is vital to know for what long-range purpose the Soviets flew 2,000 Cuban troops to Ethiopia in recent months and whether Japan is likely to stop buying beef from the United States.

And Carter is not the first to view the CIA with great skepticism. So little did Nixon think of intelligence analysts that the invasions of Cambodia and Laos in 1970 and 1971 were ordered without a systematic study—what's called a Special National Intelligence Estimate (SNIE)—and no attention was paid by the CIA command to the assessments on Chile by in-house analysts (who themselves were never told that the covert side was busily undermining the Allende regime).

The U.S. intelligence community not only failed to predict the energy crisis triggered by the 1973 Arab oil embargo but was unable to provide the Nixon administration with a clear picture of available world energy resources. So contemptuous were Nixon and Kissinger of our spy network, they even failed to believe the one good piece of information passed forward to them that year—that the Arabs were planning a massive attack on Israel. Espionage credibility had been seriously damaged the previous year when it turned out U.S. intelligence officers had no idea that the 1972 Soviet grain harvest was a disaster. Nixon, accordingly, had no timely warning that the Russians were about to engage in massive purchases in the United States, badly damaging our own markets. But if he had wanted to, Nixon could have read the less-than-world-shaking study of how the Peruvian fish-meal industry was being affected in 1972 by Pacific Ocean currents that had removed schools of anchovies far away from traditional fish-breeding grounds.

Why is our political-military estimative capability so poor? Surprisingly, it suffers less from lack of information than it does from the disagreement among agencies about what the information means. Studies the agencies provide are so riddled with dissenting opinions that they are reduced to gibberish. Quite early on, Henry Kissinger decided to disregard the political

The Koch Watch

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE...

Morale in the Fire Department is lower than on Riker's Island. For good reasons too. Most fire fighters feel—as does the city they protect—they were sold out by the Beame administration. Almost to a man, the rank and file loathed former Commissioner John O'Hagan, under whose leadership 50 fire companies were closed when the fire-fighting force was cut by over 3,000 men.

While it may be unfair to blame O'Hagan for many of the cutbacks necessitated by the city's fiscal crisis, most fire fighters will point out that before the 1975 budget cuts O'Hagan shut 39 fire companies in conformity with the recommendation of a 1973 Rand study. O'Hagan's rank and file also felt he didn't fight hard enough for the special treatment their department warrants, given its life-and-death mission. The fire department is, after all, the only instant-response service in the city.

One of the first smart things Mayor Koch did was to tell O'Hagan to take a hike. Replacing him is a 25-year fire-fighting veteran, Augustus Beekman, a man of good reputation but unproven administrative abilities for so crucial a position.

Still, the fire force's main problem is not Beekman's lack of skill but the Koch administration's lack of commitment to a department sufficiently able to protect the city. The force itself is in fine shape. Despite an increase to nineteen of the number of fire fighters killed in 24 months (a record), with 290 civilian deaths in one year, the men of this department continue to perform with remarkable dedication. For example, although fire fighters have unlimited sick leave, they had the lowest sick-leave rate of any municipal agency last year, and this is even more impressive when one recalls that last year, with only 7,500 men, there were 14,000 job-related injuries—almost two per man. And on the first day of the recent snowfall, the force's attendance record was 90 percent as compared with 88 percent for the sanitation men responsible for the cleanup.

Behind the cutbacks is a dangerous and ever deteriorating situation. The force answered a record 400,000-plus alarms last year, with fewer men than before; and equipment is fast becoming obsolete: A steering wheel came off in a driver's hands at high speed; alarms must be answered in trucks with flat tires and broken sirens, and all this with only one mechanic on the midnight shift for the whole city. And the false alarm rate is the highest it's ever been.

UPI

Beekman with Koch: *On the hot seat.*

But above all, the closing of fire companies has left major sections of the city virtually without fire protection. Response time is critical and with the layoffs and fewer fire companies, it takes longer than ever. Fighting fire is a war. In war, seconds often measure the difference between life and death.

It seems like a day doesn't go by when we don't read of tragedy like the deaf mute who was killed in East Harlem last year because he couldn't report a fire via the disastrous voice-activated Emergency Response Service (ERS) boxes. This system was installed by the Norelco company at a cost of $15 million, and all they have succeeded in doing is increase false alarms sevenfold in areas where they have been. The city intends to buy more of them at a cost of another $10 million—money that could put 500 more firemen back on the trucks and in the firehouse.

The real question, then, is not whether Beekman can manage with reduced manpower and cutbacks, crumbling equipment and declining morale among his troops; it's what Koch will do to aid these proven workers to protect this smoldering city. One hopes Koch does not sit back with his fiddle. **—Denis Hamill**

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assessments of the U.S. intelligence community, preferring to make his own estimates—often molded to fit his own preconceptions.

In this atmosphere of mutual distrust and disbelief, President Carter ordered, shortly after his inauguration, the first comprehensive review of the intelligence community in 30 years. What Carter subsequently demanded in last month's executive order is a streamlined intelligence bureaucracy that emphasizes analytical capability and encourages even the cloak-and-dagger boys in the field to broaden their interests to encompass every conceivable foreign activity. To achieve this aim, Carter has directed the State, Treasury, and Energy departments to coordinate with the CIA, the military agencies, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the Drug Enforcement Administration in the gathering of intelligence. The agent of this centralization, of course, is Admiral Stansfield Turner, who keeps a special office in the old Executive Office Building, next to the White House, in addition to the director's suite he occupies at CIA headquarters.

The CIA has set up the National Foreign Assessment Center as its principal instrument for intelligence analysis, replacing the former Directorate of Intelligence. To run it, Turner has brought out of retirement Robert R. Bowie, 68-year-old former head of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff. Bowie, working with other intelligence agencies, is to produce comprehensive intelligence studies on subjects ranging from strategic-arms-limitation talks with the Soviets to developments in French or Italian politics.

The age of the analyst is surely dawning when even the CIA's new head of clandestine services, John McMahon, has a research background: He came from the agency's Science and Technology Division.

Turner's preeminence in the government's intelligence effort has not come without some challenge. As late as last December, Turner and Defense Secretary Harold Brown clashed over who would control the budget for the development of a superspy aircraft for the United States, replacing the U-2 and the SR-71. Brown controls the day-to-day operations of the military intelligence agencies, including that electronic monster, the National Security Agency—although as director of Central Intelligence Turner oversees the whole intelligence community as well as his own CIA. The secretary of defense has proven to be Turner's principal rival in the administration, and Defense won that fight over the planes.

Turner remains undaunted by that

minor defeat, however. Already, under his leadership, the CIA has vastly increased its output of economic, monetary, and scientific studies—some of them made public under the new policy.

Another illustration of the changing, more open spirit in the U.S. intelligence community was a recent help-wanted ad in the *Wall Street Journal* placed by the Pentagon's Defense Intelligence Agency for a visiting professor of comparative economics who would be paid $36,171 for a year of seminars and lectures (which is more than most economics professors earn at universities). The DIA wanted a professor "with specialization in the Middle East, Southern Africa, or the Soviet Union," adding that "defense/intelligence background would be helpful." In the old days, the DIA wouldn't have dreamed of looking for brainpower through newspaper ads.

The State Department is changing too. There are plans for the department's intelligence-and-research bureau to assign its own analysts to embassies abroad. These would replace the shrinking number of CIA officers attached undercover to our diplomatic missions. CIA officers are not always trained political analysts—they often have action concerns—and State's regular political officers at the embassies tend to be too busy with reporting on current events.

None of this means, of course, that the CIA is completely getting out of the business of covert operations. Carter's January executive order still provides for the collection of "sensitive foreign intelligence," which could be anything from stealing secret documents to the recruitment of foreign government officials. Such operations, however, must be approved personally by national-security adviser Brzezinski. And the same applies to "special activities": secret support for foreign governments—or their opponents—through money or arms; and paramilitary operations that involve Americans.

Carter wants no part, however, of potentially embarrassing assassination plots or experiments like the CIA's 25-year program of giving LSD to unsuspecting persons under behavior-modification projects.

In short, Carter and Turner are finally recognizing that the classic notion of the spy is vanishing in the light of changing world conditions. Suddenly, economic, scientific, and even sociological intelligence is becoming paramount for U.S. policies, and the romantic, deep-cover CIA officer à la Ian Fleming's James Bond is fast becoming an endangered species. ■

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The Bottom Line / Dan Dorfman

JUSTICE THWARTED

The $2.5-Million Tipster

"It's a travesty of justice," James J. Leff, the portly and outspoken 57-year-old New York State Supreme Court judge, bellowed at lunch in Little Italy last week. Leff, a nonstop talker who eats nearly as fast as he speaks, was referring to (and still fuming over) a recent court decision granting leniency to convicted embezzler and former Gulf & Western Industries counsel Joel Dolkart. "My concern," Leff told me, after downing a forkful of green pasta, "is that the general public will now believe that the rich are treated differently from the poor, that the rich can get away with almost anything."

Leff, who ran his own brokerage firm in the early 1950s, had originally sentenced Dolkart to a jail term of up to three years for stealing $2.5-million from two law firms that dealt with G&W. But last December that sentence was set aside by the Appellate Division, which, on January 23, let Dolkart off with a five-year probation. He will now probably never see the inside of a jail cell.

Dolkart was granted leniency because he's cooperating with regulatory authorities, notably the Securities and Exchange Commission and Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau's office, in their ongoing investigations into G&W's affairs. The SEC's G&W probe, under the supervision of tough enforcement boss Stanley Sporkin, is easily one of the agency's most extensive and costly investigations in recent years.

Leff told me there were already reverberations from Dolkart's probation. "It's happening all the time now," he said. "Lawyers are coming into my court and saying, 'Why don't you treat my client the way Dolkart was treated?' And you can't blame them for asking . . . because they're right." He added: "What, in effect, the Appellate Division and Morgenthau did was to undercut their own ability to deal effectively with white-collar crime."

Morgenthau and Sporkin had been prime movers in getting Dolkart's probation. Last June Sporkin fired off a letter to Leff stating that Dolkart had provided the SEC with "reliable and objective" information about G&W's activities. Sporkin also noted that Dolkart had identified specific transactions and persons involved in them.

JANIE EISENBERG

Leff: *He calls the probation a "travesty."*

FRED W. MC DARRAH

Morgenthau: *He needs insider cooperation.*

WIDE WORLD

Sporkin: *His letter didn't please Judge Leff.*

N.Y. TIMES

Dolkart: *His allegations are considered stale.*

Morgenthau and Sporkin are widely regarded as two of the country's most able law-enforcement officials — but you wouldn't know that by talking to Leff. He suggested that Morgenthau had gone soft on white-collar crime and seemed to be living back in the days when he was chasing such securities swindlers as Louis Wolfson. "Morgenthau gave me nothing to prove that Dolkart didn't belong in jail," Leff declared. He further complained that all he ever got from Sporkin was just a one-page letter of a very general nature saying that Dolkart's information was very helpful. "My response," Leff told me, "was 'Mr. Sporkin, you're full of s - - t.' " Added Leff: "If Sporkin's letter had said significant actions were imminent, I would have said I'll defer the sentence. But there was nothing. What am I supposed to do? Go along because this f - - king hotshot thinks he has a great thing?"

I asked Leff if he was ignoring information contained in an affidavit (which has never been made public) in which Dolkart outlined his allegations about his former employer. "Forget about that stuff," Leff declared. "It's nothing." He told me that the 63-paragraph-long affidavit he had received from Morgenthau's office was replete with material that was "stale, ancient history . . . a lot of what I had already read in the *Wall Street Journal*." Leff noted that the most current information was at least several years old, since Dolkart had been fired from G&W in September of 1974, and he added that some of it dated back to 1963.

Leff said he didn't believe Dolkart offered anything that would result in any indictment because "at most, it's corporate overreaching. It was nothing different from what twenty other conglomerates do . . . which is to understate their losses and overstate their profits." Among other things, the Dolkart affidavit contained allegations, Leff told me, that G&W had buried write-offs of a Paramount Pictures movie (*Darling Lil*) and that its executives had charged the company for Dominican vacations and divorce fees. Leff also said there were allegations of wrongdoing by such corporate executives as G&W chief Charles Bluhdorn (for many years a close personal friend of Dolkart's as well as his personal attorney); David Judelson, president; and Martin S. Davis, executive vice-president.

Said Leff: "The best you can expect are civil suits to recover the money. I never heard one positive fact that came out of the Dolkart information or that is likely to."

Leff went on to say that "every goddamned thing Dolkart said in those 63 paragraphs are things in which he was involved in all those same corrupt transactions that screwed the public. Dolkart was making $300,000 a year, he had no economic pressures . . . and he belongs in jail."

Reiterating his criticism of both Sporkin and Morgenthau for going easy on Dolkart, Leff said: "They should have sent him to a New York State prison for a few days. It's not a nice place to be unless you're six foot eight and a powerful guy. After a few days in jail, he would have given Sporkin and Morgenthau anything they wanted." Leff tossed out another knock at Sporkin, saying: "If he was doing his job, he would have uncovered the information about Gulf & Western without Dolkart." Have you ever met Sporkin? I asked Leff. "No," he replied, "I never met the bastard."

I rang up Sporkin, who told me he wouldn't talk about Dolkart or the G&W investigation. However, sources close to the commission tell me Dolkart's revelations have led investigators to areas that one describes as "damned productive." I also have it on good authority that the SEC's enforcement staff will push for strong sanctions against G&W, such as the appointment of new outside directors and accountants and the reimbursement of moneys to the corporation by certain officers and directors. "It's no longer going to be Charlie's [Bluhdorn's] playdom to do as he pleases . . . where there's no accountability to the company's stockholders," one source said.

In overturning Leff's sentence, the Appellate Division said Leff did not give adequate consideration to the "extensive cooperation" of the defendant with government authorities. One judge on the Appellate Division, Justice Samuel J. Silverman, had pushed for a six-month jail sentence for Dolkart, but he was outvoted three to one. Judge Leff said it was "patently false" that he hadn't given due consideration to Dolkart's cooperation with the authorities. And he told me he had sent in a letter to the Appellate Division saying so. "Considering that Dolkart stole $2.5 million, what he delivered," Leff told me, "is just not worth avoiding a jail sentence . . . if you're going to maintain some standards of morality."

One might have thought that Leff would have had some nice words for Judge Silverman, since he had also sought a jail term for Dolkart. Not so. "What Judge Silverman was really saying," Leff said, "was that there was really no victim. What s - - t."

Bob Morgenthau was incensed at Leff's remarks, telling me: "It's frustrating to have a judge who is so upset by his reversal that he makes irresponsible charges in the press." (Leff's response: "F - - k him, although maybe I shouldn't say that in a family magazine.") Morgenthau reiterated that Dolkart had cooperated fully with his office and had provided "very valuable and relevant information." Without discussing the G&W case specifically, Morgenthau told me, "The only way the SEC and ourselves can effectively prosecute white-collar crime is by having the cooperation of insiders. And the reason leniency is given is because of our great concern about white-collar crime."

Understandably, Morgenthau flatly refused to discuss any phase of his office's G&W investigation. But I hear there's a possibility that he may go for criminal indictments. That being the case, one might suspect that Dolkart's allegations—even though they come from a bitter man who might well say anything to stay out of jail—have considerably more depth than even Leff imagines.

Regardless, though, of the value of Dolkart's disclosures, the broader question is whether the system goofed when it gave Dolkart probation. Clearly, there's something wrong when a poor man who steals a few thousand dollars is thrown in a jail cell and a rich man who steals millions gets off scot-free. And the system also seems out of whack when Columbia Pictures blissfully ignores the theft of more than $60,000 from the company by its president, David Begelman, and encourages him to stay on in his top-executive position.

It strikes me, then, that Leff cannot —and should not—be written off lightly when he angrily raises the question: "How can anyone respect such a system?" ■

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Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *The Turning Point.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 2/7, *Boy; Passing.* 2/8, *My Life To Live; La Chinoise.* 2/9, *The Band Wagon; Brigadoon.* 2/10, 11, *Go West; A Day at the Races.* 2/12, 13, *The Philadelphia Story; San Francisco.* 2/14, *Aizen Katsura; Women of the Night.* 2/15, *The Wild Child; Fahrenheit 451.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 2/7, *The Bad and the Beautiful; The Bandwagon.* 2/8, *Brigadoon; The Long, Long Trailer.* 2/9, *The Working Class Goes To Heaven; The Bicycle Thief.* 2/10, *Sunday, Bloody Sunday; Darling.* 2/11, *Sunset Boulevard; The Goddess.* 2/12, *Alicia; An Evening With the Royal Ballet.* 2/13, *Hot Tomorrow; The Love Song of Charles Faberman.* 2/14, *The Cobweb; Kismet.* 2/15, *Lust for Life; Tea and Sympathy.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). Thru 2/14, *Julia.* From 2/15, *Coming Home.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Padre Padrone.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *High Anxiety.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Coup de Grace.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 2/7, *Ballad of a Soldier; The Cranes Are Flying.* 2/8, 9, *Emmanuelle; The Joys of a Woman.* 2/10, 11, *Citizen Kane; The Magnificent Ambersons.* 2/12, 13, *The Boys in the Band; Fortune and Men's Eyes.* 2/14, *Vanishing Point; The Wild Angels.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *A Hero Ain't Nothing But a Sandwich.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *That Obscure Object of Desire.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Serpent's Egg.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *Coma.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). Thru 2/9, *Annie Hall.* From 2/10, *The Betsy.*

Embassy-I, 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *A Hero Ain't Nothing But a Sandwich.*

Embassy II, III, IV, 7th Ave nr 47th (575-7788). II, *The Goodbye Girl.* III, *The Gauntlet.* IV, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *The Lacemaker.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Renaldo and Clara.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Duellists.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *A Piece of the Action.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 2/9, *Mr. Klein.* From 2/10, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Semi-Tough.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Operation Thunderbolt.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Turning Point.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The One and Only.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *The Boys in Company C.*

Loews State I & II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). I. *The One and Only.* II. *The Boys in Company C.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Semi-Tough.* II. *The Goodbye Girl.* III. *Starship Invasion.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Coma.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 2/7, 2:30, *Angels Over Broadway;* 6 p.m. *How Yukong Moved the Mountains.* 2/9, 2:30, *Cactus;* 6 p.m. *Reouh-Takh & Diankha-Bi;* 8:30, *N'Jangaan.* 2/10, 2:30, *Kodou* and *Et La Neige n'etait plus;* 8 p.m. *Angels Over Broadway.* 2/11, noon, *The Lodger;* 5 p.m. *Cactus.* 2/12, noon, *The Lodger;* 2:30, *Touki Bouki;* 5 p.m. *The Land; Harvest.* 2/13, noon, *In Search of the Lost World;* 2:30, *Contras' City* and *Badou Boy;* 6 p.m. An Evening with Paul Winkler. 7/14, noon, *In Search of the Lost World;* 2:30, *Applause;* 6 p.m. *How Yukong Moved the Mountains; The Drugstore.*

National, 919 3rd Ave (486-0333). Thru 2/9, *The Gauntlet.* From 2/10, *The Betsy.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 2/15, *Mr. Klein.* From 2/16, *Ceddo.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 2/9, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar; Play It Again Sam.* 2/10-16, *Short Eyes; Taxi Driver.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *High Anxiety.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 2/9, *The World's Greatest Lover.* From 2/10-16, *The Choirboys.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Coma.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *Mr. Klein.* II. *The Turning Point.* III. *The Children of Theatre Street.* IV. *The Goodbye Girl.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 2/7, 8, *Breathless; My Night at Maude's.* 2/9-11, *Grand Illusion; Forbidden Games.* 2/12, 13, *Beauty and the Beast; Donkey Skin.* 2/14, 15, *M; Nosferatu.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. Thru 2/14, *Starship Invasion.* 2/15-21, *Camelot.* II. *Short Eyes; Taxi Driver.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *The Turning Point.* II. Thru 2/14, *Goodbye Girl.* From 2/15, *Julia.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 2/7, *A Special Day.* From 2/8, to be announced.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Blue Country.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 2/7, *Telefon; Carrie.* 2/8, 9, *Horsefeathers; Monkey Business.* 2/10-16, *Outrageous; Pumping Iron.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *High Anxiety.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 2/7, *Horsefeathers; Animal Crackers.* 2/8, 9, *Panique; Sundays and Cybele.* 2/10, 11, *F For Fake; Journey Into Fear.* 2/12-14, *Emperor Jones; Song of Freedom.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). To be announced.

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *The One and Only.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). Thru 2/9, *The Goodbye Girl.* From 2/10, *Blue Collar.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Semi-Tough.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). Thru 2/9, *Starship Invasions; Greased Lightning.* From 2/10, *The Betsy.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Renaldo and Clara.*

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). 2/7-12, Film/Fictions—Michael Harvey; James Pasternak. 2/14-19, New Documentary Video (Tom Weinberg; Scott Jacobs; Bill & Esti Marpet).

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

OPENINGS

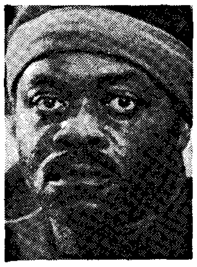
(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Friday, February 10

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Katharine Ross shares a bed with her father-in-law, **Laurence Olivier**, in Harold Robbins's **The Betsy,** a portrait of intrigue and power within the auto industry. Directed by Daniel Petrie. In the cast are Jane Alexander, Lesley-Anne Down, Joseph Wiseman, and Robert Duvall. National; UA East; Eastside.

WORKING UP A SWEAT



Yaphet Kotto stars in **Blue Collar** with Richard Pryor and Harvey Keitel, as three Detroit auto workers who resort to drastic action in an attempt to relieve the hardship and futility of their lives. Directed by Paul Schrader from a screenplay by Paul and Leonard Schrader. Trans-Lux East; 86th St East.

THE MOVIES

Blue Country–Brigette Fossey, Jacques Serres, Ginette Garcin in Jean-Charles Tacchella's film about an urban career woman who goes to the country to find simplicity and freedom. 68th St Playhouse.

Boys in Company C–Sidney J. Furie, the director, has made life at such mythic hellholes as Parris Island and Camp Pendleton completely believable. The first part of the film showing time spent in boot camp by young marine recruits is the funniest and most authentic rendering of military hide-toughening imaginable. However, the stint in Vietnam which follows gives us an emotional roller-coaster ride in which downer is followed by upper with dizzying effect. Bay Cinema; Loews State II.

The Choirboys–Humor is what is missing from Robert Aldrich's film about the L.A. rookie vice squad. Aldrich is not a satirist, and without the subtle jibes of author Joseph Wambaugh's best-seller, the police activities are more tacky than brutal—and the reverse-racism is ugly. RKO Cinerama II; 2/10-16, Playboy.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind–If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Stephen Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Ziegfeld.

Coma–Michael Crichton directed this story of hospital life. If the doctor characters—Genevieve Bujold as the woman whose suspicions are aroused when her best friend, after a routine abortion, sinks into a fatal coma; Michael Douglas, her ambitious lover; Richard Widmark as head of the hospital—are strictly no-frills functional, the plot is something else again. If you can suspend your disbelief, there is no reason why you shouldn't thoroughly enjoy *Coma* as hospital gothic. Criterion; Plaza; Murray Hill.

Coup de Grace–The new Volker Schlondorff film starring Margarethe von Trotta is largly a story of failure—of unrequited love and unsuccessful war and the excution of one friend by another in post-Revolutionary Russia. It is his best work, the most ample, the least given to the manipulation of sympathies along ideological lines. Cinema Studio.

Dersu Uzala–Akira Kurosawa's 1976 film is by an old man, about an old man. Set in Czarist Russia, it is, in its own way, an adventure saga. An expedition of mappers are lucky enough to stumble onto and employ as their guide the old trapper Dersu. Kurosawa has captured the terraine in vast landscapes of chilling and inhuman snow-filled forests as no one has since the great silent director Dovshenko. Baronet.

The Duellists–A little known Joseph Conrad story is the basis for British director Dudley Scott's film of two officers locked in an unending series of duels. Keith Carradine, with his indolent "I'm easy" charm, and Harvey Keitel, all ragged urban nerves, are the contenders, but placed in a highly ritualized European milieu, they are like somnambulists who have wandered into somebody else's dream. Fine Arts.

The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain–If you think Lina Wertmuller's title is long-winded, wait until you see the film. It is a frenzied chronicle of the courtship and marriage of Giancarlo Giannini and Candice Bergen, told in scattershot fragments that have no chronological or realistic context. Wertmuller's handling of the two sexes suggests that she is trying her damnedest to make peace with the feminists and deny charges of a male bias. Loews Tower East.

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play about a weary psychiatrist and the young psychopath whose violent passion for horses reveals the sterility of his own life has been brought to the screen, with a bit of rewriting, by Sidney Lumet. Richard Burton stars in what has become the *Hello Dolly* role for aging actors, with a twist—each actor playing the lead has striven to show us how desiccated and prune-like they have become. Contemptuously staged, embarrassingly written. Embassy IV.

The Gauntlet–Clint Eastwood stars in and directed this new film, and it is as riddled with holes as the various shelters and vehicles in which he and Sondra Locke find themselves under mass attack. It's just another story of a man and a woman squeezed between two super powers, in this case the mob and the Phoenix-Las Vegas police forces. Thru 2/9, National.

The Goodbye Girl–Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. Loews State II; Quad; Loews Triplex; RKO 86th St II; thru 2/9, Tranx-Lux East; Embassy II.

A Hero Ain't Nothin' But a Sandwich–Story of a 13-year-old boy (Larry B. Scott) living in the urban black ghetto of Los Angeles with his mother, his grandmother and his mother's lover. Columbia I; Embassy I.

High Anxiety–The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/*hommage* to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Sutton; Cinema III; Paramount.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento*, Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Thru 2/14, Cinema I.

The Lacemaker–Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton star in Claude *(The Invitation* and *The Wonderful Crook)* Goretta's film which tells of a 19-year-old beauty parlor assistant, who, while vacationing, falls in love with a university student. Embassy 72nd; Art.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar–This is Richard Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, and appalling. The tension between his bluntness and Diane Keaton's instinctual delicacy has produced the ideal chemistry in this version of Judith Rossner's grisly socio-sexual thriller. Embassy IV; thru 2/9, Olympia; from 2/10, Gramercy.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. Paris.

Mr. Klein–A masklike Alain Delon stars as an art dealer who buys paintings from Jews who are fleeing Paris for their lives in 1942, only to become an object of suspicion himself. What might have been in other hands a nightmare journey becomes an uninvolving quest through portals and doorways, and more portals and doorways. It is a perverse choice of material for even so resolutely perverse a director as Joseph Losey. Quad; thru 2/15, New Yorker; thru 2/9, Gramercy.

The One and Only–Henry Winkler pulls out all the stops in a series of characterizations in a story, directed by Carl Reiner, about a youth who dreams of stardom and finds it in the unlikeliest of arenas. Loews State I; Loews Cine; 34th Street East.

Operation Thunderbolt–Produced and directed by Menaham Golan, film chronicles the story of the legendary rescue mission at Entebbe. Guild.

Outrageous!–A winning little Canadian film written and directed by Richard Benner. It is the story of a homosexual hairdresser and a young girl escapee from a mental institution and of their life together. The dialogue is fresh and spirited, witty and lifelike, the film is moving and amusing. 2/10-16, St Marks Cinema.

Padre Padrone–Saverio Marconi and Omero Antonutti play father and son in the 1977 Cannes Film Festival award-winning picture, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviana, telling of a Sardinian peasant boy forced by his tyrannical father to live in isolation as a shepherd until his twentieth year. Cinema II.

Pumping Iron–A specialized sort of documentary film about muscle men and, to a much lesser extent, their families, trainers, fans; a film that cannot help having a certain freak-show appeal. Yet it does have its riveting passages, as when we see the screen wellnigh explode with the superhuman, or superbovine, exertions of these body builders, or when Arnold Schwarzenegger, the champion of champions, gives out with mischievous bits of witty cynicism. 2/10-16, St Marks Cinema.

Renaldo and Clara–Bob Dylan has written, directed, co-edited and supervised the musical sound-track of this film, and stars in it with Joan Baez, Bob Neuwirth, Ronee Blakley, and Sara Dylan. There are 47 musical interludes, and the film runs three hours and 52 minutes. Waverly; Festival.

Saturday Night Fever–As the disco champ of Nik Cohn's *New York* Magazine piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the dance floor, he is grace personified. Loews Orpheum; D. W. Griffith.

Semi-Tough–Now that the jinx against sports films has been dispelled, and audiences for them have grown wider and more knowledgeable, Michael Ritchie's treatment of football seems cavalier at best. He has a good eye for the yearning for attention, the humiliating games people will play and rationalize, but he is so busy keeping score of immediate winners and losers that we never get under their skin, never know how they will perform over the long haul. Burt Reynolds is pitch-perfect as the cock of the walk captain. Loews Triplex; Trans-Lux 85th.

The Serpent's Egg–Ingmar Bergman's first film as an exile (made in Munich, where he now lives), and set in 1923 Berlin, attempts to capture the social and political currents that would produce fascism. But it is a major disappointment. Bergman has no special feeling for the interplay of politics and human destiny, or for a period and place that lesser artists have painted more vividly. A cabaret chanteuse, played by Liv Ullmann, looks about as decadent as a Meissen doll. David Carradine, who plays her brother-in-law, proceeds to turn into one of the most unpleasant characters in Bergman, and soon repels us. Coronet.

Short Eyes–Written by Miguel Pinero, film is far from being a grim tract on prison conditions or the institutional dehumanization of the poor. With its Curtis Mayfield score and exuberant ethnic acting, the film combines authentic funk with what can only be called entertainment values. Yet the sense of theater is indigenous to Pinero's characters, men who begin at zero and lay claim to their square of turf through stylized gesture and idiom of "personality." RKO Cinerama II; 2/10-16, Olympia.

A Special Day–Writer-director Ettore Scola arranges a day-long confrontation between a down-trodden mother of six and a homosexual, played by Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. As in earlier films, Scola yokes together disparate social types and forces more cultural baggage on them than they can carry. If the presence of the two stars is what gives the movies its measure of interest, they are also its undoing—they are just too dazzling to play neorealist church mice. 72nd St E.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza.

Taxi Driver–Another undisciplined film by Martin Scorsese, this time about a maladjusted loner who drives a taxi by night and gets crazier by the day. The film tries to be too many things, a study in psychopathology, a documentary about hacking, a political parable, two separate aborted love stories, a love and hate letter to New York City, and manages to flub most of them if not all. Insecure direction, but mostly good performances, particularly by Robert De Niro and Jodie Foster. And one dreadful one by Cybille Shepherd. Also pretentious cinematography and a bombastic score. Some good atmosphere, but even that is overdone. RKO Cinerama II; 2/10-16, Olympia.

Telefon–The premise of Don Siegel's new movie is outrageous enough to be fun. Briefly, a bunch of Soviets have been substituted for dead Americans, but are Cold War plants—they have been hypnotized to sabotage American explosives factories when someone with the right formula pulls their mental trigger. Charles Bronson, in Russian uniform, plays the brightest and best mind in Soviet intelligence, believe it or not. St Marks Cinema.

That Obscure Object of Desire–Fernando Rey stars in Luis Bunuel's film as an aging man hopelessly infatuated with a young woman (Carol Bouquet). Based on Pierre Louys's *Le Femme et le Pantin*. Columbia II.

The Turning Point–Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Little Carnegie; Beekman; Quad; RKO 86th St I.

The World's Greatest Lover–This tale of a barber who, with his wife (Carol Kane) goes to Hollywood and finds himself a star candidate in Paramount's search for its own Valentino, is yet another of those frenzied comedies about the early days of Hollywood. Take Gene Wilder, a manic figure, bearable only in small doses—he has become progressively less funny since *The Producers*, and his bid for comic-romantic stardom here is simply excruciating, like one of those nightmares of embarrassment from which one hopes to awaken much relieved. Thru 2/9, Playboy.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Thursday, February 9

On the Twentieth Century–Madeline Kahn, John Cullum, Imogene Coca—all in a new musical with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, based on a 1932 play by Hecht, MacArthur & Mulholland, which takes place on board the 20th Century Ltd, enroute from Chicago to New York. Music by Cy Coleman; directed by Harold Prince. Previews start tonight prior to a 2/19 opening. St. James, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

Timbuktu!–William Marshall, Eartha Kitt, Melba Moore, Gilbert Price in a new all-black musical adapted from Kismet, with the locale transferred to Timbuktu, Mali, and set in the 14th century. The new book is by Luther Davis, and music and new lyrics by Robert Wright and George Forrest. Direction, choreography, and costumes by Geoffrey Holder. Previews start tonight prior to a March first opening. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (PL 7-7064).

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Imperial, 249 E 45th (CO 5-2412).

Cheaters–A shabby little farce, by Michael Jacob, about rather elementary adultery and beginners' wife-swapping among people of fairly advanced middle age. Lou Jacobi and Jack Weston almost manage to transcend their material; Doris Roberts and Rosemary Murphy do not. The 22-year-old author obviously has no idea about what his characters really are, or about the English language, either. What works even less well than the play is Lawrence King's set design: Pieces of scenery that were supposed to come together just can't make ends meet. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Cold Storage–Tale of two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. When Ronald Ribman, the author, is at his best, as in the first act, he can keep you laughing and thinking at the same time. As the two main characters, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance, and Len Cariou is compelling as long as he acts tense and superior; when he is agonized he is a bit too mechanical. But the evening is lit with the playful intelligence of the writing, and the articulate energy of the performers. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 3. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Sat at 2, Sun at 2 & 5. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon-Sat at 8; Mat Wed & Sat at 2. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Golda–William Gibson has written a cheap, and oversimplified version of the life of Golda Meir. Shoddy direction, sets, and lighting, with, for the most part, indifferent-to-bad actors. The exception is Anne Bancroft, who, through sheer talent, never lets a two-note part grate on us. Gibson has tried to combine the unstageable business of warfare with scenes from the very discreet Mrs. Meir's life—and because the public events dwarf the private, *Golda* remains shadowy and stereotypical. Morosco, 217 W. 45 (246-6230).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

Jesus Christ Superstar–A revival of the Andrew Lloyd Weber/Tim Rice rock opera, directed by William Gray. Thru 2/12. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mat Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. On Sun 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Paul Robeson–Phillip Hayes Dean's portrait of a great man has been composed with shrewdness and wit, and is played by James Earl Jones in a manner that is big in body, heart, and mind. Jones invests his part with all anyone could ask for. Every virtue is here, yet never cloying, sanctimonious, humorless. There is always a sense of fierce dignity behind the occasional ironies—of something, above all, tart, down-to-earth, saltily human. Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

Saint Joan–The wonderful thing about any Shavian play is the play of intellect in it. Here there are actually flashes of lyricism, and what's more important, the sheer luminescence of Shaw's restlessly revolving intellect. However, Lynn Redgrave, splendid actress—and even Shavian actress—that she is, simply is not Saint Joan. Instead of a substratum of full-brooded country lass, she has a fundamentally urban quality: nervous, exacerbated, clever, neurotic, shrill. Thru 2/19. Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Side by Side with Sondheim–Hermione Gingold, Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, and Georgia Brown offer a generous sampling of songs for which Stephen Sondheim wrote words, music, or both. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Ben Jonson's *Volpone* updated to 19th-century San Francisco, with new gags stuck onto the original Jacobean plot-structure. Vincent Gardenia now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

A Touch of the Poet–At his second-best, Eugene O'Neill is still better than most of what is around today. This story of how an immigrant Irish innkeeper in Boston 1828 comes to terms with the truth about himself is slow to get started but then carries considerable wallop. Jason Robards may be a bit too charming for the protagonist, but there is good supporting work from Geraldine Fitzgerald and Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker, as the daughter who precipitates the dramatic events, is marvelous. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Ain't Misbehaven'–A tribute to the life and spirit of Fats Waller, directed by Richard Maltby Jr., choreographed by Arthur Faria. Wed thru Sun at 8:15; Fri & Sat at 8:15 & 10:30. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Angelface–A play by Susan Horowitz, starring Martha Schlamme and Court Miller, directed by Susan Schulman. Wed thru Sun, thru 2/15. $3. Hunter College, E. 68 betw Park & Lex (360-5108).

The Bandit Princess–Kikue Tashiro's play, directed by Linda Mussman. Wed thru Sat, at 8 p.m. $3. Time & Space, 139-41 W 22nd (741-1032).

The Beasts–A play by H.N. Levitt, directed by Allen R. Belkna, based on the life of Rudolf Hess. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 3/5. Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St (362-0470).

Be My Valentine–An urban teen-age comedy, written and directed by Karl Friedman. 2/11, 12, 18, 19, 25, 26, at 3 p.m. 25¢ for children, $1 for adults. Henry St Settlement, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

Bremen Coffee–A play by the German film-maker Rainer Werner Fassbinder, directed by Manfred Bormann. 2/10-12. Loretto Playhouse, $3. 20 Bleecker St (242-3900).

Bus Stop–Revival of the William Inge play, directed by Marsha Sheiness. A romantic comedy set in a diner in the early '50s. Thru 2/19. $3. St Clements Downstairs, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

Carmencita–Fiery Carmen comes to New York and Bizet's music takes a Latin turn. Book and lyrics by Manuel Martin, Jr. who also directs. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. $2.50. Duo Theater, 10 Bleecker (777-8913).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a gaggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. All the roles are played by women. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

CSC Repertory–Ibsen's *Rosmerholm;* Jean Genet's *The Maids;* Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* Karen Sunde's *The Running of the Deer,* and Giradoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot.* CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

Comedy Faces of '78–Cabaret starring The First Amendment Comedy Troupe; Zalkind and Burke Dancin', and Seborn Westbrook. Thru 2/11; 2/16-25. Hotel Ansonia, 73rd & Bdway (840-0243).

Come Laugh and Cry with Langston Hughes–Conceived and directed by Rosetta LeNoire and Clyde Williams, revue captures the essence of Harlem's life and rhythms in the 20s and 30s, with a multi-racial cast. 2/9-26, Thurs thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3 p.m. 1 E 104th, 4th floor (369-8000).

Corral–A musical saga of the West, directed and compiled by Allan Albert. Four actors and two musicians playing the fiddle, banjo, and mandolin, make up the cast. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 2. Thru 2/19. Theater of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr (864-2929).

The Curse of the Starving Class–Sam Shepherd's play set in the rural poverty-stricken farm areas of the southwestern states. Directed by Robert Woodruff. 2/14-4/9. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Devil's Disciple–A new production of the George Bernard Shaw play, directed by Frank Dunlop. With Margaret Hamilton, Bernard Hughes, George Rose, Chris Sarandon, Carole Shelley. 2/8-19. Bklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4123).

A Day's Grace–New Drama by Joh Fazarkerley, directed by Warren Robertson, is about a lower middle class blue collar family in Philadelphia. Thurs thru Sun, at 8 p.m. 2/9-19. $3. AMDA Theater, 2109 Bdway (564-1380).

Double Bill–*Chart Busters* and *How To Cope,* written by Bruce Serlen, directed by James Jennings. 2/7-10, 14-17, at 7:30 p.m. Actors Group Theater, 314 W 54th (582-2691).

Double Bill–Athol Fugard's *Statements After an Arrest Under the Immorality Act,* and Steve Wilmer's *Scenes from Soweto.* Wed thru Sun at 7:30; Sat & Sun mats at 3 p.m. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Drama Committee Repertory–Wilde's *An Ideal Husband,* thru 2/26. Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* thru 2/27. $3. 17 W 20th St (929-8377).

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde–Drama based on the Robert Louis Stevenson novel plays Fri thru Sun at 7:30 p.m. Directed by Luc Leclair. $3.50. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (242-9768).

The Estate–A play by Ray Aranha, directed by Duane Jones, tells about Benjamin Banneker, the black scientist who helped design the city of Washington, D. C. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 2/12. N.Y. Arts Consortium, 36 W 62nd (581-9110).

Exit the King–Ionesco's fairy tale for grownups directed by Mary Gall. Fri thru Mon at 8, thru 2/19. $3 Theater XII, 94 St Marks Pl (594-6359).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Fefu and Her Friends–The Cuban playwright Maria Irene Fornes has a bomb in this play. It is the usual Fornes piffle, straining after eccentricity and absurdity in the most labored and earthbound ways. You can tell this nonsense play is art, because no speech connects with what precedes or follows—every gnomic utterance is manifestly aimed at the empyrean—and because it was funded by four separate foundations and arts endowments. Thru 2/12. $8. American Place, 111 46th (246-3730).

The Freedom of the City–A drama by Brian Friel, set in the part of Ireland still occupied by British troops. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 3/5. $3. Irish Arts Center, 553 W 51st (757-3318).

Henry IV–Luigi Pirandello's play about an individual's isolation from society and himself due to a conflict between illusions and reality. Thurs thru Sun, thru 2/12. $2.50. Little Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

Hippolytus–Euripides's work based on the myth of the son of King Theseus and the Amazon Hippolyta. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50. Meat and Potatoes, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

If You Can't Sing, They'll Make You Dance–A new play by Phillip Hayes Dean, about a bickering black couple and the white social worker who tries to solve their problems. With Marge Elliot, Patricia O'Toole, and Frank Adu. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3, and an additional last perf. 2/12 at 8 p.m. $3. WPA Theater, 138 Fifth Ave (929-1130).

The International Stud–Harvey Fierstein in his new play, directed by Eric Concklin, costarring Steve Spiegel and Diane Tarleton. Thru 2/19, Thurs thru Sun. LaMama ETC, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Pinter's *The Cocktail Party;* Ibsen's *Love's Comedy;* Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts;* Sartre's *No Exit.* Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

K–A dramatic response to Franz Kafka and his work, directed by Garland Wright, with impressions from *The Trial,* staged by The Lion Theater Company. Wed thru Sun at 8; Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. thru 2/26. $4. West Side Airlines, 460 W 42nd (947-4224).

King of the Castle–Eugene McCabe's play about love, power, greed, and impotence among people of the wild farm country. Thurs thru Sun at 8:30, 2/9-26. $2.50. Stage 73, 321 E 73rd (691-7950).

Kontraption–A play by Rochelle Owens, directed by Barbara Rosoff. Thurs thru Sun, 2/9-29 at 8 p.m. $3. N.Y. Theater Strategy, 151 Bank St (242-3900).

The Liars–Absurdist comedy by Ron Lampkins, directed by Ken Buckshi. 2/10, 11, 16-19, 23-25. $2.50. New City, 162 2nd Ave (254-1109).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life.

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Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Lulu–The Frank Wedekind play, described as a human circus of erotic passions, stars Trish Hawkins, and is directed by Rob Thirkield. Thru 3/18. Circle Rep Company, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

The Mandrake–The less said about Machiavelli's comedy, the better. It's uninventively camped up by Wilford Leach's direction and decor, abysmally costumed by Patricia McCourty, and execrably acted by all but Angele Pietropinto and Larry Pine, who, unsubtle but professional, tower above a gaggle of ghastly amateurs. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Miss Julie–August Strindberg's play, directed by Anthony Solter. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. thru March. $3.50. The Gathering Place, 150 W 26th (924-6988).

Molly–Simon Gray is a highly talented playwright, but this piece, based on a true story of boredom, marital infidelity, and murder among the lower and lower-middle classes in the provincial England of 1936 is not his cup of tea. He lets his characters get too clever, indeed too kinky; then, to counteract, proceeds to overstultify them. Wed thru Sun, thru 2/12. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (760-9847).

My Astonishing Self–Donal Donnelly stars as George Bernard Shaw in an entertainment drawing from the lectures, pamphlets, diaries, letters, and miscellaneous public utterances of the great man. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 7. Thru 3/5. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

Neon Woman–Divine stars in Tom Eyen's play dealing with the ups and downs of the proprietress of a Baltimore burlesque house circa 1963. Fri thru Sun at 9:30. Hurrah, 36 W 62nd (586-2636).

Othello–Earle Hyman stars in this updating of the Shakespeare play, directed by Gene Feist, with Carmen de Lavallade and Nicholas Kepros. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Christopher Bernau plays the toothy one. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

Philadelphia Story–Philip Barry's comedy, produced by the Airline Theatre Wing. 2/8-11. at 7:30 p.m. $4. Madison Baptist Church, 30 E 31st (239-6411).

Piano Bar–Revue with music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, is directed by Albert Takazauckas. Takes place in an East Side cocktail lounge. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. 2/9-26. $3. Shirtsleeve Theater, 931 First Ave (490-3548).

Playwrights Horizons–Three plays in repertory. Sam Shepard's *Angel City;* Len Jenkin's *Gogol,* and Lanie Robertson's *Back County Crimes.* $3. 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–A rewrite of James Kirkwood's play about a series of disasters that befall a New York actor, directed by Robert Nigro. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade Theater, 2162 Bdway (799-7690).

A Prayer for my Daughter–A pair of sordid policemen question and torture a couple of homosexuals guilty of a pitifully sleazy murder. The play, by Thomas Babe, moves along at a good clip and is constructed with considerable know-how. Laurence Luckinbill gives a performance that is somewhat overcalculated, a trifle actorish. Jeffrey DeMunn and Alan Rosenberg are frighteningly and pitiably convincing. George Dzundza is supremely right to the last detail of shading. Robert Ackerman has directed appropriately. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Promise–Marilyn McIntyre, Christopher Paul Goutman, and Davis Hall, in a play by Aleksei Arbuzov, directed by Michael Fried. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. thru 4/9. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Rat's Nest–A New York City comedy about friendship and manipulation, by Joel and Neil Cohen, directed by Michael Murphy. Thru 2/11, Thurs thru Sat at 10 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50, $2. Shelter West Co., 15 Vandam St (675-0498).

The Red Robins–Kenneth Koch's new play, an adventure-book fantasy, directed by Donald Sanders. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. $7. St. Clement's, 423 W 46th (675-5000).

Richelieu–Bulwer-Lytton's historical-adventure melodrama, first produced in 1839. 2/9, 10, 15, 16, 17, at 8 p.m. 2/11, 18 at 5 & 9:30. $2.50. Trinity Lutheran Church, 168 W 100th (724-0970).

Royal Repertory–GBS's *Candida,* Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30; Chekhov's *The Boor* and *A Marriage Proposal,* every Sunday at 4 & 7:30. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Sacco and Vanzetti Meet Julius and Ethel Rosenberg–An 18-character, 44-scene, multimedia cabaret extravaganza. Tues thru Sat, from 2/7. at 8 p.m. $4. Seating is limited. The Cloud Chamber, 45 E 20th nr Gramercy Park (475-9623).

Shuffle Along–A musical evening based on the 1920's jazz musical, with music and lyrics by Eubie Blake and Noble Sissle. 2/9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, at 8 p.m. $3. Theater Off Park, 28 E 35th (683-4991).

Soho Repertory–Brian Friel's *Philadelphia, Here I Come.* 2/10 at 8:30, 2/11 at 7:30 & 10:30. 2/12 at 7:30. Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Spanish Theater Repertory: *Te Juro Juana, Que Tengo Ganas,* by Emilio Carballido; *La Dama Duende,* by Calderon; *La Fiaca by Ricardo Talesnik.* Suite Latinoamericana—two one-acters by Talesnik and Carballido. Thru February. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates call 889-2850.

Spider's Web–Agatha Christie's, directed by Penelope Hirsch. A thriller set in exotic Jamaica. Fri thru Sun, thru 2/26. IRT, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

The Tennis Game–By George W. S. Trow. Music-theatre production in three sets. Thru 2/18. Open Eye, 316 E 88th (534-6909).

Twelfth Night–Shakespeare's, directed by Gloria Skurski. 2/14, 15, 21, 22, at 8 p.m. $3. Stage 73, 321 E 73rd (877-1876).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

WOMEN FOR GODOT

Winship Cook plays Lucky in an all-female version of Samuel Beckett's **Waiting for Godot.** Directed by Jean Leslie Goodman; other women in the cast are Jean Barker as Gogo, Inez Spears as Didi, and Lydia Edwards as Pozzo. Thurs thru Sat, 2/10-25. Tickets are $2.50. At Hartley House Theater, 41 W 45th Street (246-9872).

The Water Engine–A play by David Mamet, the current critics' darling among young American playwrights. This offering is a radio play, and a rather insignificant one at that. You cannot run a stage play on the thin, watery inspiration that may just barely sustain a piece of radio drama. Directed by Steven Schachter. Thru 2/11. Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Where Memories are Magic and Dreams Invented–Susan Nanus's play, directed by Susan Einhorn. Sylvia Gassell, Kay Medford, Lenore Loveman, Michael Kaufman, Allen Swift, Laura Copland are featured. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. Thru 2/12. $3. Interart Theater, 549 W 52nd (246-6569).

Woyzeck–Georg Buechner's powerful drama, presented by the Serious Stage Company. Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m. thru 2/9. $3.50. Press 14 Theater, New York University, 32 Washington Pl on Washington Sq Park (674-4239).

Zoya's Apartment–Mikhail Bulgakov's comedy satire shows an inside view of the glitter that masked the corruption of pre-Revolutionary Russian society. Directed by Earl Ostroff. Fri thru Mon. 2/10-27. $3. Gene Frankel Theater, 342 E 63rd (421-1666).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Cafe Fanny–Madison and 43rd. Patterned on 19th century Viennese cafes with an informal ambiance and open from 7 a.m. to midnight daily. The Strauss Sisters play week nights, Mon thru Fri (687-7115).

ONE SMART COOKE

Laine Cooke, with David Lahm at the keyboard, sings for her supper Saturday nights at **Ceal's Place,** 39th and 9th Avenue, a homey bar specializing in soups and breads. Tuesday from 10 p.m. Eric Oxendine and friends. Patti Bown plays jazz piano Friday from 9 p.m. (947-7779).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. The musical revue of Los Chavales de Espana, plus Flamenco dancers, & singers. Luis Tamayo and Felo Bohr. Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Dinner and dancing to the Irving Fields Trio, Tues thru Sat, 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. plus three shows nightly (PL 5-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club reminiscent of the 30s. 2/8-20, Carmen McRae, the Cotton Club Revue and Orchestra (Pazant Bros). Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfield's–1118 First Ave. Comedian Pat Henry stars thru 2/11 at 9 & 11:30 p.m. (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist Dick Haddy; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Giovanni's Oasis–42 W 58th. Restaurant club, with Garry Adams on piano, and violin-bassist Paul Germano playing Italian folk and other music Wed thru Sat, 8 to midnight (PL 2-7085).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio are here nightly, except Sun, from 10 p.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Cabaret: 2/11, 12, comedian Shamus M'Cool. Lainie's Room: 2/6-12, Bobby Kelton. From 2/14, Laine Kazan (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Thru 2/11, An Evening with Martin Charnin, featuring Laurie Beechman. 2/13-18, Monique Van Vooren (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Thru 2/26, Bobby Rosengarten and his orchestra, featuring Carrie Smith (PL 7-9090).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thurs and weekend. Bands of Tony Martell and Ramon Argueso. Petro and Olga dance class Wed (Cl 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Mon thru Sat, 2/6-25, an energetic young septet called Park Avenue (421-0900).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 811 Seventh Ave (581-1000). **French Quarter:** New Orleans atmosphere, and dancing to music of Bobby Michaels & Company, Mon thru Sat, 9 to 1:30 a.m. Sun 5 to midnight. **Bridges:** Singer-pianist Amy Lynn Yago, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Thru 3/25, pianist George Shearing. **Bemelmans Bar:** Marian McPartland plays Mon thru Sat thru 2/11. 2/13-22, Teddy Wilson.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** 7-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and his trio play quiet ballads and bright standards with cool jollity and elan. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, 2/6-3/4, New Life, starring Joann Greco. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Harley, pianist, 5:30-9 p.m. Mark Shane with the Peter Duchin Quartet, 9 p.m. -2 a.m. alternating with The St. Regis Latin Combo.

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Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom–458 W Bdway. *By Strouse*— an evening of music by the composer, with a cast of four. 8:30 & 10:30, Tues thru Sun, 8:30 & 10:30 (673-9121).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. 2/8-11, Jill McMannus Quartet with Bill Hardman and Cameron Brown (675-4720).

Blue Hawaii–135 3rd Avenue. Jay Clayton, an appealingly venturesome jazz singer with an unassailable repertoire and good piano-bass support, is here Fri & Sat and the sound is fine (260-7690).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th St. 2/6-9, Betty Carter. 2/10, 11, Anne Murray. 2/13-15, Muddy Waters, and Roomful of Blues. 2/22, 23, Yvonne Elliman. 2/24, 25, Allessi, and Karon Bihari (228-6300).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–Restaurant with a nice sports decor, and singer/pianist Sandra Alexander performing nightly, 8 p.m. until morning, Mon thru Sat, with blues, jazz, rock, and standards (628-0600).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, the great blues singer, is here thru February, Mon thru Thurs 8:30 & 10:30, Fri & Sat a third show at 12:15. Sundays, Rose Murphy, the big lady with the tiny voice, sings from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. accompanied by Morris Edwards on bass (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt Ave. A genuine New Orleans restaurant, with the Buddy Tate Trio (Jim

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Roberts on piano; Ronnie Cole on drums) here thru 2/10. 2/13-17, New Orleans Winter Festival: clowns, bunting, posters, different big jazz names everyday. Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (889-8331).

Daly's Daffodil–59th St & First. Pianist-arranger-composer Ellis Larkins plays Tues thru Sat from 9 p.m. until forever. Sundays, 7:30-10:30 p.m. Daphne Hellman, harpist, with guitarist Ed Berg & bassist Tomka (688-0018).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon & Tues, Al Haig, a tough-minded tender-touch lyric pianist, who swings like an April breeze, is at the center of a trio that includes the fleet master bop guitarist, Chuck Wayne, and an iron-toned bassist, Jamil Nasser. 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Wed thru Sat, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio, with guitarist Joe Puma. Mon thru Sat, 7 to 10, Gene Roland Trio (371-2220).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. His group includes clarinetist Joe Muranyi and trombonist Bobby Pratt. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Fri 5:30 to 8, Stan Gold Quartet (664-9700).

Kenny's Castaways–157 Bleecker. 2/7-12, The Roches, and Jesse Walden. 2/14-19, Randy Burns, and Mary Smith (473-9870).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, gifted disciple of lyric stride piano, natural singer, and walking file cabinet of pop and jazz tunes no one else plays, is in deft command of a quartet (with reedman Russell Procope, bassist Aaron Bell and drummer Shelton Gary) Thurs thru Sun. Tues & Wed he duets with Bell, an irristably authoritative musician with lovely touch and perfect time (744-2540).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Thru 2/25, Singers Jackie Cain and Roy Kral salute "Bogie." From 9:15 p.m. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Nickels–227 E 67th. Pianist Norm Kubrin sings with a jazz feeling in a cozy woody ambience. Customers can sing along. Mon thru Sat (794-2331).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. Stephen Marks and Natalie Gilbert, Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. 2/6-18, Falls City Ramblers (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays for entertainment. Pianist-singer Bill McCauley from 7 p.m. in the lounge (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker. 2/9-11, bluesman Dave Van Ronk, with singer-songwriter George Gerdes. 2/14-16, singer Dan Hill (673-7030).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine; every night *but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus* strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. 2/7-12, 14-19, Andrea Marcovicci at 9 & midnight (Sun at 9:30). Wed thru Sat Blossom Dearie sings (691-0900).

Stryker's–103 W 86. Chuck Israels, a gifted leader of unlikely combos, has a nine-piece unit Mon; guitarist Jimmy Ponder holds sway Tues; the ever-brilliant saxophonist Lee Konitz Wed; gritty baritone saxist Ron Cuber Thurs (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. 2/12-13, Andrew Cyrille Quartet. 2/14-18, Joe Farrell Quintet (242-1785).

Tavern on the Green–(in Central Park—just tell the cabbie, he'll take you)—Elm Bar: Pianist-singer Charlie Cochran performs Wednesday thru Sundays from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (873-3200).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 2/8-11, song stylist Karen Akers, at 8:30 & 10:30 (260-0370).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345). Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.
Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878). Wed at 2 & 7, Thurs-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2 & 5.
Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Concerts

Tuesday, February 7

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Ivan Moravec, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
National Orchestral Association, Carnegie Hall, 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Chang-Kogan Duo, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Wednesday, February 8

TONIGHT AND TOMORROW

Seiji Ozawa will lead the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Wednesday and Thursday of this week in Carnegie Hall. Violinist Itzhak Perlman is the featured soloist. The program will consist of Bach's *A Minor Concerto,* Stravinsky's *Concerto in D,* and Brahms's *Symphony No. 3.* At 8 o'clock (247-7459).

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.
Joan Fontaine, Town Hall, at 5:45.
Conchita Antunano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Paul Badura-Skoda, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Elliot Fisk, NYU Graduate School, 100 Trinity Pl. (269-0320), at 12:30.
Guarneri Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Thursday, February 9

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Leo Brouwer, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Guarneri Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Orin Grossman, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
American Folk Festival, Cooper Union Forum, Third Ave. at 7th St. (254-6300), at 8.
David Higgs, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (254-2000), at 12:30.
Jon Gillock, St. Paul's Chapel in Columbia University, Bdwy at 116th St., at noon.

Friday, February 10

Cleveland Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2.
Student Recital, Mannes College of Music, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Concert Social, Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E 71st St. (749-5464), at 8:30.
Garrett List, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Freddie Hubbard, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Ariel Duo, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Charles Bobo Shaw & Human Arts Ensemble, La Mama Children's Workshop, 236 E 3rd St. (925-7995), at 8.
Claudio Roditi, Jazzmania Society, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 9.
Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.
Calvin Hampton, Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. South at 21st St., at midnight.
Margaret Cramer, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 8.
Salsa's Perfect Combination, Madison Square Garden, at 8.

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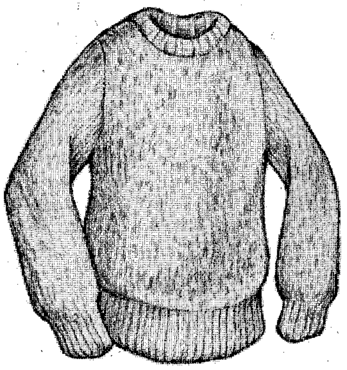

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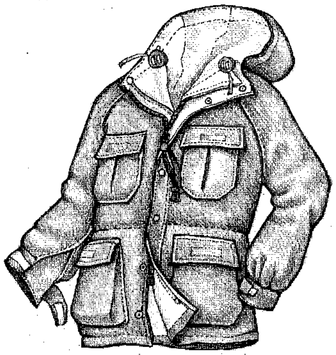

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Saturday, February 11

Cleveland Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2.
Claudio Roditi, Jazzmania Society, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 9.
Paula Robison, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.
Sine Nominee Singers, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Caleb Stonn, Town Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Rascher Saxophone Quartet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Continuum, *Alice Tully Hall, at 8.*
Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Metropolitan Museum, 8.
Bergen Youth Orchestra Chamber Players, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. (245-1500), at 8:15.
Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Queensborough Community College, Springfield Blvd. at 56th Ave. (268-3440), at 8:30.
Country Gentlemen/Norman Blake, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (427-1488), at 8 & 11.
18th Century Music & Theater From France, Hunter College Playhouse, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. (355-6100), at 7 & 9.
John McCauley, Lincoln Center Library, at 2:30.

Sunday, February 12

Andres Segovia, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Lazar Berman, Carnegie Hall, at 3.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.
Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Metropolitan Museum, at 5:30.
18th Century Music & Theater From France, Hunter College Playhouse, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. (355-6100), at 2:30 & 4:30.
Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Boston Symphony Chamber Players, 92nd St. Y, 6.
Abdul Wadud, La Mama Children's Workshop, 236 E 3rd St. (925-7995), at 8.
Euterpean Choral Ensemble, Cami Hall, 165 W 57th St. (243-0050), at 8:30.
Paul Schenly, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Haydn Quartet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
New York Sinfonia Orchestra, Ward-Nasse Gallery, 131 Prince St. (864-5907), at 4:30.
Middle Eastern Music for the Lute, Asia House, 112 E 64th St. (751-4210), at 2:30.
Chamber Music, St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W 20th St. (929-2390), at 4.
Eddie Palermo Nonet, Jazzmania Society, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 2.
Alfred Hart & Abbott Ruskin, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Josquin Choir of New York, St. Paul's Chapel in Columbia University, Bdwy at 116th St., at 8.
Quadro Barocco, Hebrew Arts School, 15 W 65th St. (787-0650), at 3.
Sergiu Luca, American-Israel Cultural Foundation, 4 E 54th St. (751-2700), at 4.
Luciano Pavarotti, Metropolitan Opera House, at 4.
An Die Musik, St. Stephen's Church, 120 W 69th St. (831-8331), at 4.

Monday, February 13

Montserrat Caballé, *Carnegie Hall, at 8.*
American Composers Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, 8.
Edward Aldwell, Mannes College of Music, at 8.
New York Philharmonic Educational Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 11 a.m.
Double Image Jazz Ensemble, Mt. Eden Center, 1660 Morris Ave., Bronx (360-8125), at 1.
Cleveland Orchestra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Ann Monoyios, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Sanford Benenson, Hebrew Arts School, 15 W 65th St. (787-0650), at 8.

Tuesday, February 14

Philadelphia Orchestra, *Carnegie Hall, at 8.*
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Western Wind, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Double Image, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Judith Alstadter, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.
Phyllis Bryn-Julson & Donald Sutherland, St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., at 7:30.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
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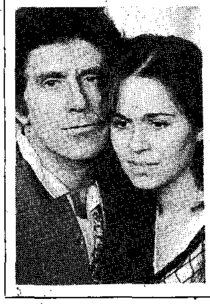
Tues, 2/7 at 8: **Adriana Lecouvreur** with Caballé, Cossotto, Carreras, Quilico. Conductor: López-Cobos; director: Merrill; designer: Cristini, after sketches by Paravicini. Wed, 2/8 at 8: **Otello** with Ricciarelli, Kraft, Vickers, MacNeil. Conductor: Levine; director: Zeffirelli; designers: Zeffirelli & Hall. Thurs, 2/9 at 8: **Thaïs** with Sills, Milnes, Van Ree, Morris. Conductor: Pritchard; director: Capobianco; designer: Toms. Fri, 2/10 at 8: **Boris Godunov** with Dunn, Talvela, Ochman, Nagy, Atherton. Conductor: Kord; director: Everding; designers: Lee & Hall. Sat, 2/11 at 2: **Adriana Lecouvreur** (Same cast as 2/7). *Sat, 2/11 at 8:* **Otello** *(Same cast as 2/8).* Mon, 2/13 at 8: **Eugene Onegin** with Zylis-Gara, Jones, Milnes, Gedda. Conductor: Levine; director: Igesz; designers: Gérard & Diffen. Tues, 2/14 at 8: **Thaïs** (Same cast as 2/9. Fredricks for Milnes).

OTHER

NYMPH AND FRIEND



R. Mack Miller is the Prince and **Trude Craney** is Rusalka in the Portable Opera Players' production of Dvorak's work, which will be performed on February 8 and 11 at 7:30 in St. Peter's Church (346 W 20th St.) The cast also features Anne Brooks, Mimi Gordon, and Enid Nagel. Roger Andrews is the musical director (929-2390).

Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th St. (575-1558). *Pantaloon, He Who Gets Slapped,* Wed-Sat at 8:30, Sun at 4. Thru 2/26.
Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th (535-6310). *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein,* 2/8 at 2 & 8:30, 2/9-10 at 8:30, 2/11 at 4 & 8:30, 2/12 at 4.
Mannes Opera Workshop, Mannes College of Music (737-0700). Scenes from several operas; 2/8 at 8.
Stuyvesant Opera, Church of the Covenant, 310 E 42nd St. (674-5243). *Rigoletto,* 2/10-11 at 7:30.

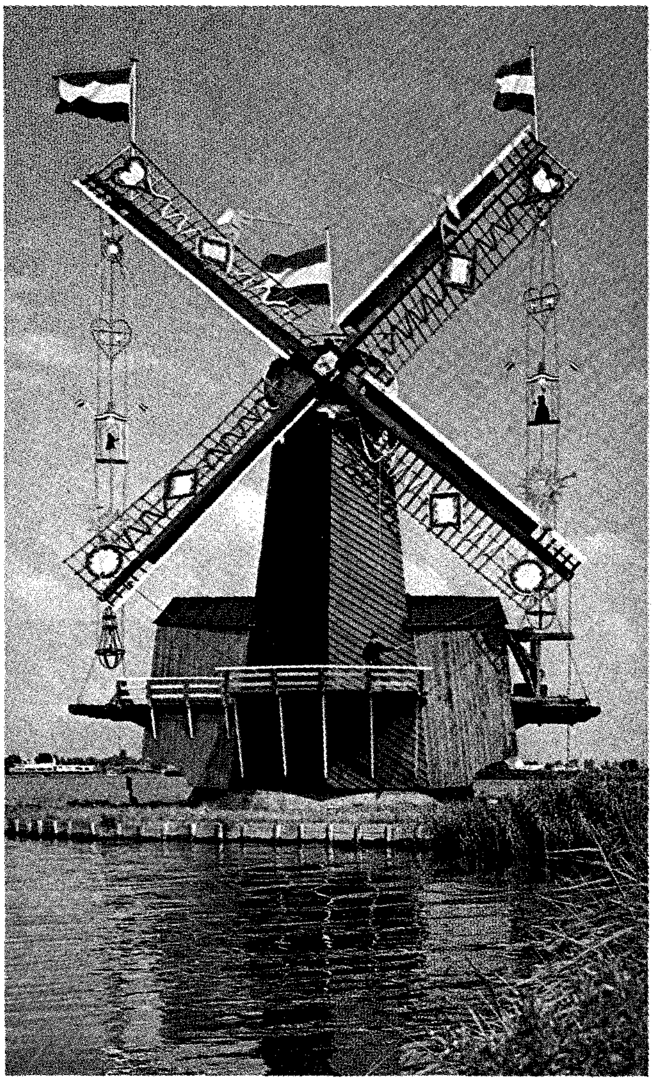
Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 2/7 at 8: *Chaconne; Union Jack.* Wed, 2/8 at 8: *Donizetti Variations; Tzigane;* Pas de Deux; *Symphony in Three Movements.* Thurs, 2/9 at 8: *The Goldberg Variations; Stars and Stripes.* Fri, 2/10 at 8: *Kammermusik No. 2; Concerto Barocco; Brahms-Schönberg Quartet.* Sat, 2/11 at 2: *Four Tempera-*

Windmills? Certainly.

But did you know that in KLM's Holland the windmills can actually talk?



Example:

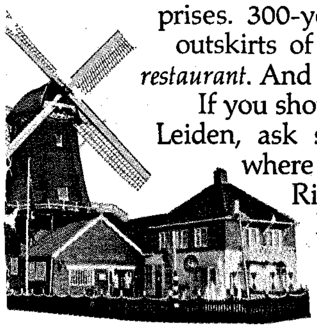
This sawmill is saying: "The miller's daughter is getting married!"

Sometime back in the 17th century, an inventive Dutch miller reasoned that by setting the mill's huge blades in certain positions he could broadcast messages to the whole village.

With its blades stopped at a 45° angle, his mill would be saying: "Taking a rest, no grinding this week."

Stopped in another position, and gaily decorated with flags and finery, his mill would shout out the joy of a wedding celebration.

As you motor along our manicured Dutch roads, by all means *stop* at the windmills. They'll reward you with many surprises. 300-year-old De Dikkert mill, on the outskirts of Amsterdam in Amstelveen, is a *restaurant*. And an outstanding one, at that.

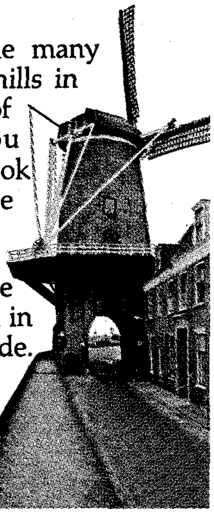


If you should find yourself near the town of Leiden, ask someone to point out the spot where the old malt mill named "De Rijn" used to stand. It is here that Rembrandt was born.

In Holland the roads themselves are tourist attractions. As modern as they are, they'll still take you through a picture-book countryside of green meadows, brimming canals, and smiling faces.

A hop-skip from Leiden sits Delft, the historic town famous for its blue and white earthenware.

Nearby you'll come upon Gouda (the Dutch say "How-dah"). On market days its bright-colored farm wagons are piled high with orange cheeses.



Drive past the many curious-looking mills in the lake country of Utrecht and you might very well look up to find you're driving *through* one of them.

This would be the old tower mill in Wijk bij Duurstede. Autos now pass through the big stable doors where horse carts laden with grain used to come and go.

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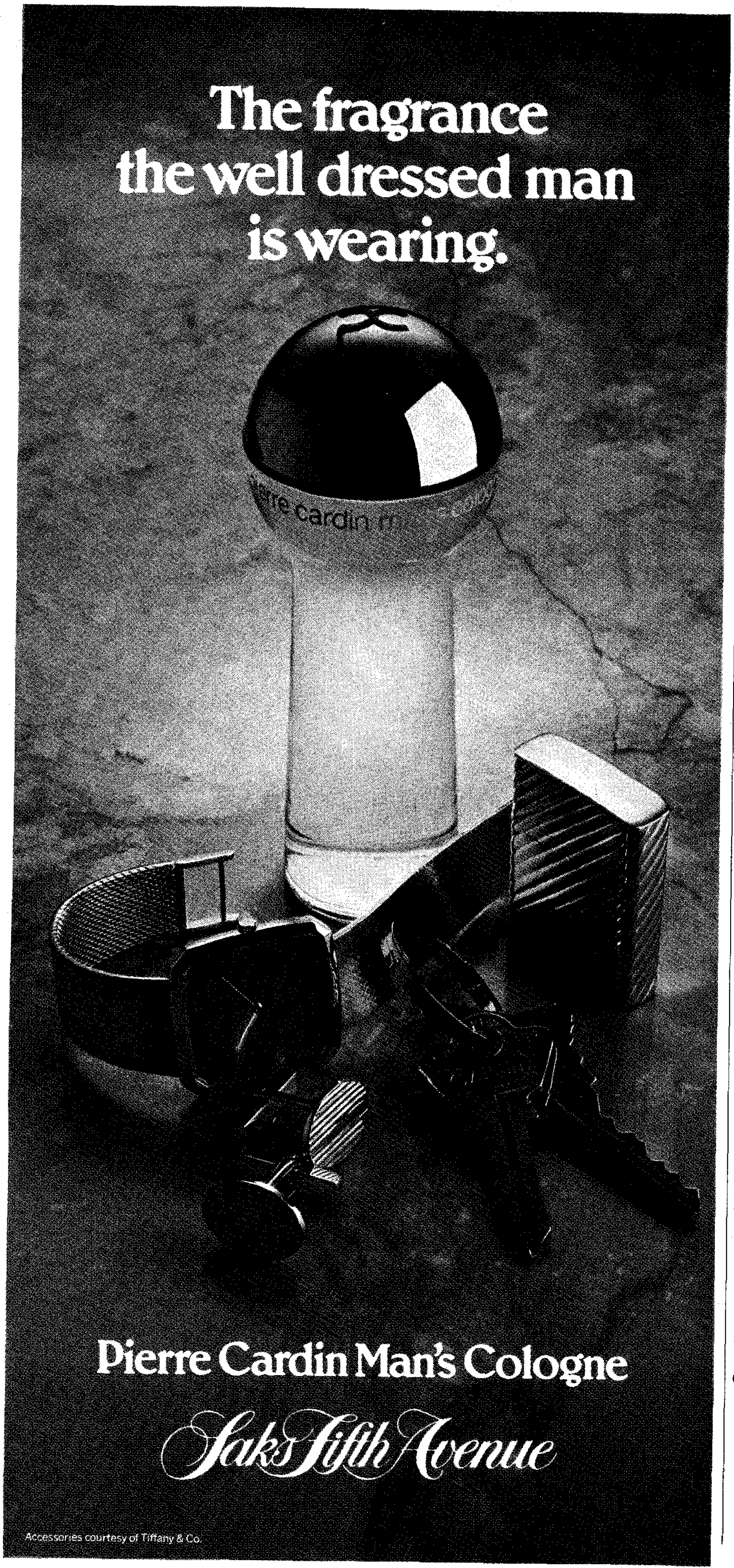
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ments; Tzigane; Ballo della Regina; Le Tombeau de Couperin. Sat, 2/11 at 8: *Chaconne; Calcium Light Night;* Pas de Deux; *La Valse.* Sun, 2/12 at 1: *Four Temperaments; Calcium Light Night; Stravinsky Violin Concerto.* Sun, 2/12 at 7: *Kammermusik No. 2;* Pas de Deux; *Vienna Waltzes.* Tues, 2/14: No performance.

OTHER

James Cunningham's Acme Co., American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 2/9-11 at 8, 2/12 at 3 & 8.

Ritha Devi, Theater of the Open Eye, 316 E 88th St. (534-6909), 2/10-11 at 8.

Murray Louis Dance Co., NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (598-2027), 2/8-9 at 8.

Sophie Manslow Dance Co., Theater of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. (864-2929), 2/8-11 at 8, 2/12 at 2.

Rudy Perez/Men's Coalition, Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. South (777-0033), 2/9-12 at 8.

Sheila Sobel & MWC Dance Co, Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (691-5791), 2/11-12 at 8:30.

Thovil, American Museum of Natural History (873-1300), 2/12 at 3.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

John Batho/Earl Kerkam(1891-1965)–Four-color carbon photos/Self-portraits, still lifes from the early 40s to 1965, thru 2/18. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

Dan Christensen–Lyrical color abstractions, thru 2/16. Long Contemporary, 7 W 57th (PL2-6244).

Ray Ciarrochi–Landscapes in paint and on paper, thru 2/16. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Kathleen Cooke–Animals in a world of silence, plus clay figures, thru 2/11. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Edythe Garber/Deborah Sudran–Paintings and collage, 2/14-3/4. /Landscapes, thru 2/25. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

David Hare–Landscapes, thru 2/11. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Norman Ives–Recent collages, thru 2/11. Pearl, 29 W 57th (839-6310).

Kiyoshi Kawaguchi–Fantasies of triple circles, thru 2/11. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Frances Kuehn–Recent paintings, thru 2/23. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

***Winifred Lutz**–Monumental portals, platforms, and passages, thru 3/1. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310).

***Richard Merkin**–Graphic relics in tempera, 2/11-3/3. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***John Moore**–City light and still lifes, thru 2/9. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

Georges Noel–An interlocking system in blues, violets, and grays/100 primitive art pieces, thru 2/11. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Eric Orr–Drawings on glass, thru 2/18. Multiples, 38 E 57th (755-3520).

Della Roberts–Flowers and still life, 2/13-25. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

Dee Shapiro–Beads of acrylic color on canvas, thru 2/10. Zarre, 41 E 57th (752-0498).

***Bill Spira**–Small terra-cotta sculpture, thru 2/10. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Ottomar Starke (1886-1962)–Pencil drawings for his 1920 litho portfolio, thru 2/18. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

Dorothy Tabak–Collage landscapes, thru 2/23. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

Richard Tuttle–Works, thru 2/11. Parsons, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

Emerson Woelffer–Abstract expressionist acrylics and collage, thru 2/11. Gruenebaum, 38 E 57th (838-8245).

Abby Zito–Monoprints of the heart, thru 2/18. Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Mara Abboud–Kaleidoscopes of color, thru 2/10. Clay, 1162 Mad Ave (861-4372). Mon-Sat 10-6.

Anzo/Maria Sejo/Vives-Fierro–Pop prints/Mystic color abstractions/London scenes, thru 2/28. Galerias Paco, 26 E 63rd (935-8790).

Naftali Bezem–Paintings and works on paper, thru 3/30. Aberbach, 988 Mad Ave (988-1100).

Bogarin–Pure color and shape in serigraphs, 2/9-3/31. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

George Booth–Crazed animals in cartoons and drawings, 2/8-3/4. Nicholls, 1014 Mad Ave (472-0211).

Mark Davis–Watercolors, thru 2/25. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

***Stuart Davis**–36 watercolors done in Hoboken from 1910 to 1913, thru 3/4. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E 70th (535-8810).

Paul Delvaux–10 years of surreal graphics, thru 2/8. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

Louis Finkelstein–Abstract-impressionistic views of western Connecticut, thru 3/1. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Connie Fox/Seymour Perlstein–Photo images/Toby's summer in paint, thru 2/25. FAR, 22 E 80th (734-7287).

***Gerald Geerlings**–Drawings of Paris bridges and landmarks along the Seine, thru 3/3. French Institute, 22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 10-8, Fri 10-5:30, Sat 10-2.

***Ilse Getz**–Constructions, collages, and paintings, thru 2/25. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

Heidi Glück–Minimal ink lines over paint, 2/9-3/4. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

Helen and Newton Harrison–Environmental narratives consisting of collage, photo, and text wall hangings, thru 2/25. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Margaret Israel–Birds, boats, and flowers, thru 3/4. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Lionel Kalish–Paintings, thru 2/17. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

Robert Lahotan–Quiet gardens and cool paths of Maine, thru 2/25. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (535-9888).

Joel Corcos Levy–Paintings and drawings à la Cezanne, thru 2/27. Rehn, 655 Mad at 60th (753-4694).

Todd McKie–Paintings and watercolors/Contemporary masters, including Fontana, Noland, Olitski, Stella, others, thru 3/1. Acquavella, 18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5.

Louisa Mathiasdottir–Recent paintings, 2/11-3/11. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

Ed Mieczkowski–Paintings on paper, thru 2/15. Myers, 19 E 76th (794-1298). Tues-Sat 1-5.

Bruce A. North–Studies in color, using watercolors, thru 2/11. FAR, 22 E 80th (734-7287).

John F. Nygren–Glass images, thru 2/28. Contemporary Art Glass, 806 Mad Ave (879-4655). Mon-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-5.

Tom Phillips–Calendar images, Ter Borch series, and textural icons, thru 2/11. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

***Harvey Quaytman**–New paintings, thru 2/18. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

Edda Renouf–Drawings and paintings, thru 2/28. BlumHelman, 13 E 75th (249-5350).

Joan Spielberg Rich–Multiple overlays of acrylic on raw canvas, thru 2/27. Automation House, 49 E 68th (796-4875). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Muriel Silberstein-Storfer–Assemblages with found objects, sand, and paint, thru 2/11. Gallery 84, 1046 Mad Ave (628-4920).

John Wesley–New paintings, thru 3/2. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940).

***Frank Lloyd Wright**–Lithographs of early works, thru 3/4. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

SoHo

Evalyn Aaron–Large landscapes using oriental brush strokes, thru 2/21. Mirage, 132 Greene (925-7045).

Alfredo Arreguin–Ultra-real jungle scenes, thru 2/14. Cayman, 381 W Bdwy (966-6699). Wed-Sat 11-6.

***Ivan Biro**–Layered lumber sculptures forming spirals, thru 2/18. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

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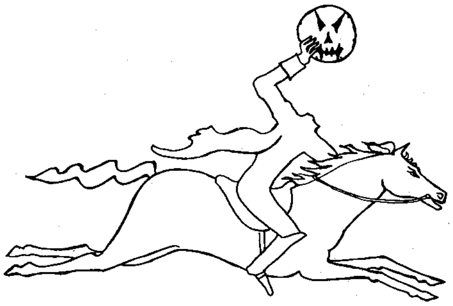

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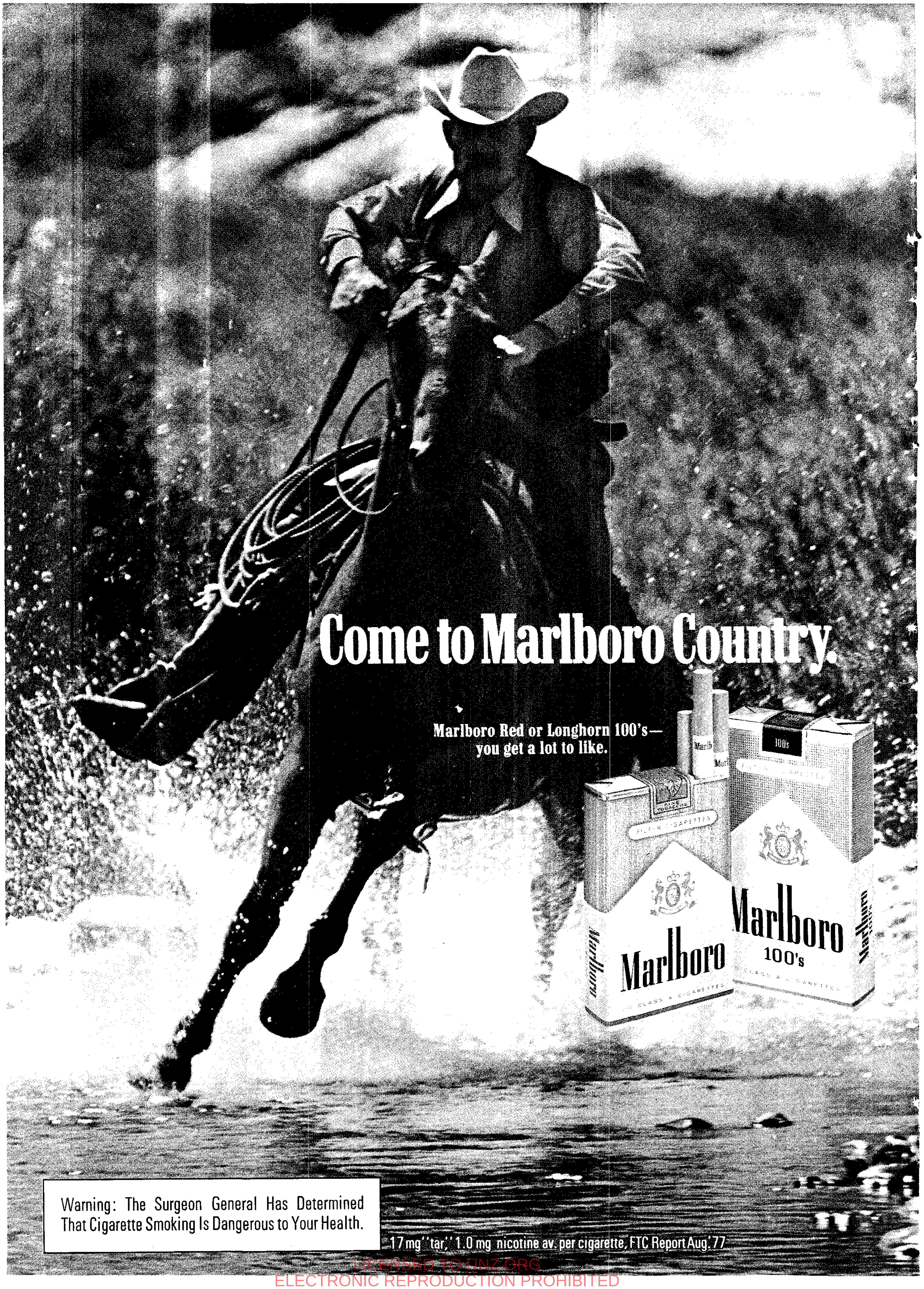
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Lula Mae Blocton/Peter Schira–Paintings by both, thru 2/25. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5.

Bob Bolles/Nina Paull–Steel sculpture/Color abstractions, thru 2/26. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Christopher Clapp–Segmented landscapes, thru 2/15. Razor, 464 W Bdwy (533-3427).

***Donald Cole**–The representational and the abstract on unstretched canvas/Gallery artists, thru 2/9. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

Marjorie DiLascia/Robert Jessel–Figurative paintings/Works, thru 2/15. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153). Tues-Sun 12-5.

Kochi Doktori/Lynn Umlauf–Painted works, using a grid system/Paint on cut paper nailed to the wall, thru 2/25. Broome, 90 W Bdwy (732-6196). Tues-Sat 1-6.

W. Robert Evans–Dripped abstractions dealing with illusion, thru 2/16. Alternate Space, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

***Rafael Ferrer**–A magical narrative environment using found objects from Fort Worth junk shops, 2/11-3/9. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

Dan Flavin–A fluorescent light installation, 2/11. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Kent Floeter–Works, thru 3/2. Boone, 420 W Bdwy (966-2114).

Stephen Grillo–People in crowded groups, thru 2/15. Bowery, 135 Greene (473-8778). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Edith Harper–Paintings, thru 2/23. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342). Tues-Sat 12-6.

John Laney–Realist daily scenes, thru 2/15. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Sol Lewitt–25 years of drawings, thru 2/28. Weber, 420 W Bdwy (966-6115).

***Kim MacConnel**–Found fabrics, materials, and decorative objects sewn together and painted over, thru 2/22. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Knox Martin–Paintings and drawings, thru 3/8. Jack, 138 Prince (966-4235). Tues-Sun 12-6.

Lillian Marzell–Prints and drawings, thru 2/12. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

***Gerhard Richter**–Recent paintings, thru 2/11. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

Richard Rosenfeld–Male nudes, thru 2/25. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173). Tues-Sat 1-5.

***Jeff Russell**–Sprayed molten metal on canvas, thru 2/23. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

Freida Savitz/James Stevenson–Inner sides in paint and pastel/Figurative abstractions, thru 2/12. Viewing Room, 72 Wooster (431-5904).

Martin Schreiber/Dennis Whitcopf–Color Xerox/Sculptures, thru 2/25. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

***Charles Schucker**–Stained, unprimed canvas, evoking nature abstractions, thru 2/25. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

David Shapiro–Works on paper, thru 2/23. Milliken, 141 Prince (674-3131). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Lynn Shelton–A silk construction, plus works on laminated paper, thru 3/4. Hubris, 150 Thompson (982-1827).

Martin Silverman–Sculpture, thru 2/11. Thorp, 139 Spring (925-1200).

Sylvia Sleigh–New paintings, thru 2/8. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Duane Zaloudek–New paintings, thru 2/18. 55 Mercer (226-7426).

OTHER

Lisa Bradley–Noumenal forms in oils and drawings, thru 2/25. Galerie Africaine, 51 E 10th (260-6220).

Guido Brink/Susan Pear Meisel–Metal totems and ritual symbols/Colorful, almost childlike, NYC scenes, thru 3/6. Transworld, 600 5th Ave (757-2700).

***Victor Candell**(1903-1977)–Cubist abstractions of the 30s, cityscapes of the 40s, and recent assemblages, thru 2/28. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

Enrique Castro-Cid–Transformations on paper mounted on canvas, thru 2/25. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

John De Pol–Wood engravings, thru 3/12. South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton (766-9020). Daily 11-6.

Tony Janetti–Watercolors, thru 2/10. Kromex, 1 Rockefeller Plaza (489-8445). Mon-Fri 10-5.

Ronnie Landfield–Bleeding acrylics on canvas, thru 2/21. Rentschler, 450 W 24th (929-0192). by appt.

Navil Nahas–Paintings and drawings, thru 2/18. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).

***Judy Negron**–An imaginary civilization, thru 2/28. NYU, Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl (598-3015).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Berman–50 W 57th (757-7630). Small works by members from 1970 to the present, thru 2/18.

***Hammer**–51 E 57th (644-4400). American paintings by Bensen, Cropsey, Henri, Lawson, Prendergast, others, thru 2/11.

***Janis**–6 W 57th (586-0110). 7 Americans, including Fahlstrom, Kelly, Marisol, Oldenburg, Segal, Steinberg, and Wesselmann, 2/8-3/4.

***Kennedy**–40 W 57th (541-9600). American naïve art, including cigar store Indians, weathervanes, whirligigs, portraits, and more, thru 3/4.

Nobé–250 W 57th (581-7060). 4 post minimal artists: Porter, Rosenthal, Scully, and Wagner, thru 2/25.

***Noble/Polans**–40 W 57th (541-9510). Contemporary Latin American Art, thru 3/4.

Spectrum–30 W 57th (246-2525). Sports memorabilia, paintings by Bellows, Dufy, Kent, thru 2/25.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***African Tribal Arts II**–37 W 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Miniature sculpture from Sierra Leone, Zaire, and Benin, thru 2/28.

***American Indian Community House**–10 E 38th (532-4897). 3,000 years of unadorned clay pottery, thru 2/12.

***Deutsch**–43 E 80th (861-4429). The 20th century with Bluemner, Dove, Hopper, Henri, Luks, Hofmann, others, thru 3/8.

Elements–766 Mad Ave (744-0890). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. Teapots by 30 ceramicists, thru 2/25.

Graham–1014 Mad Ave (535-5767). Contemporary paintings and sculpture, thru 2/25.

L'Ibis–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Coptic textiles and amulets from Egypt, thru 3/6.

Manhattan Savings Bank–385 Mad at 47th (688-3000). Mon-Fri 8:30-3. Amish quilts from 1870 to 1930, thru 2/10.

Rolly-Michaux–943 Mad Ave (535-1460). Dufy, Van Dongen, Binet, and Malet, thru 2/25.

***Sabarsky**–987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Works by German Expressionists, thru 2/25.

Shepherd–21 E 84th (861-4050). 19th century French drawings, watercolors, and pastels, plus 30 bronzes by Antoine-Louis Barye, thru 2/28.

Stone–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Paintings by Middleman and Renouf, drawings by Klapp, and sculpture by Croninger, thru 2/28.

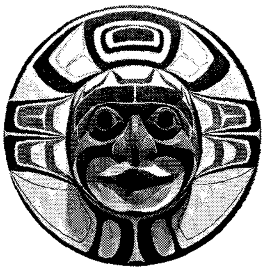
***Touchstone**–118 E 64th (826-6111). Drawings, including pastel pieces by Kleinrock, pencil on canvas by Skoglund, others, thru 3/1.

***Wauters**–1014 Mad Ave (988-3447). 19th and 20th century European and American drawings by Calder, Fontana, Le Corbusier, Man Ray, others, thru 2/28.

SoHo

Artists Space–105 Hudson (226-3970). Audio works, including tapes, records, thru 2/25.

INDIAN ART



This Kwakiutl Moon Mask by Chief Don Lelooska is part of 'The Northwest Passage,' an exhibition of art and artifacts from the Pacific Northwest coast of North America which runs thru February 11 at the **Bayard Gallery** (456 West Broadway). The gallery is open Tuesdays thru Saturdays from 11 until 6 (477-3804).

***Buecker & Harpsichords**–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Art and documentation from the Guild Art Gallery, a 57th street establishment of the 30s, including Aronson, Gorky, Gross, others, thru 2/25.

Downstairs–98 Prince (226-4785). Akey, Antonelli, Machida, Paul, Warshaw, others, thru 2/15.

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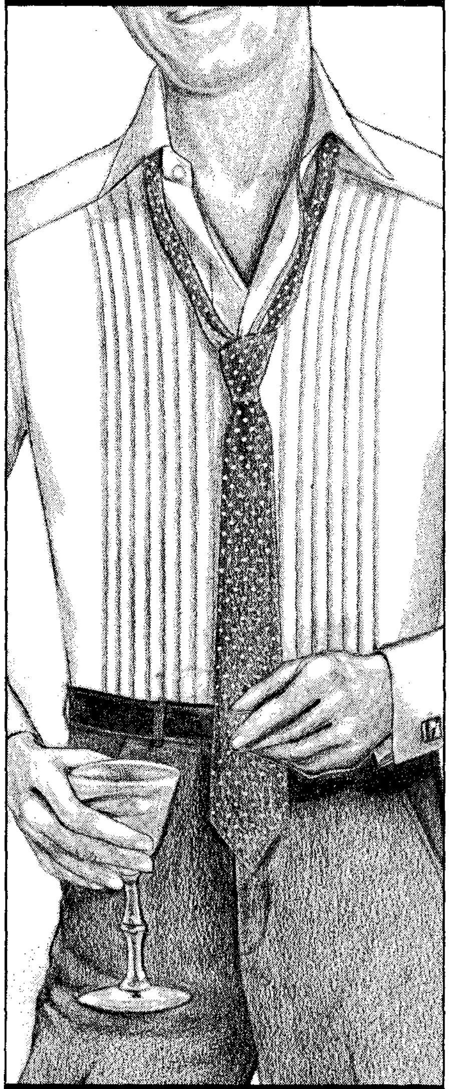

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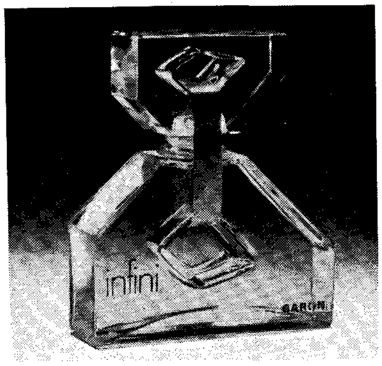

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***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed 11-9. Works by younger and unknown artists, thru 3/4.

***OK Harris**–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Paintings by Didonna, photo works by Palaia, conceptual works by Richie, and drawings by Weller, thru 2/25.

***Landmark**–469 Broome (966-1173). The human figure from 13 points of view/Cut out drawings on paper by Boutis, thru 2/23.

112 Workshop–112 Greene (226-8971). Works by lesbian artists, thru 2/11.

Pindar–127 Greene. Tues-Sat 12-5. Recent paintings, sculpture, and graphics by Bavar, Delagi, Lewis, Unger, others, thru 3/11.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Paintings by Loring, peeled layer watercolors by Robinson, vegetable fantasies by Somerville, thru 2/16.

WIA–435 Broome (966-5894). Tues, Sat 2-5. Dwyer, Goldstein, Kassoy, Minter-Forster, thru 2/25.

OTHER

AIGA–1059 Third Ave (752-0813). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:45. *The Cover Show,* thru 2/24.

***Elliott**–349 2nd Ave (533-4949). Advertising posters for cycles, steamships, cars, and trains from 1920 to 1930, thru 2/28.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Paintings, prints, drawings, and sculpture by faculty, thru 2/25.

Greenwich House–27 Barrow (CH2-4140). Stoneware by the Marsh potters, thru 2/11.

***Hall of Science**–Flushing Meadow (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5. Memorabilia connected with Toscanini, thru 3/31.

***Institute of Fine Arts**–1 E 78th (YU8-5550). The James B. Duke House, a model of adaptive use, including plans, drawings, and photos, thru 2/20.

National Arts Club–15 Gramercy Park S (GR5-3424). Tues-Sun 1-6. 200 artists, thru 2/25.

NY Public Library–5th at 42nd (790-6551). Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. WPA prints from the 30s and 40s, thru 2/28/Documents relating to Thomas Edison and the phonograph, thru 3/25 at Astor Gallery, Lincoln Center.

***William Patterson College**–300 Pompton Rd., Wayne, N.J. (201-595-2401). 'The Other Realism': Realist figure drawings by Frederick Childs, William Bailey, William Beckman, Alan Feltus, and Willard Midgette; 2/13 thru 2/24.

***Pratt Graphics**–160 Lex at 30th (685-3169). Daily 10-6. Literary people picture themselves in drawings from 1962 to 1976, thru 2/9.

P.S. 1–46-01 21st St, Long Island City (233-1096). Staged works of Applebroog, Farber, and Patterson, thru 2/25.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Waldman–231 E 58th (838-2140). Mon-Fri 9:30-6:30. Sat to 5. Indian Art, thru 2/28.

Weyhe–794 Lex Ave (TE8-5466). 12 American prints from 1919, thru 2/11.

Photography

***Eduard Denis Baldus**–French architectural studies from the 1850s, thru 3/1. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).

Foto–492 Broome (925-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6. Objects in an ambiguous space by Ferguson. Theatrical, surreal images by Gordin. Nighttime color by Ollman, thru 2/11.

***Rokuo Kawakami**–Herons and other winged creatures in the classical Japanese tradition, 2/9-3/27.

Mitch Kearney–Punk rock groups, thru 2/13. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. International Newspaper Snapshot Contest winners, thru 4/14.

Les Krims–Photos/Contemporary processes, thru 2/25. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

Jill Lynne–Autobiographical self images and machine art using copiers, thru 2/19. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs 12-8, Fri till 4.

Felix H. Man/Abe Rezny and Rick Silberman–A pioneer of photojournalism/Holography, thru 2/12. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Bea Nettles/Norman Sanders**–Mixed-media imagery/People at home, thru 3/4. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

***Fred Picker**–The austere beauty and simplicity of New England, 2/14-3/11. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

***F.A. Rinehart**–100 platinum prints of the American Indian, thru 3/4. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

Richard Ross–Gum-dichromate photos, thru 2/18. Sragow, 43 5th Ave (929-2734). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Soho/Stieglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Works by Alpert, cityscapes by Kaplan, Greece by MacCarthy, plus a Peruvian portfolio by Alexanian and Gersh, thru 2/28.

Space–154 W 57th (765-1776). Tues 10-5. Color dye-transfer prints by Haas, Maisel, and Turner, thru 2/24.

***Karl Struss**–Works by the only surviving member of the Photo-Secession, thru 2/11. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Azurite and Gold:* Two magnificent mineral specimens; thru 2/28.

Asia House–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Royal hunting scenes highlight the art of the Sasanian empire, thru 3/12.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. *Clay, Fiber, Metal by Women Artists;* thru 2/24.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *More Than Meets the Eye:* 400 works from the permanent collection; thru 2/12.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Willem de Kooning in East Hampton:* His first major museum exhibition in a decade; 2/10 thru 4/23.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Warburton Avenue:* The Architecture of a Neighborhood; thru 3/19.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8. *Passport to the World:* Swiss photographers from 1840 to the present; thru 3/5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 9/3. *Age of Spirituality:* Late antique and early Christian art, third to seventh century; thru 2/12. Irwin Untermyer Collection: 400 works of English and Continental decorative arts; thru 6/30.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *Rembrandt and His Century:* Drawings, thru 2/19.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W Dog; St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *The All-American Dog;* thru 4/2.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *New Stained Glass:* Small-scaled glass panels. Ceramics by David Gilhooly. Jewelry from the permanent collection. Thru 4/2.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reflections of Future Space;* thru 4/30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Sol LeWitt:* The first comprehensive retrospective of his work to be presented in an American museum; thru 4/4. *Arp on Paper:* Drawings and collages; thru 3/5. *Le Corbusier:* Architectural drawings; thru 3/26.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5. *Art Outside the Mainstream:* Figurative work by artists who have disregarded traditional drawing conventions and aesthetic attitudes; thru 2/28.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Think Small:* Toys, miniatures, dolls, children's books; thru 5/30. *Moving in the City:* Three centuries of transportation in New York.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Queens Artists 78;* thru 3/5.

South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Synchronism and American Color Abstraction, 1910-25;* thru 3/26. Works by Wallace Berman, thru 3/5. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

BASKETBALL

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Portland Trail Blazers, 2/7 at 7:30; vs. Indiana Pacers, 2/9 at 7:30; vs. Milwaukee Bucks, 2/11 at 8.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888); vs. Indiana Pacers, 2/8 at 8:05; vs. Detroit Pistons, 2/10 at 8:05; vs. New York Knicks, 2/12 at 1:45.

College Basketball, Madison Square Garden (564-4400). St. John's vs. Duquesne, 2/11 at 1; Rutgers vs. North Carolina, 2/11 at 3.

HOCKEY

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Minnesota North Stars, 2/7; vs. Detroit Red Wings, 2/11; vs. Los Angeles Kings, 2/14. At 8:05.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Minnesota North Stars, 2/8; vs. Montreal Canadiens, 2/12. At 7:35.

BOXING

Golden Gloves, Felt Forum (563-8000). Preliminary rounds, 2/7-9 & 14-16 at 8.

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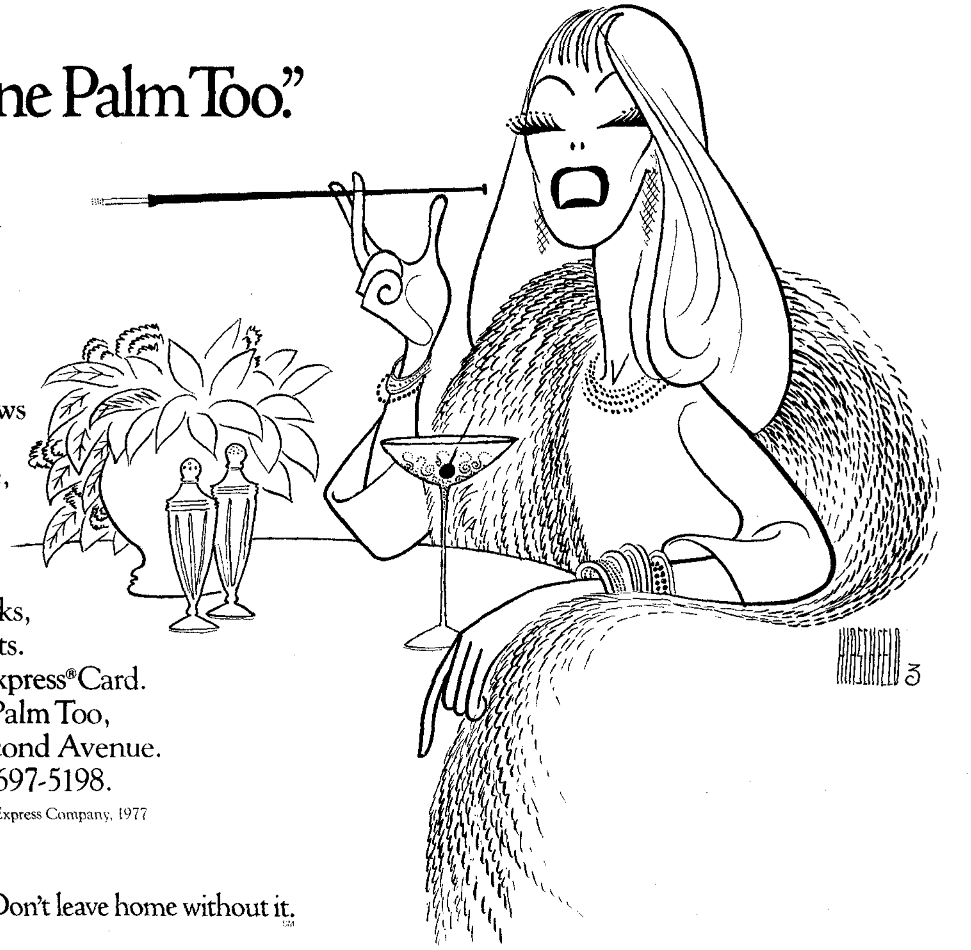

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Park Slope: The Myth

“. . . It has luxury homes, slums, new commercial strips, heroin

The nineteen-year-old Puerto Rican kid was simply better with his hands than the nineteen-year-old white kid. The fight took place Saturday night, last August 20, in front of Coyne's Cleaners at 16th Street and Prospect Park West in Park Slope, across the street from Farrell's Bar.

The white kid could only hold on to the Puerto Rican kid's bushy Afro and hope for the best. But the Puerto Rican kid managed to wrestle him to the ground. There he pummeled the white kid's face with the brutal dispatch of a seasoned street fighter.

Then a dozen of the white kid's friends jumped the Puerto Rican kid—kicking him in the face, kidneys, testicles.

The Puerto Rican kid scrambled desperately to an all-fours position and tried to break away. The white kids continued punching, kicking, yanking his hair.

The Puerto Rican finally got to his feet, bleeding from his nose and mouth, and sprinted madly toward 17th Street, a Hispanic stronghold. He managed to outdistance his white pursuers.

Ten minutes later, he returned, clenching a long stiletto. With him were twenty other Puerto Ricans, including his six-months-pregnant wife. She carried a Louisville Slugger baseball bat. She was the first one to approach the crowd of whites who had regrouped in front of Mom's Pizzeria.

She swung the bat, shattering the collarbone of the nineteen-year-old white kid.

The hot night was fractured by the sounds of breaking bottles, young girls' screams, racial slurs, curses, moaning, bats careening off bone, running feet.

And then the sound of an approaching police siren. After the cops arrived, the crowd dispersed quickly. As the Puerto Rican kid walked by the radio car, his long blade dropped on the sidewalk. He bent and picked it up as nonchalantly as if it were a butter knife. One of the cops watched as the kid waved the knife at the older, white onlookers at Farrell's. The bar patrons watched silently, sweating, fuming, in the coolness of the air conditioning.

Whitey.

Spic.

Park Slope.

One neighborhood?

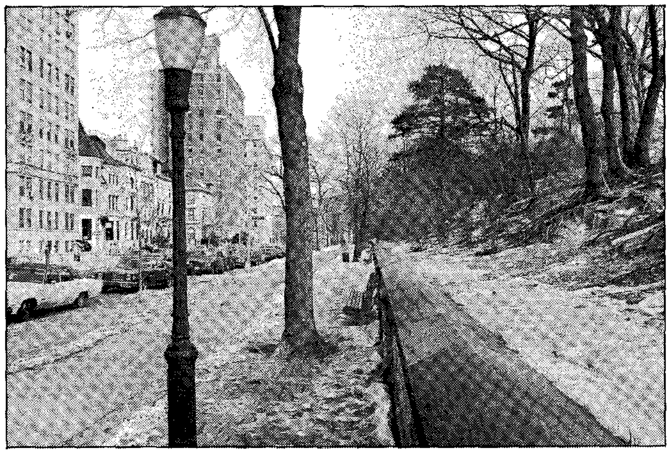
On a clear, sunny day you can stand on almost any street corner in Park Slope and look down toward the harbor and see the Statue of Liberty keeping watch over the barges and tugs, ferries and steamers that move through the water.

From almost any rooftop in Park Slope you can see the Manhattan skyline; on a near perfect day you can vaguely make out freighters discharging their cargo on the New Jersey docks, the way they once did so abundantly on the Brooklyn waterfront.

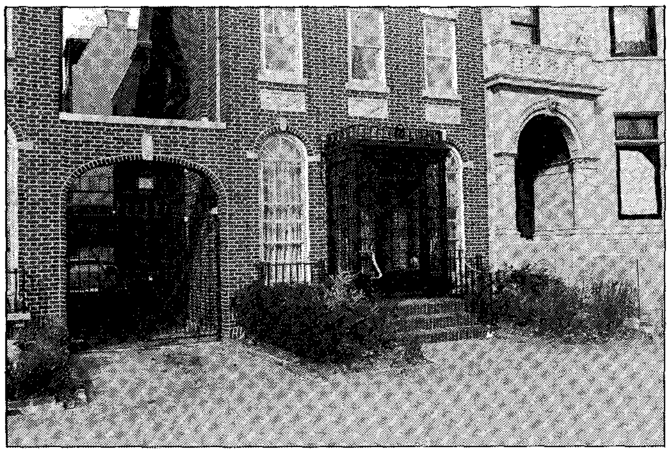
Almost no one in Park Slope is cheated of that view. It is one of the few privileges the power brokers and city fathers have not yet been able to extract tax or graft or profit from. The view hasn't changed much over the years. Well, the Twin Towers now rise phallically from the vista as a sort of reminder that the city has been shafted repeatedly in the last decade; there may be fewer lights adorning its nightside due to the energy crisis; and the water certainly doesn't have the same sparkle Verrazano must have seen. But the view is still there.

In some ways that view is the only thing Park Slopers have in common. The real story of Park Slope today is not the view itself, but where one sees it *from*. Park Slope, contrary to popular belief, is not a single neighborhood. It is a district made up of what urban critic Jane Jacobs calls “turfs.”

To break down the many turfs of Park Slope—the area is bordered on the north by Flatbush Avenue, on the south by Greenwood Cemetery, on the east by Prospect Park West, and on the west by Fifth Avenue—is to dissect the entire city in microcosm. Park Slope has luxury homes, slums, commercial strips, heroin supermarkets, working-class enclaves, ethnic hamlets,



Great: *Prospect Park West, above Garfield Place.*



Good: *Prospect Park West, nearer Garfield Place.*

Photographed by Arthur Freed

# of Neighborhood

By Denis Hamill

supermarkets, ethnic hamlets, harsh struggle, and pure apathy . . ."

and pockets of successful—and unsuccessful—integration. There is safety, as there is serious crime, struggle for urban survival, and pure apathy.

In Park Slope there are many dividing lines. On Seventh Avenue, the major commercial strip, 3rd Street is a rough dividing line between affluent and working-class turfs. The area from 3rd Street to 9th is mostly working-class. It was on this turf that the Methodist Hospital tore down half of a city block of fine housing and shops in 1973 to build a parking lot.

Seventh Avenue actually has three turfs. The affluent one stretches from Flatbush Avenue to 3rd Street. Third Street to 9th is working-class. And 9th Street to that great Robert Moses blunder called the Prospect Expressway is now mostly a slum. Fifth Avenue can almost be dissected in the same way, as can Prospect Park West.

The word "neighborhood" grew out of the term "brotherhood"—simply, a brotherhood of neighbors. But there is little brotherly love between the Hispanic and Italian-American citizens of Fifth Avenue from Flatbush Avenue to 3rd Street. In 1972, there were vicious race wars between an Italian gang called "The Golden Guineas" (which is a prep school for the Gallo mob) and Puerto Ricans who had moved not only into the "neighborhood" but also into some of the rackets, like dope and numbers, previously run exclusively by the Gallos.

In that summer dozens of people were assaulted in riots, an eighteen-year-old kid had his legs blown off with a double-barreled shotgun, a police car was overturned and anointed with Molotov cocktails, which were the season's fad.

In 1975, similar incidents erupted. And last summer the area was embroiled in a dispute involving a mural some black and Hispanic kids from a neighborhood youth group had painted on a wall at Fifth Avenue and 1st Street. The mural depicted scenes of racial injustice and, panel by panel, showed the progression from racism, segregation, and hate to images of how people of all colors and creeds might live harmoniously. The white homeowners on 1st Street held public meetings demanding the covering of the mural. Vandals marred it with jars of white paint. Racial tensions are always at the flash point.

President Street has now become the 38th parallel on Fifth Avenue, with the Puerto Ricans occupying the turf to the north and the remaining Italians holding tenaciously to the few social clubs and cheese stores to the south of the strip. As on all the turfs, there are exceptions, like the corner of 2nd Street and Fifth Avenue, which is a bustling heroin bargain basement open to all. Scag is more than skin-deep.

"Sure, we make busts down here all the time," said an undercover narc who works the area. "But mostly we don't bother too much until the politicians come out and grab cheap publicity off the problem in an election year. What the hell good does it do? It's the same old story; the main connection is sitting somewhere in total luxury while the chump junkie who sells nickel bags even approaches drivers who stop for a light."

The main heroin pusher the narc is speaking of could easily find all the luxury he wants just a few short blocks away, up in northeastern Park Slope, the area built after the completion of Prospect Park following the Civil War, in the late 1860s. This is the Brownstone Belt, with houses as handsome and spacious and sturdy as any in New York City. But do the people who live here on streets named Montgomery, President, Carroll, Plaza, Garfield, Lincoln, Berkeley, Fiske, St. Johns, or any of the other fine streets above Seventh Avenue seem to care about the problems of their neighboring turfs? Not that you'd notice.

Many of the people in this section are not native Park Slopers. They came during the real-estate boom of the sixties and early seventies, and the area is still booming today. And like the gold-diseased white men who invaded Cali-

Good: *Prospect Park West, just below Garfield Place.*

Good: *Garfield Place and Eighth Avenue.*

". . .'A district has to be big and powerful enough to fight city hall,'

fornia in 1849, the Park Slope newcomers have pushed the natives into turfs that are as forgotten as the Indian reservations.

Ten to fifteen years ago, a brownstone in this section went for 20 to 35 grand. Today it would be impossible to get one of these homes for less than $70,000—and that's a damned good deal.

The newcomers brought their culture, money, pedigreed dogs, and civic pride to this turf. The commercial strip of Seventh Avenue from Flatbush to 3rd Street began to flourish with the kinds of businesses Park Slope never had before: bookstores and craft shops, home bakeries and coffeehouses, plant stores and spice emporiums, fancy saloons and restaurants, boutiques and hairdressers and art galleries.

But the fastest-growing business in the area is real-estate agencies. It is nearly impossible to get an apartment in northeast Park Slope today without paying a finder's fee to a realtor. If this doesn't ensure white tenants, the average of about $100 per room will surely keep away poor minorities. With security, a month's rent in advance, the finder's fee, and moving costs, it takes about $1,000 these days to put a key in the lock of a one-bedroom pad in this section.

Satisfied with their own answer to Greenwich Village (without the flakes and panhandlers thrown in), only recently have the people of the northeastern turf made any attempt to fight the bureaucracy and such destructive practices as redlining.

The closing of a firehouse on Union Street just below Seventh Avenue drew some rather mild protests during the fiscal crisis, but the effort died out. It wasn't until Abe Beame became a lame duck that even a single quack arose from City Hall. Before Beame left office, his old buddy Thomas Cuite, majority leader of the City Council and award-winning hack, asked the mayor to reopen the firehouse so he could claim civic responsibility in his future elections (which promise to be against reform candidates). Beame obliged his friend Tom and reopened the firehouse.

Last summer, a small protest, organized by people from Flatbush, was held in front of the Greater New York Savings Bank on President Street and Seventh Avenue. The nineteen protesters who showed up complained that of about $200 million invested by GNYSB every year a mere 1 percent goes into mortgages. Of course this was a noble cause, but it was a little late. Greater New York has been redlining the less affluent turfs of New York for the past ten years. More recently, a much larger redlining meeting was held in the Grand Army Plaza Library in front of the State Banking Committee.

Today, many of these Park Slope newcomers have planted their roots and made major contributions to the area in progressive ways by forming block associations, joining planning boards, the PTA, and other civic associations.

But over the years there have been no great turnouts to protest the destruction of other parts of Park Slope.

On Fifth Avenue near what is left of Baltic Street, there is a block and a half of vacant lot and 36 abandoned buildings. According to Allan Tumolillo and the nonprofit Council on Municipal Performance, "Until 1970, apartment buildings, small shops, and several factories were located here. Today, it is an area of several square blocks which has been gutted; buildings stand burned and abandoned; addicts use vacant buildings to carry on their habits; people have left the area; shops have closed. The city of New York created this at a cost of $4 million." Taxpayers' money, of course.

The fiasco began in 1968, when the Board of Education decided to build two new schools on the site. The population of the area was almost 100 percent black and Hispanic. The idea was to keep the population in the area by building new schools. What the Board of Education failed to realize was that when they called in the city's Department of Relocation of the City Housing and Development Administration—the bureaucracy's answer to the Seven Santinis—to make way for the school site, 184 families with hundreds of children were moved out of the area.

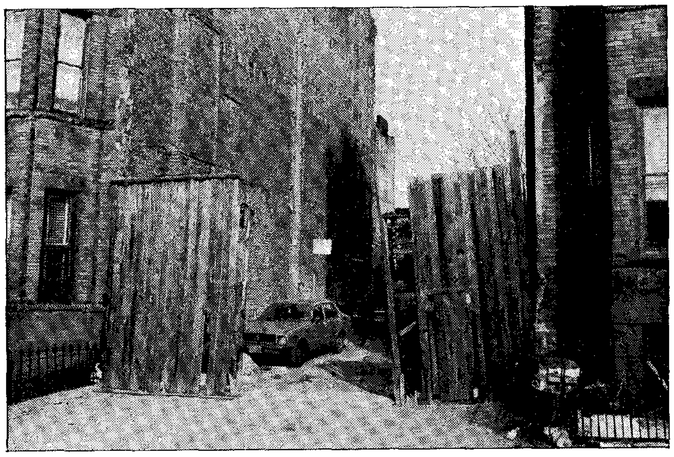
This might be called forced trucking, but whatever you call it, the result was that there was no longer any need for the new schools because of the "area's decline in population." So instead of spending $4 million on new schools, the city spent it on five vacant lots and 36 abandoned buildings.

This masterful piece of urban removal took twenty city agencies to accomplish. Beautiful. But did the good citizens of northeast Park Slope—the ones who stroll up and down Seventh Avenue with "I Love Park Slope" T-shirts and $80 Earth shoes—descend on the Board of Education to object to the treatment of their brotherhood of neighbors?

Pigs might fly.

Jane Jacobs, in her urban bible, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities,* stresses the need for total district unity to achieve urban survival: "An effective district has to be large enough to count as a force in the life of a city as a whole. The 'ideal' neighborhood of planning theory is useless for such a role. A district has to be big

Fair: *Garfield, between Fifth and Fourth avenues.*



Hopeless: *Carroll Street, four blocks from the park.*

says urban critic Jane Jacobs. ‘Nothing less is to any purpose’. . .”

and powerful enough to fight city hall. Nothing less is to any purpose.”

Jacobs's observation has been proved right in Park Slope. It may be the poorest sections that are hit first, but eventually destruction spreads. Garfield Place and Seventh Avenue is a prime example. The two blocks east of Seventh Avenue, climbing toward Prospect Park, may be two of the most valuable chunks of real estate in New York. They're wonderful blocks— gas lamps standing like sentries in the areaways, trees sheltering the gutters, expensive cars lining the curbs, brownstones standing as tough and proud as Swiss honor guards.

But cross Seventh Avenue, just west of the corner, and on either side of the street there are six abandoned apartment buildings— twelve buildings that once housed 120 families. Rusted tin covers the doors and windows. Junkies have made off with the plumbing, and water runs incessantly in the basements. Rats follow water like America followed the railhead. Junkies follow the rats. Abandoned buildings act like dominoes. Landlords let their property taxes go into arrears. Welfare recipients turn over their checks although they are provided with no heat or hot water. As soon as the lemon is squeezed dry, another landlord will move to a place where lemons grow wild.

It is only a matter of time before time itself marches across Seventh Avenue and eats its way toward Prospect Park. Still there are no protests. No landlord is indicted. The city does nothing. Northeast Park Slope somehow continues to believe it has discovered some magic inoculation that will prevent this destruction from coming its way. The T-shirts on Seventh Avenue may soon read: “I Loved Park Slope.”

Benny Gentile (a pseudonym), 48, has lived on 8th Street just above Seventh Avenue, in the working-class turf, for 30 years. He has no desire to live in the affluent section. “Too many snobs down that way, you ask me,” Benny says, as he hoses down his Chevy Impala on a Saturday afternoon. “More expensive. Them people, you know, who they think they are, king s--t or something. Liberals. Restaurants cost a fortune down there. I'd rather eat at home. Watch the game. Hell with it.”

But Benny doesn't have many kind words for those who live on the other side of the 9th Street tracks either. That strip of Seventh Avenue was once a row of poverty tenements. On almost every corner, from 9th Street to Prospect Avenue from the thirties to the early sixties, there were neighborhood taverns with names like Fitzgerald's, Rattigan's, Roche's, Quigley's, and Connelley's. Today, the bars have given way to Pentecostal churches and Puerto Rican social clubs. The names have changed; the times have not. People here are poor, as they always were.

While the Irish restricted most of their social life to drinking and singing songs in the local saloons, the Puerto Ricans prefer to sit on milk boxes, playing dominoes and drinking beer, the bottles wrapped in small brown bags, while Latin music blares from speakers set up on fire escapes. In the winter they drink in unlicensed social clubs, where they play pool and dominoes.

“Them Ricans are pigs,” Benny says. “They destroyed that neighborhood. Look at the garbage in the streets down there.”

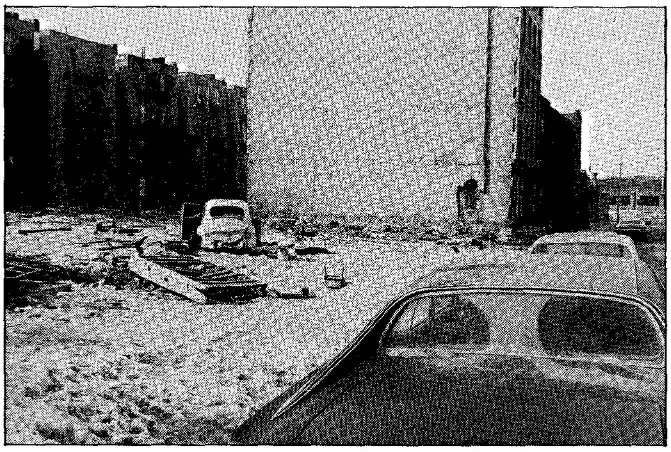
What the Hispanic turf of Seventh Avenue inherited was the same roaches, rats, mice, and rundown apartments the Irish had had earlier, and the streets are indeed filthy. But there may be a good reason for it. One sanitation man who works in Park Slope explains: “I shouldn't tell you this, and if you use my name I'm screwed, but we get our orders not to sweep up as often on this side of 9th Street. That's not official policy, of course, but the inspectors think it's just a waste of time. No one comes down this way. The other end is more commercial. The people down the other end would complain.”

The racism wasn't quite as intense on Seventh Avenue as on Fifth Avenue when the Hispanics began to move in during the middle and late sixties. One reason may have been the presence of the old Ansonia Clock Factory, once the largest clock factory in America, which takes up nearly a full square block between 12th and 13th streets from Seventh Avenue to Eighth.

Blacks and Hispanics moved daily through the then Irish turf to go to work in the factory. The factory no longer makes clocks but produces rubber and textile goods, and the minorities were attracted by the need for unskilled labor. The whites in the neighborhood were able to see black and brown men who worked (some worked side by side with them) and therefore had an opportunity to see beyond the stereotype of blacks and Hispanics as lazy parasites who liked to sit home collecting welfare checks. Their steady presence in the area served as a kind of lubricant for when they decided to move closer to where they worked.

The children of the Irish immigrant families began to move to the suburbs and the middle class, so the area soon became predominantly Hispanic. There were minor skirmishes—like the firebombing of a Badillo for Mayor headquarters in 1973—but no organized violence.

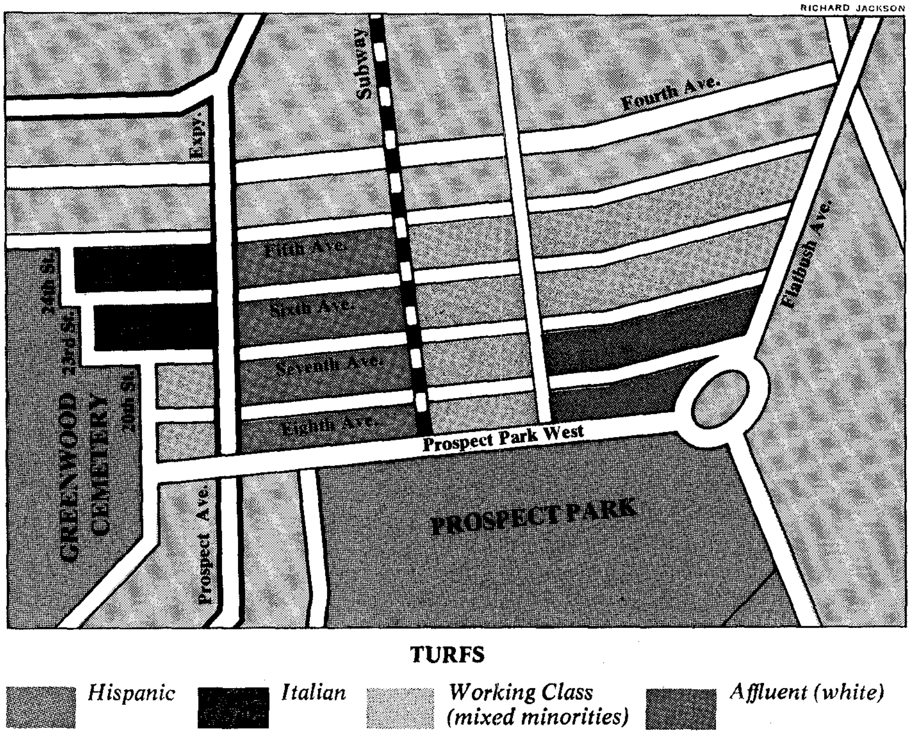
Bartel Pritchard Square, to Prospect Avenue along Prospect Park West, is


Hopeless: *Carroll Street, five blocks from the park.*

Hopeless: *Carroll Street, six blocks from the park.*

"...The different turfs must identify their common enemy..."

RICHARD JACKSON



still another turf. It is referred to as "The Hill" because it is on top of a hill that slopes both east and west. Its white, Catholic, working-class citizens feel threatened by integration. Huge block-lettered graffiti scrawled on the parking-lot tarmac of Prospect Park near the Bartel Pritchard Square entrance read: White Power. Niggers Beware: Do Not Enter After 6 p.m. There is also a huge swastika.

This is where the white kids who fought the Puerto Ricans on August 20 hang out.

Farther south on Prospect Park West is another Hispanic turf concentrated into two square blocks—17th Street and Prospect Avenue. Sanitation Commissioner Anthony Vaccarello called 17th Street here one of the filthiest blocks in all of New York. Racial tension between this turf's residents and the white kids of the Hill is always at the boiling point. Only murder remains to complete the polarization.

The last turf of Park Slope begins on 20th Street and Seventh Avenue and swings west toward Fifth Avenue. It is an Italian hamlet encompassing some six square blocks. Fig trees are still wrapped in oilcloth and topped with empty paint cans in the winter here; the small shingled homes are proudly kept; tomatoes and grapes are grown in the backyards; and the streets are clean and relatively quiet, hemmed in by the Prospect Expressway and the stillness of Greenwood Cemetery.

Most of the shopping is done in the pork stores, cheese shops, bakeries, and vegetable stands that dot this section of Fifth Avenue. The turf shares almost nothing with its neighboring district. The life-style is largely Old World and peaceful, disconnected from the problems of the rest of Park Slope. In some ways this turf may be the least urban and therefore the most stable. Owner-occupied property passes down through the family. Transition, if it comes at all, will be slow.

It has become fashionable of late to romanticize the myth of the neighborhood. And it *is* exhilarating to see citizens banding together to fight for their rights. But we fail to see how limited those alliances are, how severe the problems that go unresolved, how fragile the hopes for the future.

Politics plays a large role in keeping districts powerless. Gerrymandering, for example, did much to divide the turfs of Park Slope. Occasionally, such manipulation backfires, though. Politicians, like former Conservative Assemblyman Vincent Riccio, realized their politics were too narrow to appeal to a broad coalition of people. Riccio ended up losing his gerrymandered 51st Assembly District to reformer Joe Ferris, who managed to appeal to the minorities, the working-class turf, and the liberals of the affluent section. (Riccio, however, was recently elected as Conservative councilman-at-large by running boroughwide on an anti-gay platform, and even went so far as to ask Anita Bryant to come to New York to stump for him.)

The media are also responsible. Television reporters who wouldn't know Brooklyn from Brookline, Massachusetts, are forever labeling neighborhoods wrong and presenting distorted, sensational, or superficial versions of local problems. Rarely will one see news footage of Park Slope that doesn't deal with the wonders of the Brownstone Belt unless a mobster is found somewhere on the park side with one behind each ear.

Print journalists are little better—although the *Daily News*'s coverage of the mural dispute was thoroughly done. A New York *Post* story about a recent murder on Windsor Place in Park Slope described the area as "a quiet middle-class community." Windsor Place is two blocks from 17th Street, a flagrant slum. Coverage of Bedford Stuyvesant dwells relentlessly on the worst aspects of the area while ignoring its positive elements. Bed Stuy has some of the most beautiful architecture in the city; over the past few years a great new influx of middle-class black families have occupied the splendid brownstones there. But ask most people what comes to mind when they think of Park Slope and you'll get the "brownstones, gas lamps, and tree-lined street" answer. A Seventh Avenue boutique merchant recently interviewed actually believed the boundaries were Union Street to 3rd Street above Seventh Avenue. Asked what he thought of the rest of it, he replied that he had never been to the rest of it. How long had he lived in the area? Five years!

Ask the same kind of people about Bed Stuy and the chances are excellent you'll hear "slums, welfare, junkies, and muggers."

The central problem of Park Slope—and the city as a whole—is obviously one of unification; the residents of the districts' many turfs will have to see beyond their class and racial differences to identify their common enemy, the unaccountable power brokers both inside and outside the government. If not, then their only common enemy will be each other.

No infection spreads faster in this city than the deterioration of stable communities. But still, in Park Slope, the view of the harbor is great, highly recommended, and will probably remain for some time. Longer, one hopes, than the stiletto that separates the nineteen-year-old Puerto Rican and the white kid with the broken collarbone. ■

Mort Janklow: Friends Make the Man

By Linda Wolfe

"...The public knows hardly anything about Janklow. But he is the biggest, hottest middleman in today's book business..."

Morton L. Janklow was having a really good time at Lally Weymouth's party. It was what he calls a "power party," the kind he loves best, the kind he says "impacts" him. Jackie was there, and Pete Hamill, and Barbara Walters, and Katharine Graham, and CBS board chairman William Paley, and even California Governor Jerry Brown. And Janklow was circulating, casting his net. And then, what a nuisance, Norman Mailer butted Gore Vidal, who shoved Mailer back, and then Mailer threw his glass at Vidal, splitting his lip.

Not everybody noticed the impending battle, but Janklow, who is six foot three and has a quick eye for a fight, saw what was coming. A moment after Mailer followed his drink with a punch at Vidal, Janklow stepped in between the two combatants and broke up the fight. Of course, afterward, the writers got all the publicity. But that's the way it always is for the man in the middle, the broker, the agent. The public knows hardly anything about Janklow. But he is the biggest, hottest middleman in today's book business.

He hasn't been it for long. Three short years ago, he was just a garden-variety (albeit highly successful) corporate lawyer. But since the winter of 1974, he has made a millionaire of first-novelist William Safire and a well-to-do man of first-novelist John Ehrlichman; has signed journalists like CBS correspondent Daniel Schorr and Marvin and Bernard Kalb to astonishing $250,000 hardcover-book contracts; has been selected as agent—after an intensive agent-snooping expedition—by former CIA head William Colby; and has recently sold for a reported $1 million a biography of Greta Garbo that had been kicking around the publishing industry, takerless at any price, for years. A lot of other literary agents are griping about Janklow, but he is exultant. Almost overnight, he has become the premier literary-deal maker in town.

He has the proper setting: offices on the twenty-fifth floor of the Seagram Building, mahogany doors that are massive, theatrical, and bear at their top the words JANKLOW AND TRAUM—the name of the agent's law firm—in brass letters bigger than those on a marquee. And even the doorknobs, ungraspable brass rocks, are larger than life.

Yet, except for the opening credits, Janklow is not the proverbial bombastic agent. His eyes behind platinum-rimmed glasses are level, steady; his voice is energetic but never brash; his desk is uncluttered; there is only one telephone in sight. Janklow has the middleman's traditional intensity and braggadocio, but it is tempered with lawyer's control. He talks a blue streak, but it is a muted blue.

He got into his new career "more or less accidentally," he tells me. "It happened just because I helped out a writer friend." The friend was William Safire, and the help was Janklow's endeavor to make the William Morrow company pay up on the $250,000 advance they had agreed to give Safire for a book on the Nixon presidency, a book only much later entitled *Before the Fall.* The deal had been negotiated in 1972, when no one knew about Watergate, and Morrow had offered the huge sum because Safire, just retired from his job as Nixon's speechwriter, promised to write an intimate day-by-day account of the workings of the American presidency, a publishing first. But then Watergate began to leak, and the big Nixon story was no longer how the presidency worked but how it didn't. When Safire stuck to his original plan, Morrow didn't want the book. When it came in, although it was exactly the book it had bargained for, the house termed it "unacceptable."

"We went to bat for Safire on 'acceptability,'" Janklow explains. "In the end we failed to get him all his money, but our battle struck a chord in a lot of writers, and afterward a few of them urged me to represent them."

The Kalb brothers—friends of Safire's—were the first to call. They had signed a contract with Norton for a biography of Kissinger and had received a $20,000 advance. Now the book was done, but they were having "an editorial disagreement" with Norton and wanted Janklow to help them out with it. He looked over their contract and decided to help them out *of* it instead. Kissinger, he thought, was worth more than $20,000. He withdrew the book from Norton, paid back the Kalb advance, and several days later sold the $20,000 book to Little, Brown for $250,000.

It was only after he had arranged for the sale of the Kalb book that it occurred to Janklow that literary-agenting might not be a bad subspecialty for his law firm. He knew nothing about the book business, but he had already, some years previously, made a foray into another unfamiliar field, television, and come away with huge

"…He asked Michael Korda at Simon & Schuster: 'How would you like to be the first to buy a book for posthumous sale?'…"

spoils: He had packaged and sold the first cable-television company before anyone knew there was such a thing as cable TV. Besides, Janklow already had a number of good friends in publishing, a few of them his law clients. It was clear that he had the basic abilities and the contacts for being an agent. All he needed was another author. Suddenly, an unlikely prospect came along.

The prospect was Ehrlichman, about whom Janklow is still strangely apologetic. "I didn't want to represent him at first," he explains, "but I felt sorry for the guy. He told me that he felt really abandoned and that he owed $400,000 in legal fees." Even so, Janklow hesitated, but then he remembered his early legal training. "Everybody's entitled to legal representation," Janklow explains. "I said to myself that if that's the case, everybody's entitled to agenting too."

Janklow sold Ehrlichman's *The Company* to Simon & Schuster, but Ehrlichman was still a long way off from being able to pay his bills. Shortly afterward, however, the lawyer-agent negotiated a deal that made the legal debt shrink substantially, and which made Janklow realize that although he was new to the literary business, basic ability was more important than knowing the ropes.

As he tells it, he was negotiating with Paramount over the film sale of *The Company* and setting up, as is usual, one price for the material if it was made into a two-hour theatrical film, another, lower price if it was made into a two-hour TV film. And then it suddenly occurred to Janklow to ask Paramount for more money if the material was used on TV for more than two hours.

Sometime afterward, the mini-series idea took hold in television, and *The Company*, used for twelve and a half hours, earned thousands more for Ehrlichman than it would have had Janklow never argued with Paramount.

There have been other remunerative moments since then for the 47-year-old Janklow, whose firm now devotes 50 percent of its time to book-agenting. One of the most surprising occurred when Janklow sold Antoni Gronowicz's Greta Garbo biography to Simon & Schuster. Gronowicz had been trying to place his book with a publisher for years. Publishers' reluctance was due to the fact that the author had had a lengthy and intimate friendship with Garbo, but the actress was now refusing to sponsor her former friend. Apparently, she was opposed to the work, with its highly personal material, and most publishers who looked at the book backed away from it, worried that Garbo might sue for libel. Finally, Gronowicz wended his weary way to Janklow and Traum, and there the lawyer-agents came up with the legal formula that made the book salable: Since it is rare for an estate or an individual's survivors to sue for libel, chances were that there would be no suit if publication of the book did not take place until after the actress's death. Janklow called Michael Korda at Simon & Schuster and said, "How would you like to be the first to buy a book for posthumous sale?"

Equally unorthodox was Janklow's handling of the book-club sale of William Safire's *Full Disclosure*. The novel was chosen by the Literary Guild as a full selection for a price of $75,000. Doubleday proudly informed Janklow of the deal and awaited his approval. But Janklow, who didn't think $75,000 was enough, startled them by refusing consent. Arguing that the Book-of-the-Month Club hadn't had sufficient opportunity to bid on the book, he turned down the Guild's offer and boldly auctioned the book between the two clubs. *Full Disclosure* ended up at the Guild after all, but the Guild ended up paying $275,000 for it.

"We got that extra $200,000 just because I'd inserted one line in the Safire contract—a line calling for our approval over book-club sales," Janklow exults. "That one line made Safire a millionaire, because the huge book-club sale generated so much excitement that it paved the way for the $1,375,000 sale of the book's paperback rights to Ballantine."

Most literary agents are enraged when Janklow tells of this and some of his other coups, because he implies that he asks for and receives special rights for his clients that they do not ask for and receive for theirs. For example, he has told the *Times* that he only negotiates a "*de novo* contract—always retaining the dramatic rights for himself to sell, as well as approval over other subsidiary rights." The esteemed Society of Authors' Representatives is up in arms over the statement.

"'*De novo*' indeed," Perry Knowlton, head of the society and president of Curtis Brown, says. "What does he think the rest of us have been doing all these years?" And it is true, as Knowlton suggests, that all the top literary agents have for years asked for and exercised approval over their clients' dramatic and book-club sales.

And there are other bits of Janklovian hyperbole that literary agents find objectionable. The one that rubs them wrong the most is Janklow's frequent insistence that to excel an author's representative must be a lawyer.

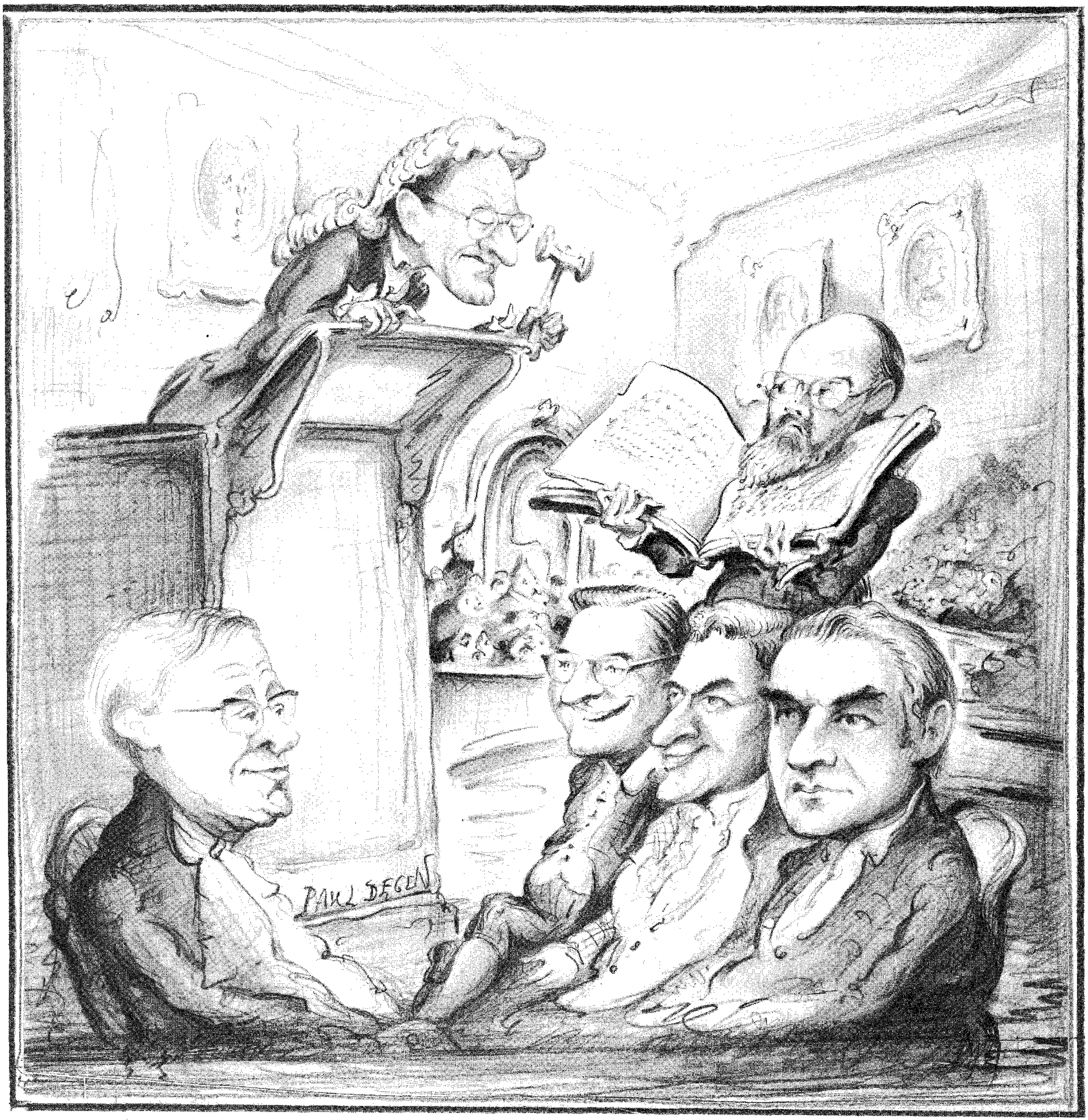
Knowlton says, "A good agent can master publishing contracts in a couple of years. He doesn't need to be a lawyer. I don't have a law degree, and yet I've taught innumerable lawyers everything they need to know about publishing contracts."

Agent Scott Meredith—no lawyer, but a premier literary-deal maker in his own right—says of lawyer-agents, "Some lawyers who give up the law and begin to function as agents are often excellent. Irving Lazar and Marvin Josephson are two examples. On the other hand, working lawyers who also try to agent manuscripts are often awful. Their fatal flaw is that they're scrambling constantly to divide their time between their two activities. The only really effective agent is one who's willing to work at agenting seven days a week and 24 hours a day. I don't know Janklow except by reputation, and so I have no knowledge of how he allocates his time. But my experience is that anyone who is half lawyer and half agent is half-assed."

Among editors and top-ranking publishing executives, however, Janklow is—at least at the moment—leading a charmed life and attracting surprisingly little criticism. Much of the charm comes from the fact that he has long been an intimate of celebrities and a prime mover in political and cultural circles. His wife is Linda Leroy, descendant of Hollywood nobility, daughter of Mervyn Leroy, granddaughter of Harry Warner. He numbers among his closest friends Barbara Walters; Bess Myerson; Pete Peterson, president of Lehman Bros.; and Mark Goodson, the television-games wizard.

An avid art enthusiast, Janklow has been active at both the Jewish Museum and the Whitney. A theater, film, and music lover, he was until recently a key participant on the boards of City Center and Lincoln Center's film society. A dabbler in politics, he worked on Patrick Moynihan's campaign for the Senate and on Walter Mondale's transition committee and is even now, rumor has it, being consid-

'The Book Auction,' by Paul Degen, After Rowlandson



Literary lights! Auction! *Deal maker Morton Janklow puts Watergate novelist John Ehrlichman on the block while a handful of his other clients—(left to right) Daniel Schorr, William Colby, and Bernard and Marvin Kalb—await their turns to make a fortune.*

ered for a top cultural appointment under Carter. A party at the Janklows' is always star-studded with a mix of brilliants from all the worlds Janklow has explored thus far and, nowadays, with publishing comets, fast-rising executives, and editorial sparklers.

According to several publishers who have recently been wined and dined *chez* Janklow, the experience is a singularly seductive one. They usually mention, first, the exceptional graciousness of the lawyer-agent's wife. Then they speak of the exceptional pleasures of the Janklow apartment. Sprawling, wood-paneled, and multi-fireplaced, it is in a handsome building attributed to Stanford White, and is hung with the works of modern and impressionist European masters. Finally, the publishing executives talk of the incredible mix of people they invariably encounter at the Janklows'. A few of the good, close friends are sure to be there—say, Peterson or Safire or Walters or Goodson or Myerson. Or producer Hal Prince might turn up, or pianist Byron Janis, or Ted Sorensen, or Morley Safer, or Ed Koch.

Janklow's boyhood was far less amusing. He was born in Queens, the son of a lawyer who had been overwhelmed by the Depression. Money was always a touchy matter. Janklow worked his way through Syracuse University and Columbia Law School, and later joined the army and served abroad.

It was in Paris that (shades of Henry James) he confronted European sophistication and art and met a worldly American woman with a penchant for matchmaking who was eventually to change his horizons altogether by introducing him to his wife. But at the time Linda Leroy was still a schoolgirl

"...What were Jackie and Janklow discussing at lunch at the Four Seasons? Her memoirs? A novel? Or a Jackie O book line?..."

and Janklow an ambitious but inexperienced lawyer. The matchmaker mentioned the two to each other but bode her time about making the introduction, waiting for experience to season them.

Eventually it did, although in Janklow's case the seasoning took a particularly unpleasant turn. In 1958, after he had returned to the States, he was diagnosed as having coccidioidomycosis, a potentially fatal fungus infection of the lungs. Hospitalized for nine months, when he was finally pronounced cured, he came to the decision that for the rest of his life he wanted to do only what he felt like doing. It was shortly afterward that his Parisian friend finally introduced him to Linda; they met and soon married, and, in the same year, Janklow, who says he's forgotten the name of the law firm he worked for at the time, joined a new and vibrant firm. From there he branched out on his own with only one partner, Jerry Traum. The two men set up business in the Seagram Building, bought and sold companies and securities, and added book-agenting to their law practice's specialties.

There is a curious balance between the two, with Janklow being, in the words of ad executive and longtime client David B. McCall, "Mr. Outside," and Traum being "Mr. Inside." It is, according to McCall, Janklow who whips fast through the fields of stars and celebrities, Traum who plays closer to the center, elbowing through tight pileups of contracts and clauses. A philosophical man, Traum said, when I asked him whether he was surprised to have gone from securities selling to manuscript selling almost overnight, "What's so surprising? We're doing what we always did. Our clients are giving people paper and those people are giving our clients money." But despite his ironic tone, Traum is very much a writer's advocate. "People criticize writers for wanting bigger and bigger advances. But what the critics are really doing is denigrating writing. They're denying that it's as viable a form of entertainment as movies or sports and that those who do it well deserve the same kinds of contracts that movie actors and sports figures have long been getting."

The two old partners have recently been joined by a third, Arthur Klebanoff, formerly a White House aide of Patrick Moynihan's, but Janklow insists he intends to keep the firm small. "This is a law practice first and foremost. If we don't watch out, the literary thing could overwhelm us, and that's just not what I want."

What does he want? "Big books," he says. "Renowned authors or renowned subjects. Of course, we're not averse to getting some serious writers who need our kind of talent." But so far, Janklow has yet to net a Roth, a Bellow, an Updike, a Cheever—a serious writer renowned simply for writing.

That they haven't tells part of the story of what is happening in book-agenting today. Increasingly, the best-selling authors are celebrities, tubesmiths rather than wordsmiths. And celebrities seem to feel more comfortable with lawyer-agents than they do with the strictly literary variety, since lawyer-agents are, presumably, better able to handle not just book contracts but the tax problems generated by big advances and sales; thus lawyer-agents are becoming increasingly evident.

Beyond this, or as a cause of this, is the fact that the publishing business itself is today a very different business from what it was just a few years ago. To paraphrase Hemingway, it is different from what it used to be because it has more money in it. The book business has become immensely profitable, attracting industrial conglomerates which buy out the old pa-and-son shops. And with the conglomerates, and their heady capital, has come a whole new cast of characters, among them celebrity authors and lawyer-agents. The agents are driving up the prices for their top clients; the publishers are spending more money on authors. But they are spending on fewer of them. In this respect, most observers agree, the book business is on the verge of experiencing the same kind of change the film industry underwent twenty years ago: fewer productions, but bigger and more costly ones.

And there is another way in which publishing today is on the verge of resembling the motion-picture business of twenty years ago. According to Janklow, we are about to see the rise of the book industry's equivalent to the movie industry's independent producer. "The next big step in publishing is going to be the individual imprint."

Several days after hearing Janklow make that statement, I was told by a friend in the book business that the agent had just been seen having lunch in the Four Seasons Grill Room with Jackie O. What were Jackie and Janklow discussing, I wondered. Her memoirs? A novel? Or a Jackie O book line, now that editor Jackie is at liberty from Viking?

A call to Janklow produced only stonewalling, but it was clear that the country's premier unsigned celebrity, the one that editors have been seeking the longest, had come to the town's premier but newest deal maker to discuss some sort of deal to dangle before publishers. But why not the newest? Jackie and Janklow are already acquainted, if not already friends, through the parties and ministrations of mutual friends.

Indeed, in large part, it is Janklow's acquaintances and friendships as much as his legal skills and negotiation macho that have made him an overnight success as literary manipulator. Many agents eventually, by dint of years at wheeling and dealing, come to number armloads of celebrities among their acquaintances and friends, but Janklow is one of the first to maneuver ex post facto, to begin with the contacts and follow with the contracts. Many of his clients, at least until the last few months, have been the longtime standbys of his social and professional worlds—his buddies, his peers, his clients, his pals. Or his pals' pals. In this respect, the emergence of Janklow may well constitute a historic development in the annals of literary-agenting. When the occupation began, agents were menials; publishers forced them to enter their prestigious editorial houses through the back doors, the servants' doors. The right to main-entrance access was won only, I believe, when Thomas Hardy's agent tricked a publisher into granting it by delivering his famous client's latest accomplishment minus its last two chapters. And even until recently, agents bore a back-door stigma; they were useful outsiders, but outsiders nevertheless.

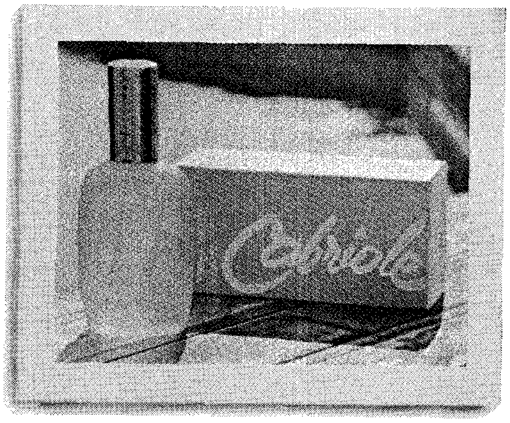
Janklow, already an insider, starts in a different place. He doesn't dangle missing chapters in front of publishers; indeed, he often sells manuscripts on the basis of a brief outline and an author's name. But having a friendship with the right author is easily as valuable these days as having the concluding chapters of a masterpiece once was. And an agent who begins as a friend and counsel of celebrities can come to be barraged, as Janklow is, by a pride of publishers begging to come in through *his* front door.

There is this woman. Watch her.

She is a tapestry of delicious contradictions.
Capable of laughter that all the world may witness.
And of tears that no one will ever see.
A swimmer who may never enter the water.
A musician who may choose to listen rather than to play.
A wife who feels like a lover.
A mother who remembers what it was like to be a child.
There is this woman.
And here is the fragrance that defines her: a melding of flowers and more flowers,
mingled with a fresh flourish of spices.
We call it—Cabriole.

Cabriole
by Elizabeth Arden

Because there's never been a better,
more rewarding time to be a woman.



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The Tempestuous, Tumultuous, Turbulent, Torrid, And Terribly Profitable World Of Paperback Passion

By Alice K. Turner

"...The top pop phenomenon of the mid-seventies is the Historical Romance; this is where calories count and dollars double..."

Just three years ago, *The New York Times Book Review,* bowing to the winds of inevitable change and financial necessity, began to print a weekly paperback-best-seller list. At last the *Times* seemed to be admitting, if only with a nod, the hard fact that paperbacks are where the big money and the big action convene in the real world of publishing.

At first, the paperback list looked pretty much like a case of déjà vu, last year's hardcover best-sellers recycled for the masses. But lately you might have noticed something new, not only on the list but in your corner drugstore: a large number of big fat books, all of which seem to have the word "love" in the title, or perhaps "passion"—books which have never been on the hardcover-best-seller lists because they've never been in hardcover. You've seen women reading these books on the subway—you may have read one yourself.

If you haven't, you're missing out on the top pop phenomenon of the moment, the sweeping success of the mid-seventies, so new that it hasn't yet reached your screen, large or small. This is the Women's Historical Romance.

New? Surely historical romance has been around since *Pamela,* you say. Surely women's paperback romances and gothics have been cluttering up bookstore shelves for years. But there is a difference: It is counted in dollars, and there's a reason for it.

To understand that reason in all its stark splendor, you should first be able to distinguish between the various species of romance as it is writ today.

First there is the *Classic Romance.* In paperback-book terms that means a sweet tale, in a contemporary setting, of boy meets girl, etc. A Canadian company, Harlequin Books, has bagged a formidable fortune from this formula, putting out thousands of titles in god-awful covers and selling nearly every last one of them (80 million sold in 1976 alone) to your maiden aunts and great-aunts and teenage nieces out there in America's heartland, and also to your neighbors down the hall. America has mainly surrendered this market to Canada, though a few American companies still peddle to it—more, perhaps, from habit than from hope of profit. If you've never read a Classic Romance, imagine *Love Story* without four-letter words or premarital sex, and with a happy ending, and you're on target.

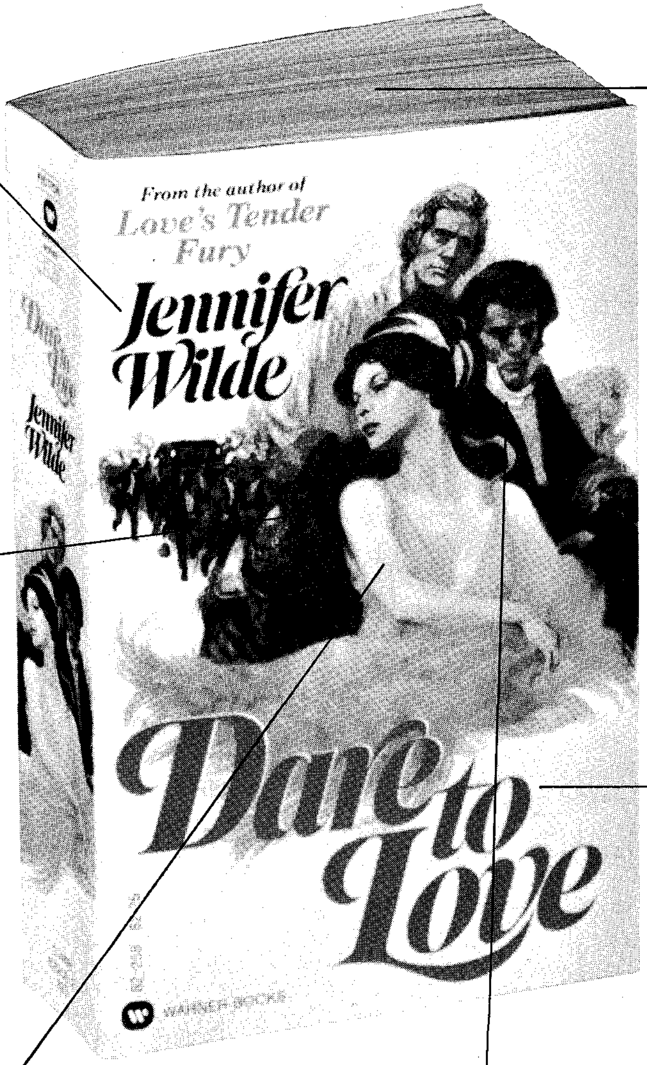
Everyone recognizes a *Gothic Romance.* The plots (derived from *Jane Eyre, Rebecca*) are standard, and so are the covers—a background of midnight skies and brooding trees, a menacing mansion, a fleeing, terrified girl in a white nightie. These books, too, have had their day; only a few companies still keep that light gleaming forebodingly in the single sinister window. And a few have tried the incorporeal subgenres of *Psychic* or *Astrological Gothic Romance.*

But there's more life in the *Regency Romance.* The regency referred to is that of the future George IV (1811–20) —dear Prinnie, such a fun-loving lad —but the literary period can span the century, stretching clear into Edwardian times. Regency romances model themselves after earlier counterparts written by Fanny Burney and other ladies, featuring balls, beaux, carriage rides (by barouche, phaeton, curricle, dogcart, fiacre, fly, gig, hansom, landau, victoria, and sometimes sleigh), visits to Bath or Brighton, and, of course, the deliciously frightening specter of the Regency rake. A few years ago, when the period's dowager regnant, Georgette Heyer, died, gloom fell over Regency readerland, but a new queen has risen phoenixlike—the formidable Barbara Cartland (see page 48), a lady whose instincts for publicity might have awed Prinnie himself.

The field of *Romantic Suspense* is not, very strictly speaking, a "category." Most of your class authors—Mary Stewart, Phyllis Whitney, Victoria

DETAIL FROM "TENDER TORMENT"/ACE

Anatomy of a Best-Selling Historical Romance



Author:
Some authors are blessed with real names like Rosemary Rogers or Kathleen Woodiwiss. Others must improvise. "Jennifer Wilde" is, in real life, a six-foot Texan named Tom Huff. Sometimes you can find the author's real name on the copyright page. Sometimes not.

Cover:
Art on the first "big historicals" occupied smaller "spots" on the page, but was always intensely romantic. The tendency now is toward a big, sweeping painting of an embracing couple in period (or very little) costume in an Eden-like setting. Purple used to be the *color, but now other warm shades are popular. Tom Hall did this cover; he is probably one of the most sought-after artists in the genre.*

Plot:
Typically torrid cover copy titillates the reader with promises of "seething passions unleashed," etc. The actual plot is always a picaresque adventure which carries the heroine across a lot of landscape, uniting her with the hero, after many mishaps, in a fiery inferno of consuming passion. The back cover carries geographical and historical information.

Title:
When the title doesn't feature the words "love" or "passion," it's almost always a sensuous-sounding woman's name. Examples: Mavreen, Rafaella, Madelaina, Liliane. *Note the big type—it signals importance.*

She:
Above all, the New Woman of the new romance is resilient. She has to be. Brutalized, degraded, mistress to many, she retains her spirit and her love for the one man with whom her destiny is linked. She is, needless to say, beautiful, voluptuous, adaptable, opinionated, and not terribly introspective.

He:
Since melodramas were invented, the hero has not changed one unruly hair. He's dark, dashing, rakish, powerful, scoundrelly, passionate, often a bastard, and always with "a hint of cruelty" lurking around his hard blue eyes or his hard sensuous mouth. Think Rhett Butler. Think Heathcliff.

"DARE TO LOVE"/WARNER BOOKS. ART BY TOM HALL

DETAIL FROM "WINTER FIRE"/SIGNET

Holt, and so forth—belong here; all of them get respectable hardcover publication and are librarians' favorites. Fawcett has a lucrative corner on the paperback market, where it treats the ladies with the reverence due them.

And that brings us to the *Historical Romance*, aka the Erotic Historical, the Sweet Savage Romance, or, irreverently, the Hysterical Romance. This is the Main Event, the Big Time, this year's Super-Rich Double-Whipped Frostie with nuts and sprinkles and a cherry on the top. This is where the calories count, the dollars double, the profits proliferate as prodigiously as the prose of the cover copy ("tempestuous," "tumultuous," "fiery," "perilous," "voluptuous," "seething," "blazing," "torrid," "passionate," "fervid," "smoldering," "turbulent," "lusty," "provocative").

In other words, *sex*, like Eden's serpent, has slithered into the heretofore virginal world of the romantic novel.

And what sex! Our heroine does not merely lose her virtue, she is almost invariably abducted, raped, ravished, indentured, bonded (sometimes branded), enslaved, prostituted, and betrayed in a dozen different ways.

But one moment, please. These books are not pornographic, not strictly. Their rating is "R," for bosoms, not the fatal "X," which goes below the belt. A chap's "manhood" is sometimes mentioned, a lady is permitted "swooning" or "languorous" sensations—she can even feel her flesh burn and tingle with desire or exertion—but the erogenous zone directly referred to with frequency and prominence (so to speak) is the full, rounded breast, which is so often unlaced, unstayed, uncorseted, and nakedly exposed that these heroines should be in collective danger of consumption.

Nevertheless, sweet savagery goes too far for some. One Brearley graduate who, with her classmates, read through hundreds of old-style romances and gothics found *Shanna* too rich for her blood. Matters proceed like this:

> "You're shameless to take advantage of my situation. . . . Were you a gentleman—"
>
> Ruark laughed softly. . . . "Tell me, my dear, who bared her bosom to that poor soul in the dungeon to seduce him with her wily ways? . . . Was it not the wench who took advantage of the horny wretch, knowing he was starved for the sight of a woman? And had it met

The High Priestess of Virginity

This 76-year-old Englishwoman, exquisite to the point of high camp, is the author of about 235 novels, 24 of them written last year. More than 80 million copies of these Regency romances, with titles like The Heart Triumphant *and* The Taming of Lady Lorinda, *made her a rich woman—and then just a few months ago Ed Friendly, NBC's former special-programs veep, bought movie and television rights to all of them. All of Miss Cartland's heroines are virgins. Twice married herself, she believes in virginity to the point of defending it for the* Times *of London, stating firmly, "The reason why we live today in a dull, drab, mediocre universe containing few geniuses and fewer personalities is to be found in the very inferior women produced by the last two generations." Miss Cartland is specific: These wretched women "sleep about." Just last month, the lady followed up this pronouncement on our own* Times *op-ed page with an indictment of social kissing entitled "My Lips Are Sealed." The sooner the English recover their reserve, she said, "the sooner we shall greet the return of high principles, integrity, purity, and idealism." She remarked that in her youth, "I would not allow any young man to kiss me unless he had formally made me a proposal of marriage," adding blandly, "I had 49 proposals before I ultimately married." Could it be that the lady's lips are sealed because her tongue is securely in her cheek?*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN MARTIN/PEOPLE WEEKLY. HAND TINTING BY ELIZABETH LENNARD

DETAIL FROM "SWEET RUSH OF PASSION"/BANTAM BOOKS

her whim, I've no doubt she'd have drawn the fellow to those fair breasts." . . .

Shanna's eyes narrowed as she gritted, "You vulgar beggar, they should hang you for a molester of women!"

His eyes gleamed like hard brittle amber, and his quip jarred her. "Madam, I believe that's what they intend."*

Though *Shanna* has lots of lust and horrific adventure, one suspects that the young ladies might be better prepared for life and literature by reading some of our really spicy authors—John Updike, for instance, or Erica Jong, who, as it happens, is at this very moment herself writing a historical romance.

Still, virginity or, in a pinch, chaste widowhood has been, till now, a requirement for paperback heroines—even a pivot around which to turn a plot. What does it all mean, this fantasy of romantic ravishment and degradation which appears to have overtaken the women of the liberated seventies? Editors, when asked, flounder. Maureen Baron, who commissioned *Love's Tender Fury* et al. when she was at Warner, claims to admire the picaresque-adventure aspect, a big change from gothic claustrophobia.

Ms. Baron's new boss, Fawcett publisher Leona Nevler, is a little dubious: "The historical romance sometimes carries to an extreme the position of woman as chattel, the victim, the raped." As publisher of the superstars of romantic suspense, Ms. Nevler is entitled to her opinion; nevertheless, she did steal Ms. Baron away from Warner.

Then there's Carolyn Fireside, Berkley's acting editor in chief, who perpetrated *Indigo Nights* on us, teamed with lurid perfume. "Even professional women," notes this editor, "may feel some clash between their public success and personal submission fantasies."

The woman who started the whole fad is Avon executive editor Nancy Coffey, who, six years ago, launched *The Flame and the Flower* upon a world that hadn't known what it wanted till it got it. As she tells it, to get her through one potentially unendurable weekend, she plucked a huge manuscript from the "slush pile" (unsolicited manuscripts). She couldn't put the damned thing down, she couldn't get it out of her head, and eventually she persuaded the company to release it as an Avon Spectacular, a paperback original with all the promotion and advertising support that, till then, only a best-seller reprint merited.

It was a new idea with a new—fateful—angle. Nobody reviewed paperbacks. In the case of a hot-blooded melodrama with more verve than style, might that fact not turn out to be a plus? And why not convey the book directly to its natural drugstore, chainstore, subway-riding paperback audience rather than going through the usual farce of snide notices from ex-English-major critics? It worked. And how.

And in due course *Sweet Savage Love* arrived, unsolicited, addressed "To the Editor of *The Flame and the Flower*." And Ms. Coffey announced at the next editorial meeting, "I hate to tell you, but I think we've got another one." *TF&TF* has had 40 printings, *SSL* 32, and new writers (usually addicted readers who can't resist a try at the genre) automatically try Avon first. What's more, satisfied readers write in—500 letters a week. How many movie stars can top that for fan mail?

Is all this a backlash, an anti-liberation fad? Is it a front-rank exploitation of women's new demands for sexual fulfillment and fantasies which can help them achieve it? Is it simply a return to the old days of *The Sheik* or *The Perils of Pauline,* updated with 1970s sexual permissiveness? What does it say about our mental health?

Perhaps, alas, we'll have to admit perplexity. We know what Freud would have said. In fact, he did say it, plaintively: "The great question . . . which I have not been able to answer, despite my 30 years of research into the feminine soul, is, 'What does a woman want?' " ■

So Who Says Money Can't Buy Love?

Ever since the Erotic-Historical Romance flared into publishing history six years ago with *The Flame and the Flower,* paperback passion has exploded into a multimillion-dollar inferno. To wit, some print figures:

	In Print
Wicked Loving Lies, by Rosemary Rogers (Avon, 1976)	3,100,000
Dark Fires, by Rosemary Rogers (Avon, 1975)	2,882,000
Sweet Savage Love, by Rosemary Rogers (Avon, 1974)	2,729,000
The Flame and the Flower, by Kathleen Woodiwiss (Avon, 1972)	2,655,500
Love's Tender Fury, by Jennifer Wilde (Warner, 1976)	2,500,000
The Wolf and the Dove, by Kathleen Woodiwiss (Avon, 1974)	2,290,000
Shanna, by Kathleen Woodiwiss (Avon, 1977)	1,840,000
Moonstruck Madness, by Laurie McBain (Avon, 1977)	1,800,000
This Loving Torment, by Valerie Sherwood (Warner, 1977)	1,512,000
Dawn of Desire, by Joyce Verrette (Avon, 1976)	1,500,000
Mavreen, by Claire Lorrimer (Bantam, 1977)	1,500,000
Love's Wildest Promise, by Patricia Matthews (Pinnacle, 1977)	1,320,000
Savage Surrender, by Natasha Peters (Ace, 1977)	1,300,000
Dare to Love, by Jennifer Wilde (Warner, 1978)	1,300,000
Love's Wildest Fires, by Christina Savage (Dell, 1977)	1,300,000
Liliane, by Annabel Erwin (Warner, 1976)	1,229,000

There are nearly a dozen equally exotic titles hovering around the 1-million-copy mark, and a frightening number scheduled for 1978 publication. For a mere mortal to comprehend these figures, it is necessary to know the average print figure on a paperback book. Roughly, when a "lead" or top title sells 500,000 copies, joy abounds. Half that is not too awful. A "middle of the list" book (the non-best-seller) gets maybe 100,000 to 200,000 copies printed. A "category" (or genre) book, which is the rubric that women's romances or gothics fell under until very, very recently, was and is, in the few houses that still bother with them, printed almost under the counter in editions ranging from 50,000 to 150,000. Advances for authors of these books are tiny ($2,500, say) and royalties match. Compare this with what a Kathleen Woodiwiss can gross. As a paperback-original writer, she gets *all* her royalties; "class" writers have to split the loot with the hardcover house. Now a Princeton, Minnesota, housewife, she must be pricing property in tax-free Monaco.

—A.K.T.

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DETAIL FROM "MAVREEN"/BANTAM BOOKS

LIAISON

Penthouse blues: *Former Prime Minister Rabin and his wife, at home, are still trying to figure out what went wrong.*

The Very Strange Life of The Yitzhak Rabins

By Marie Brenner

"...Out of power, ignored, former Prime Minister Rabin sits and broods while Menachem Begin is hailed as a prince of peace..."

> *I remember when I negotiated with Kissinger. The streets were mobbed with demonstrators. There were thousands protesting. We had to use police around my house. It was like a siege.*
>
> —Yitzhak Rabin

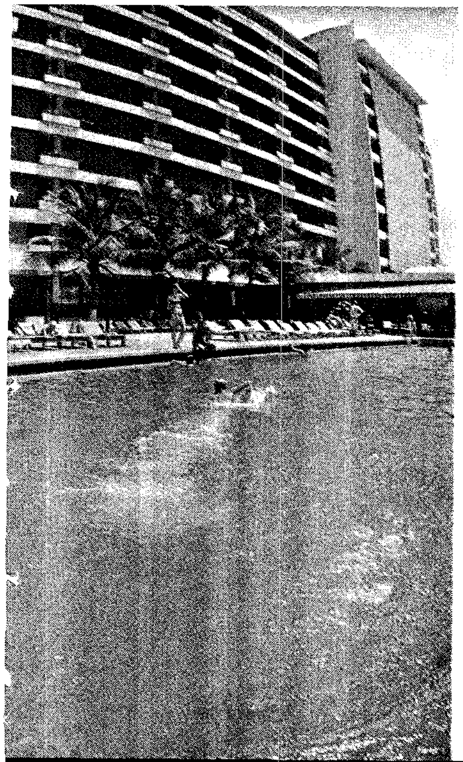
Nine months ago, he was prime minister. Before that, he had been ambassador to the United States, and before that, he had known his greatest glories as General Yitzhak Rabin. Now he is just Mr. Rabin. Out of power, ignored, he sits and broods while the new prime minister, Menachem Begin, is hailed as a prince of peace.

In Israel, if he's mentioned at all, Rabin is pitied. In defense, he has surrounded himself with silver trophies from the United Jewish Appeal, photographs of Betty and Jerry Ford, and inscribed Dali lithographs that commemorate the Six-Day War. His office and penthouse are filled with gifts and artifacts, souvenirs of his long military and short political careers. At 55, Yitzhak Rabin spends his days dictating his memoirs. And those memoirs cannot be very comforting, not when his greatest victories—the Six-Day War and Entebbe—have been overshadowed by the Begin-Sadat negotiations.

Events overcame him. His choice for governor of the Bank of Israel was found guilty of taking kickbacks. There was a suicide in his Cabinet. His wife kept, then lied about, a Washington bank account.

A summer has passed since his resignation, and a few weeks before the Begin-Sadat get-together, Rabin sat at home watching the prelude to another airport drama—the standoff at Mogadishu, another version of his Entebbe raid. But this year, for Rabin, there were no Cabinet ministers or short-wave radios, no coded messages to keep him informed of the latest behind-the-scenes developments. Only his wife, Leah, and a visitor watched television with him in his penthouse in Ramat-Aviv.

It was to be an early supper, because Rabin wanted to watch the nine o'clock TV news. "I have no other sources now," he explained. Three people sat at one end of the table eating on Dansk-ware placed on straw mats. Leah Rabin, who used to liken herself to Jackie



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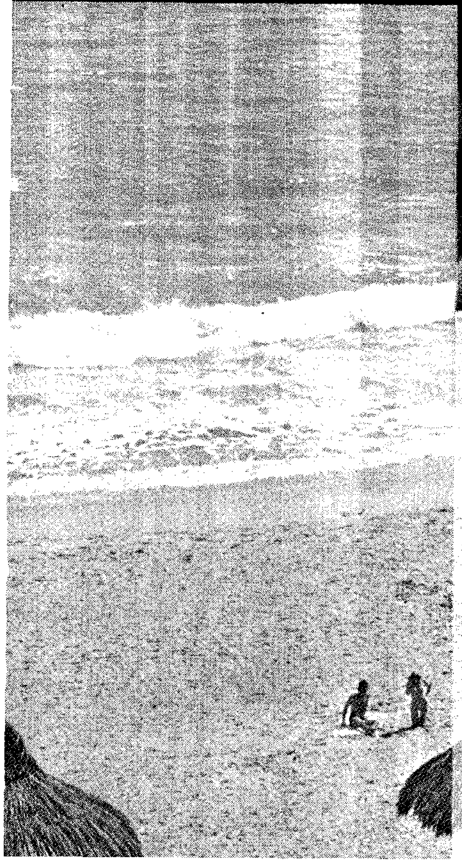

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orange juice over ice cu
Fill glass with ginger ale.

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Dry Martini: 4 or more parts Gordon's Gin, 1 part dry vermouth. Stir well in pitcher over ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass or over rocks. Option: Add lemon peel twist, olive, pearl onion.

Gin Daiquiri: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, ½ oz. lime juice, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass or on rocks.

Gin Sour: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of a half lemon, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake with cracked ice. Strain into chilled sour glass. Add splash of soda. Garnish with orange slice and cherry.

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Onassis, padded around in pink scuffs, serving homemade pâté and chicken soup, nervous about her husband's moodiness, anxious to please. But where his mood seemed to sap his energy and cause his mind to wander or his eyes to stare unblinking into space, Leah Rabin's dark eyes darted from side to side; she hovered around her husband, making light conversation, unable to relax. As she spoke, in an accent that is middle-class Israeli laced with suburban American patois, one imagined that Leah Rabin was just another bourgeois housewife reporting to her husband on the bits and pieces of her day. But Yitzhak Rabin wasn't listening to his wife; he was staring at three large silver ladles arranged on a corner of the table.

He interrupted her: "Leah, we already have soup spoons. What are *these* for?"

Startled, she looked up and for a moment lost control. "Yitzhak, I don't know. The pâté. The aubergine. Use them for anything you want."

The moment passed. Rabin stared at his soup and then announced, "Well, they are beginning to notice about Begin's health now in the international press. . . . At last it is beginning to come out about Begin's heart condition." His wife nodded and wondered aloud why it had taken so long. She said, "You know, every week, my Rachel, the maid we had at the residence, she calls me. Long-distance, all the way from Jerusalem. She still works there, my Rachel, only now she works for the Begins." Leah Rabin paused. "She says to me, 'Mrs. Rabin, Oyon Vey. It is not an enviable life, the life those two have.' "

As with most Israelis, their conversation focuses on current events. Rabin talked about Begin's plans for Israel's thirtieth anniversary, disgusted that the prime minister had proposed a $150,000 military parade. "What is he trying to do? Elevate the Irgun? They were . . . nothing." Leah Rabin talked about Begin's decades-long struggle for power. "Now that he has it, he's grabbed everything. He wanted to go to every wedding and visit every single border town, so if he dies tomorrow, he'd know at least he'd had it all." She caught herself and said, "Touch wood, that Begin should recover," but she added that she was confused: "Why do the press protect . . . Begin? My husband . . . me . . . they were vicious to."

Rabin has a "history" with Dayan and Begin. In 1948, as a young Haganah officer, Rabin arrested Begin, the leader of the Irgun (a militant group), for trying to run some guns into Tel Aviv in direct rebellion against Ben-Gurion's overall plan. The Rabin-Day-

> "...There are no Gloria Steinems in Zion; Leah Rabin was out of place..."

an relationship goes even farther back. Writer Amos Elon tells a story about the first time the two men met: It was 1941, and Dayan, also a Haganah leader, was trying to organize a special Jewish unit to fight a pro-Vichy Syrian regime. "Can you handle an automatic rifle?" asked Dayan. "Not really," Rabin answered. "Well, then, never mind," said Dayan, disdainfully. The relationship between the two men has not been friendly since.

Leah Rabin's outburst and Rabin's meditation created a silence at the table. For a moment, the only sound was the clinking of silver on pottery and glass. Mrs. Rabin looked at her husband staring at his plate and asked how he liked her pâté, made with that new machine, the Cuisinart. A friend had just sent it to her from London because they were selling in Tel Aviv for something like 4,000 Israeli pounds ($400). She was lucky, she said, to get it by Customs—they'd only charged her a duty of 50 Israeli pounds ($5).

For the first time at the supper table, Rabin smiled. "Very good. I'm glad you didn't get caught."

When it was time to move to the study to watch the TV news, Rabin propped himself on a love seat, supported by a pillow that had a four-inch-high "Rabin" and a dove juxtaposed in a needlepoint design. Over his head was one of his personally inscribed Dali lithographs. Rabin looked at it for a moment, then said, "Dali doesn't send them anymore. Leah thinks it's because I never wrote him a thank-you note."

The lead item on Israeli TV was from Germany: a report that the pilot in Mogadishu had just been shot. The German government had not yet imposed a news blackout, and, at that moment, all of Israel and Rabin witnessed an extraordinary television scene. A reporter monitoring a shortwave radio was suddenly picked up in the crowd. He shouted in Hebrew, "They are sending a rescue team in." (Actually, the raid would not take place for another 24 hours.) The Rabins sat there, astonished. Could this be some kind of mistake? The man who had fourteen months earlier monitored his own shortwave radio was at a loss to explain what was going on. Finally, he said, "Well, they must be copying me. What I did with Entebbe ...I remember Entebbe. All the reporters came. They always come in a crisis. They always wait downstairs." Asked if the reporters still come, Rabin seemed unaware that he had been using the present tense. The question startled him and he hesitated. "No. They don't come anymore," he finally said.

Leah Rabin seemed relieved when, after three hours, the telephone rang. The caller was Yitzhak's sister, calling to say good-bye, to wish him luck on his trip to America for a month-long Bonds for Israel tour. While Rabin spoke to his sister, Leah's mood changed, the burbling stopped. Almost sadly, she asked why her visitor had wanted to come. In a moment, Rabin was off the telephone. Again, Leah Rabin brightened and told him about yet another call, "somebody named Robi."

"Robi? I don't know a 'Robi.' Leah, you must have gotten it wrong," he snapped.

She snapped back. "Yitzhak, I'm not deaf. I know what I heard."

Finally, Rabin shrugged, "All these crazy people. They come to me with ideas about how to save the Labor party. All day long I have to listen to them. Oh well, what's the difference? I guess they all mean well." He stared into space.

What is very much on Rabin's mind is his fall; he is still trying to piece together how he tumbled so far so fast. His mistake wasn't that of hubris. He committed no political faux pas. He ruled when Israel was fairly tranquil; in his last year in office, not a single Israeli soldier died in battle. In fact, he didn't do much of anything, good or bad, and doing nothing in an activist country—however badly he was hamstrung by his slim majority—may have been what sealed his political fate. Rabin's tragedy, as Shimon Peres has phrased it, was "a tragedy without a sin."

The real error was Leah Rabin's. It was not exactly treason—in Israel, with its thriving black market, people were prepared to forgive her for a little indiscretion, and, last October, with the Rabin scandal well over, the finance minister modified Israel's rigid currency restrictions—but for Leah Rabin to say she had $2,000 in a Washington bank, when the amount was $20,000 in two banks, was intolerable.

Beyond this, Leah Rabin was an anomaly; she tried to combine seriousness of purpose with ostentatious chic. It didn't work. There are no Gloria

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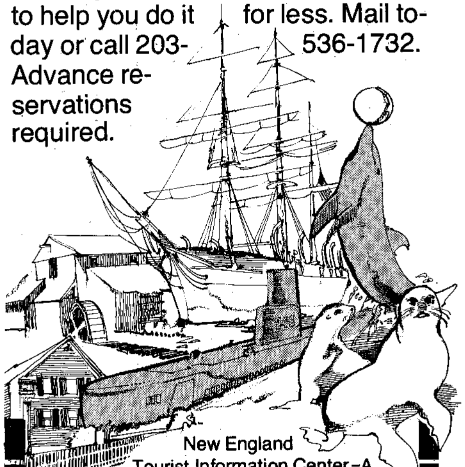

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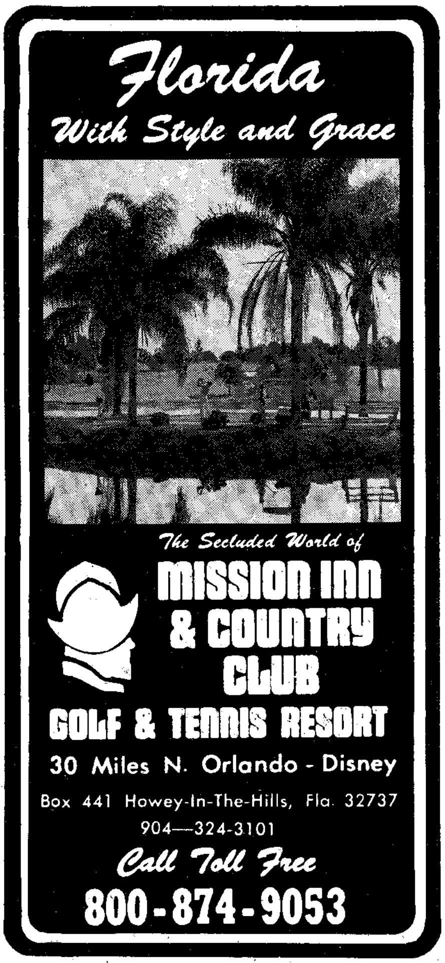
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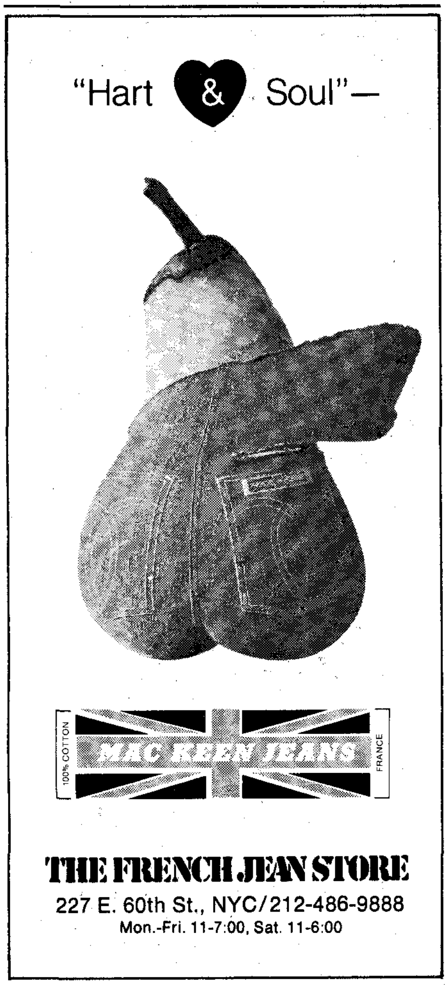
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> "...These days, Leah Rabin laughs as she leaves her car in a no-parking zone..."

Steinems in Zion; Israel's Jackie Onassis was out of place on her country's streets.

But on other streets she did just fine. In 1975, representing Israel at the International Women's Year conference in Mexico City, she triumphed. She agreed to address the thousands of women gathered, even though she knew that the representatives of the Third World nations were planning a mass walkout. She stood her ground. Finally, with the hall half empty, she spoke. She began: "Now that the exodus is over . . ." She was overwhelmed by an ovation. In Israel this side of Mrs. Rabin is little understood. Leah Rabin—whose father once owned the largest hotel in Tel Aviv—represents the new bourgeois Israel, not its gun-toting past.

Even before her Washington-bank troubles, she was a favored target. In the cafeteria at the Knesset, she yelled at reporters who dared attack her husband in print. She left her $20,000 BMW illegally parked in the middle of crowded Dizengoff Street. She collected dozens of parking tickets, and these days she still laughs as she leaves her car in a no-parking zone. Asked about her clothes, Leah Rabin said, "My people loved me when I looked beautiful. They would call me, write me letters; they would say, 'Leah Rabin, you were so pretty when you went to the White House, when you were photographed with President Ford.' . . . It made me proud, to dress for my people."

She dismisses the scandal of the bank account as the work of a "jealous press." "Me, they hounded for $20,000," Leah Rabin said. "Prince Bernhard . . . he stole a million dollars, and him they practically ignore."

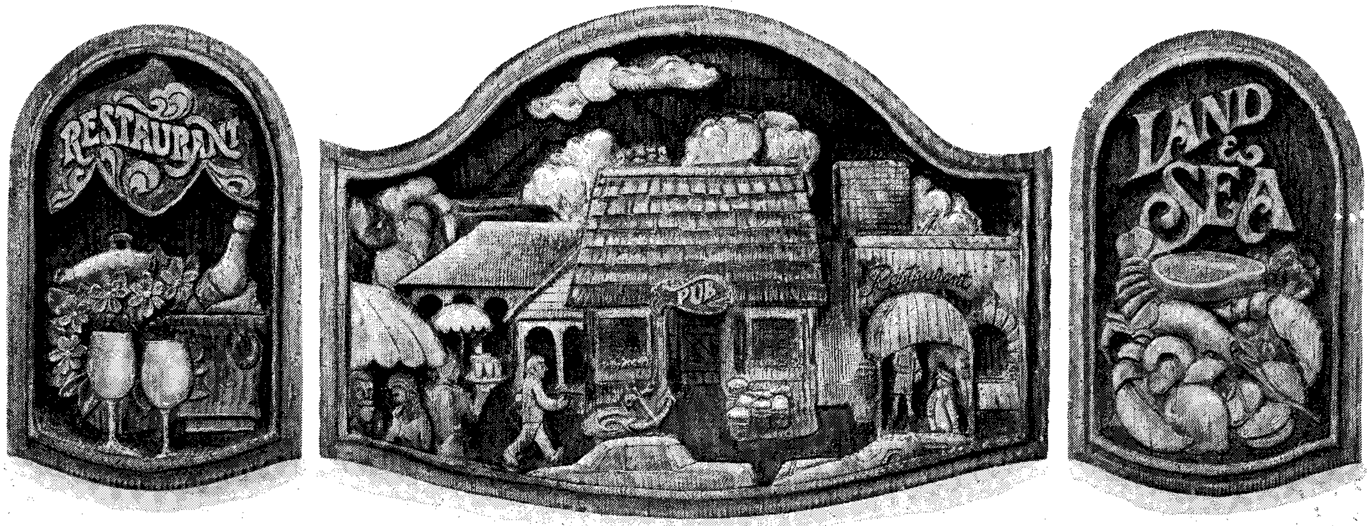
For all her excesses, she is a woman with a mission: her husband's career. She worked hard to propel handsome young Colonel Rabin up through the generals' ranks. By 1964, he was chief of staff, and she helped to make sure his masterful handling of the Six-Day War took them higher. He wound up as ambassador to the United States. Through it all, Leah was invaluable. To Yitzhak's introverted personality, she brought her ability to spark conversations and to ease the social bumps. "He never would have become prime minister if it hadn't been for Leah," a friend says.

For his part, Rabin was used to strong women. His mother, Rosa Cohen, was a Haganah leader who sometimes would leave her son home alone for days when she went off to fight. Rabin was devoted to her. She died when he was only fifteen, and friends say he became "painfully shy" and that "he was always blushing." Later on, though, he became aggressive, almost hostile. As ambassador, he fought publicly with Abba Eban, Golda Meir's foreign minister. At the White House, Rabin angrily stomped a cigarette into a fancy carpet. At a press conference, he was capable of hysteria, telling the gathered Israeli reporters, "You are all traitors . . . every single one of you." Even his aides couldn't calm down an enraged Rabin.

For a man whose chief preoccupation is his past, Rabin goes to his office surprisingly early each morning. The government has given him a small office on a military compound; the outside door is marked with a buzzer, and a minuscule sign says Y. RABIN. He has a secretary and a washroom. His shelves have his Ford and Carter *memorabilia* prominently displayed. His pictures of Nixon and Kissinger are "somewhere at my home." He is rarely in touch with his old friend Kissinger these days: "I'm not much of a letter writer," he explained. "What's the point?"

One October morning, his office was filled with a delegation of German socialists. Rabin kept them there for two hours, "briefing them," as he calls it, painstakingly picking at every error in Carter's Middle East plan. "Complicated conflicts cannot be solved by the good intentions of President Carter," he said. It was "unfortunate" that Carter was advocating an "overall settlement." He stared at his three German visitors, paused, and allowed himself to reflect. "Nixon felt that way in 1969—when I was ambassador—but Nixon was more careful than President Carter. Nixon knew that a president should keep his mouth shut. When I met with Carter in March, I didn't think at the time he knew too much about foreign policy and especially about the Mideast."

(Recently Rabin was still attacking Carter. He called Sadat's visit "a desperate move" and said that U.S. State Department policies had, in part, "scared Sadat and therefore he came to Israel on his own . . . and brought about a change in American policy as a result of his visit." And, with some



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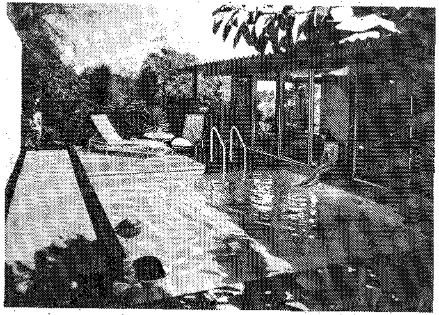

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reason, Rabin took credit for setting the stage for the Sadat visit, citing his government's repeated willingness to negotiate disengagement agreements. He said, "We brought about a strengthening through political means so the conflict could be solved." He insisted that "Mr. Begin was in a better position to make concessions, because he has no opposition except from his own party. We always believed that for the achievement of peace we would have to pay and that these decisions would be painful. But *then* Mr. Begin was opposed to practically everything he carried out today.")

Rabin's situation is plagued by paradox: He is happy that his country is close to peace, but he is bitter about many things. Worse, he says, he is often bored. He is not Moshe Dayan, who, out of power, was content to spend his days in the Negev digging up artifacts. He is not Shimon Peres, who studies philosophy and rereads Balzac. It is not in Rabin to put aside his anger and just get on with it.

He says, however, that he has plans. His book will take another year, and he dictates a weekly column to *Yediot Achronot*, one of Tel Aviv's evening papers. There are meetings with the German socialists and members of the Swiss parliament. His driver takes him to the kibbutzim, where he gives "briefings" on foreign policy "several nights a week." He lectures at universities.

On his last night before leaving for America, Rabin was at home, surrounded by his family—his daughter, Dalia, and her husband; his son, Yuval, and his wife. Over the ubiquitous Israeli chocolate cake, they analyzed the importance of the day's biggest news: Yigal Allon had just announced that his party, the Democratic Movement for Change, would, in the future, be affiliated with Begin's party, the Likud. Rabin explained that these several dozen votes meant "the death of the Labor party," since Begin now has the largest mandate of any prime minister in Israeli history.

Rabin's daughter asked about a family friend. The friend, she explained, was meant to be budget director, but Allon's shift had ruined his chances. "Well, that's it for Avraham, isn't it?" she asked her father. "Doesn't it mean he's lost his power and that now he's finally out?" Rabin paused before his answer; his eyes had a distant gaze—it was hard to imagine that he was not talking about himself. "No," he said slowly, "it does not mean that he is out. It just means that he's not . . . *in*." ■

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Al Weber Smells Something Fishy

By Colin Campbell

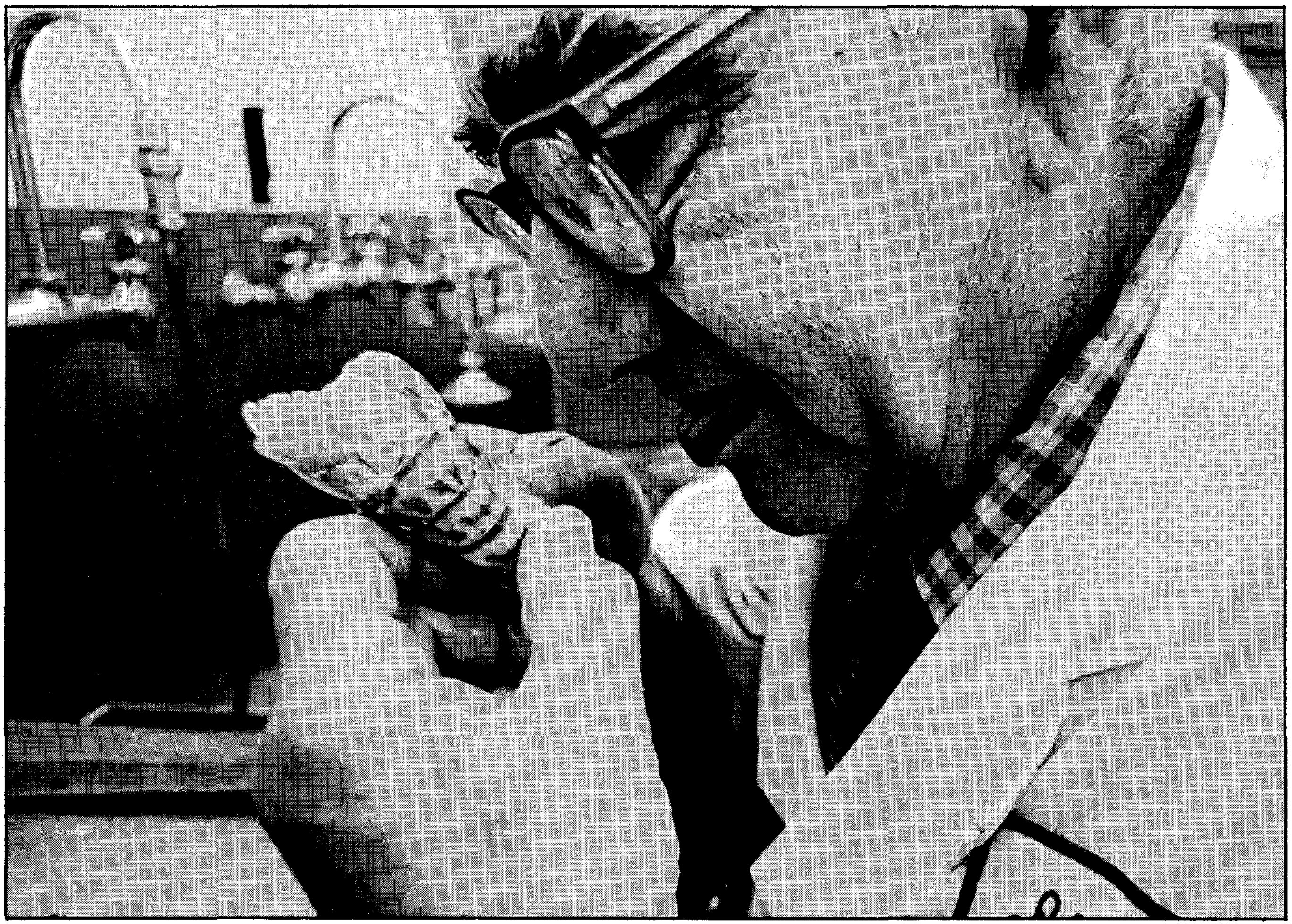
> "...Weber is one of two 'expert' fish smellers in the country; his nose is one of the FDA's most sensitive instruments . . ."

Soon after his seventy-third birthday, on March 30, Albert L. Weber will hold his last official fish beneath his large nose and take a sniff. If there is anything wrong with it, Weber will smell it out, for his nose is one of the rarest and most sensitive instruments in the entire United States Food and Drug Administration. If the fish is fit for consumption, he'll give it his scientific blessing, and the shipment from which it came will be released into the markets around New York. Then Al Weber will lay down his clipboards and his can openers and go home to sweet retirement in Rahway, New Jersey, and younger fish smellers, virtually all of them his protégés, will be left to examine the increasing quantities of fish that are pouring into New York from ever more exotic waters.

After that, we'll be wise to pause a second before we buy another fish, for there's always a chance that certain subtle scents of rot will be beyond the abilities of Weber's successors.

For the present, Weber is still on duty—one of the two fish smellers in the United States rated by the FDA as "national experts" (the other expert works in Seattle). Weber also teaches a course named "The Organoleptic Determination and Interpretation of Odors of Decomposition in Seafood." "Organoleptic" means that the analyst uses his senses, particularly his nose.

Weber begins his working day at seven o'clock each morning on the seventh floor of the Federal Building at Third Avenue and 30th Street in Brooklyn. Out comes a sample of, say, frozen white shrimp from the walk-in freezer down the hall from Weber's lab. He carries the packages to his sink, un-



Nose job: *Al Weber determining whether a shrimp is fresh, putrid, or rotten.*

Photographed by Martin H. Schreiber

wraps one, and puts it under the faucet to thaw. (The shrimp are called white but are really green and gray with flecks of purple.)

Weber pricks the shell of a thawed shrimp with the thick nail of his right thumb and takes a single sniff. "That's fresh," he says. Class I is the designation for good, fresh fish.

He unwraps another package from the same sample and tosses the brown paper and cellophane into the trash can. Then he washes and dries his hands and returns to the second subsample of shrimp sitting under a stream of water in the big stainless-steel sink. These shrimp are slightly pink. He blinks and holds one of the animals under his nose. His nostrils barely dilate. "Here, smell this. That's Class II. That's the putrid type." It seems a strong word for a vaguely fishy-smelling shrimp. Putrid?

"Each species," Weber explains, "has what I call B.O., which is the natural odor of the fish. That's partly due to what the animal eats—for instance, iodine in shrimp."

But the whiff of iodine is *not* what consigns this shrimp to Class II. Weber is smelling something else: "slight but definite decomposition."

Class III, the worst, refers to advanced decomposition. "When you get hold of some ammoniacal shrimp, they're so badly ammoniacal that you smell for ten minutes and walk out of the lab for fifteen to clear your nose."

Federal regulations allow a small percentage of Class II fish in a sample, and a smaller percentage of Class III won't disqualify a whole shipment—so watch out. Weber says that some dishonest shippers deliberately pack in a few rotten fish because they know they can sell the whole shipment at a high price so long as the percentage remains low. The practice is like intentionally adding grated tuna to the bottom of a can of chunk-pack tuna; that happens more often than most people think. "It's just economic cheat," Weber says with feeling, "but it meets the standards."

Weber also examines samples of canned tuna to make sure that a can labeled "white," for example, is actually white albacore, but his chief duty is smelling, and his sensitivity has achieved such international fame that some shippers try to avoid bringing their fish into New York.

"We spot-check," Weber explains. "That's how we discover the bad shippers. When we find a bad shipper, we keep sampling his shipments until three consecutive shipments are good." Weber's detentions of foul shippers have never once been overruled; his nose has reached near judicial status. "As

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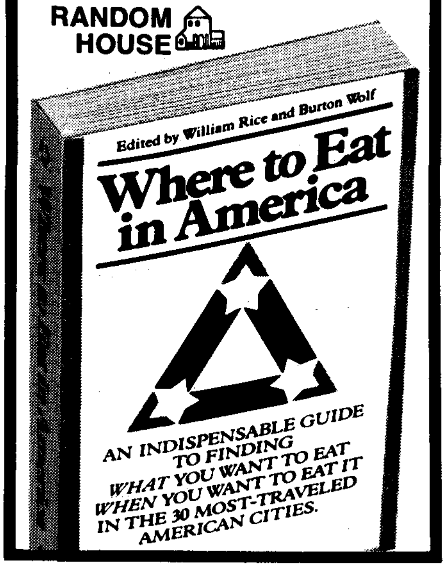
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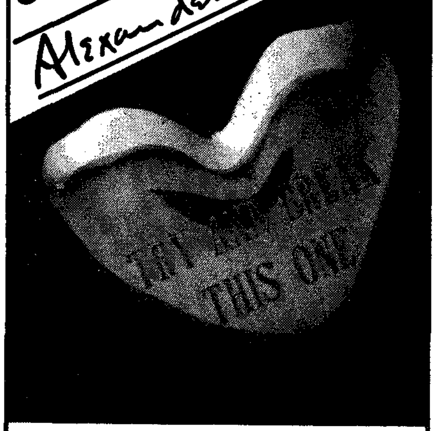

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> "...Fish smellers must keep their noses in training by regular disciplined workouts..."

far as I'm concerned," Weber says, "we've been getting too many detentions, which gives me too much stink and too much work."

Smelling fish has become more complicated for reasons other than decay. One reason is pollution. Weber has noticed a long-term trend toward more chemical contaminants, some of which (such as diesel oil) are most easily detected by smelling for them. Another problem: As the U.S. fishing fleet continues to decline, and as foreign fishermen exploit ever more obscure waters to meet the increasing demand for a decreasing resource, new species keep popping up, which means unfamiliar B.O. and new twists in the process of decomposition. The old halibut and sole, tuna and mackerel that used to fill Weber's freezer have had to make room for more and more mahi-mahi, Malabar red snapper, red shrimp from Spain, lobster tails from Ecuador, tiger shrimp the size of lobster tails from Bangladesh, rare species like the sample of *Parona signata* that a shipper from Brazil tried to pass off as pompano—not to speak of all the oysters, conchs, octopuses, and baby squid that are inundating the FDA's New York District to satisfy our jaded taste buds and relatively ignorant noses. Luckily, Weber has developed close ties with the Ichthyology Department at the American Museum of Natural History. He may know a creature smells bad, but he doesn't always know what it is.

Weber was raised in a strict Orthodox Jewish family in the coal-mining country near Scranton, Pennsylvania. He worked his way through Pennsylvania State College, where he got a degree in agricultural biology. Later, while working for the New Jersey State Experimental Station at New Brunswick, he got a master's degree in cell microbiology. In those days he analyzed foods for "spray residues"—now called pesticides. "I'm the oldest living pesticide chemist in the country," he says proudly.

Sheer chance propelled him into the fish-smelling business. In 1943 a then prominent federal fish smeller realized that Weber's division of a sample of suspect perch into piles of good, bad, and indifferent was just about perfect. Weber has been trapped in the stinky job ever since. "I didn't mind spending 5 percent of my time doing this work, but I sort of objected when I had to do 50 percent and then 75 and then 100 percent. I'd rather be a food chemist. There's no chemistry connected with this." Worse, the most persistent connection is the odor of fish, and Weber's wife insists that he shower and change as soon as he gets home each night.

Weber's olfactory memory is so encyclopedic that the man is practically irreplaceable. If chemists had to test fish with test tubes and microscopes and so forth, it would take them much longer to do the job. That's one reason why the FDA has been hiring Weber on a yearly basis since he passed the normal retirement age of 70.

The FDA has needed him, too—at about $25,000 a year—to train the fish smellers who will replace him. There's more to the job than knowing what to sniff for in hundreds of species. There are also the proper attitudes and disciplines, which Weber says are "much more important" than being gifted with a keen sense of smell. Most people don't *want* to smell fish all their lives. If they wake up cranky, or if they're easily distracted, or if they sneak a cigarette at lunch—forget it. Their judgment crumbles.

Potential fish-smelling experts are almost impossible to find, since they may require virtues of nature and character beyond those of a good, serious nose. Weber, for instance, is highly allergic to histamine, an odorless but occasionally crucial indication of protein decomposition.

"We recently had a case of poisoning involving fresh fried tuna," Weber recalls. "Eight people ate it and ended up in the hospital. The Board of Health submitted samples for decomposition histamine. All I could *smell* were fried onions, but as soon as I started to analyze it I had to run for the antihistamine pills because I started to itch all over and my hand started getting red."

Such bodily peculiarities count for as much in a really inspired fish smeller as years of education. Few of Weber's students make the grade. Of the hundreds he has trained, only a handful have passed every test and remained full-time fish smellers. They're supposed to keep their noses in training by disciplined workouts at least a couple of times a month.

Weber shrugs modestly at the suggestion that his successors might not measure up. "There's about a dozen who are what we call 'qualified.' They can do 99 percent of the work without any trouble." Once Al Weber retires, we may well wonder about that last 1 percent. ■

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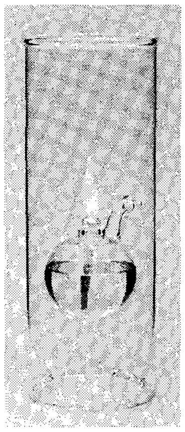

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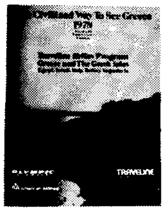

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BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

Secondhand Roses

"My Book and Heart/Must never part," *The New England Primer* primed. And they need not, so long as there are secondhand-book shops like Barqu. Among the loveliest titles, appropriate to the week at hand: *The Lover's Baedeker and Guide to Arcady,* by Carolyn Wells (1912, $5); *Winsome Womanhood,* by Margaret Sangster (1900, $10); *A War-Time Wooing,* by Captain King, USA (1888, $5); *Matrimony,* by Edward Lucas White (1932, $25); Amy Vanderbilt's very own copy of *Etiquette Handbook,* by Barbara Cartland (1962, $8); Ovid's *The Art of Love* (1931 edition, "retailed by Macy's," $5); De Laclos's *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (in French, in a slipcase, $7.50); and William Dean Howells's *Their Wedding Journey* (1890, $8). Sigh.

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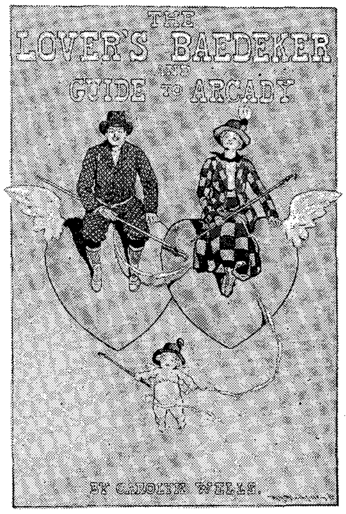

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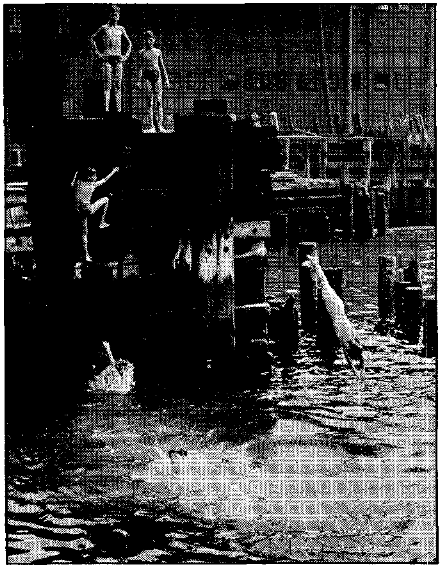

Kid Row

East Side, West Side, all around the town. Here are New York's street kids, photographed between 1864 and 1977 by Riis and Hine and Goro and the Byrons and Huberland et al. Sometimes they're strays, mostly they're poor (this is an exhibit in honor of the Children's Aid Society's 125th anniversary). They are children on picnics and on carousels, in rooftop classes and in victory gardens, crumpled in doorways and sneaking smokes, keeping warm over bonfires and cool in the Hudson, selling papers and jousting with ash-can covers. Plucky, aggressive, hungry, gay: They're all here.

STREET KIDS*/February 9–September 3*
The New-York Historical Society

A Wing and a Prayer

Four Donnellys—a sister and three brothers—own Unique Aerial Advertising, Inc. They make the banners for tow signs and tapes for electric night signs; then they climb into Super Cubs and fly the messages over beach and burg. Now they're ready to expand, to add personal messages to their repertoire. And here comes Valentine's Day. So go to it! A five-foot-wide banner for daytime towing runs from $150 for one hour to $100 an hour for ten hours or more (that's a lot of ROMEO LOVES JULIET); the electric night sign is $160 an hour or $150 an hour for two or more (maximum: 65 letters).

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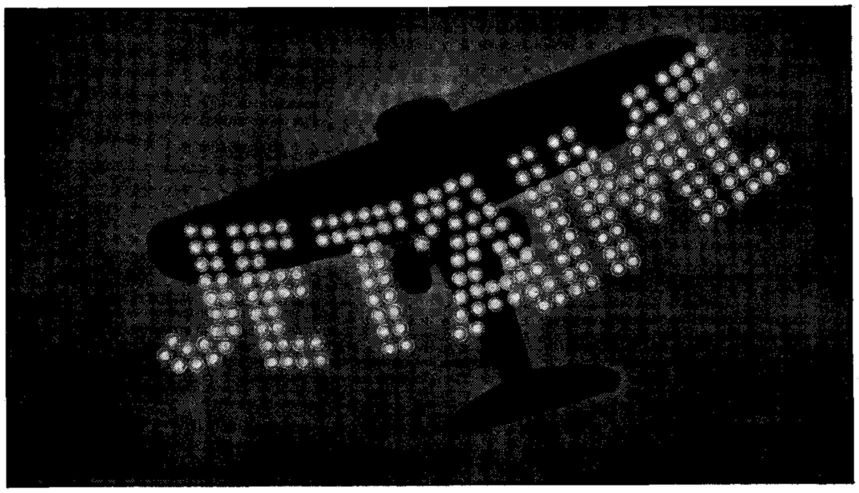
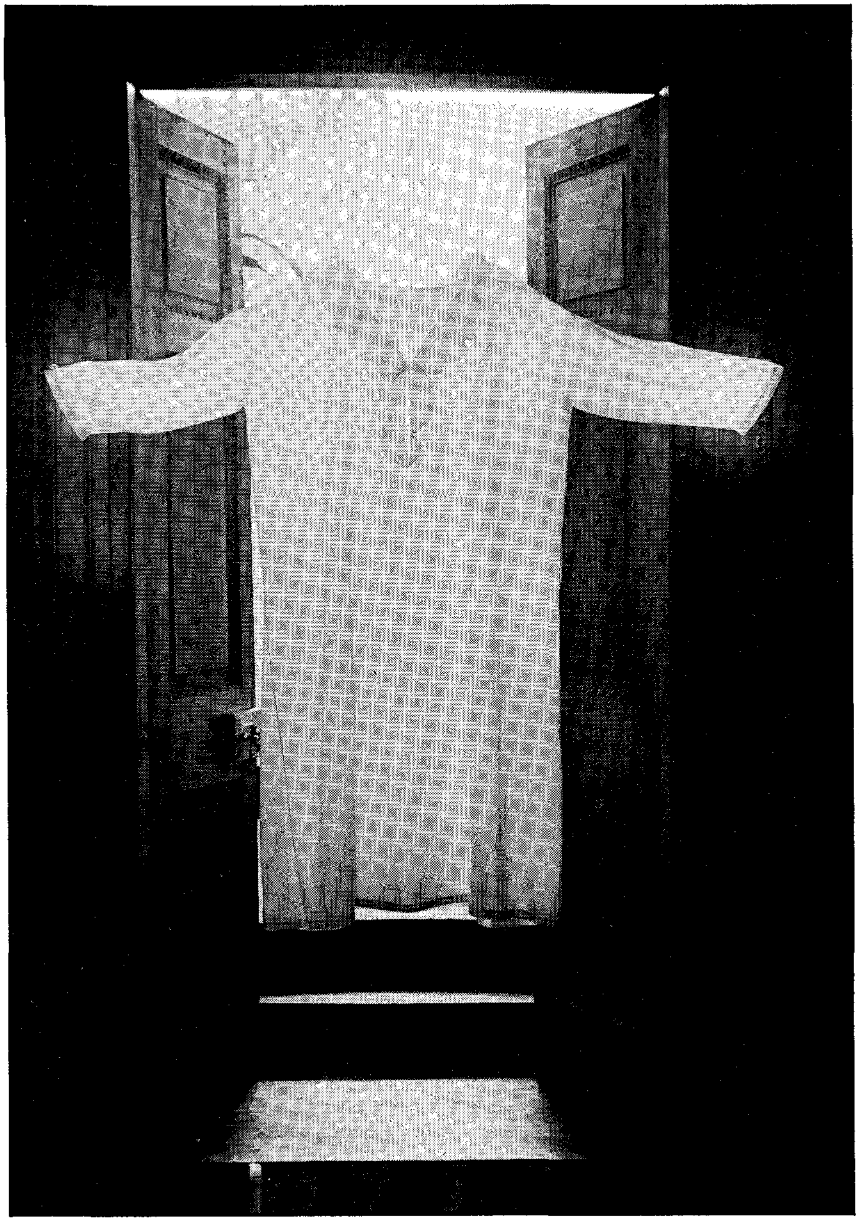


Chinatown, Their Chinatown

In 1937, Joris Ivens made a documentary called *The Spanish Earth.* It was about the Spanish Civil War. Now he has made a documentary called *How Yukong Moved the Mountains.* It is about daily life in China. He filmed an all-woman deep-sea-fishing team and a rehearsal at the Peking Opera, a generator factory and a drugstore (featuring a customer complaining about shoddy socialist merchandise), an army camp and oil fields. He filmed and he filmed, from 1973 to 1975 and from Taching to Shanghai. The result is a twelve-hour opus in color, in Chinese (with English voice-over). Incredible.

HOW YUKONG MOVED THE MOUNTAINS*/February 7–March 21, every Tuesday at noon (at Donnell Library) and 6 p.m. (at the Museum of Modern Art)*

KEN SHUNG



An Intimate Gathering

After dear Albert died, Queen Victoria dressed only in black and white. Even in bed. This is one of her nighties, of white cotton, four feet wide, with a tiny "VR 24" stitched in white at the bosom (this being nightgown number 24 in a set). It is for sale, for $500, at the National Antiques Show. Other Victoriana include a white linen chemise ($300), a white linen hankie ($250), and a pair of pink silk stockings ($250). We are amused.

KEN SCHULTZ/*National Antiques Show/February 18–26/Madison Square Garden*

Punky-Dory

"Style is music for the body," says Craig Malcomson, whose particular music is punk, so the style in his new store on the Bowery, Next Empire, Inc., runs to zippers and pins, rips and glitter, and lots of black. Prices range from $2 for bracelets to $75 for jumpsuits. Craig and his wife, Marcharlene, who were the Angry Albert Belt Company in the heyday of glitter-rock fashion, now also manage a punk band called Testors. Since Next opened in January on Friday the thirteenth, Testors has been booked solid. The Malcomsons are pleased as punk. **—Priscilla Tucker**

NEXT EMPIRE, INC./*334 Bowery/473-2497*

Mouth Piece

Granny, what funny lips you have! These aren't funny lips, dearie; this is a funny ceramic toothbrush holder. For $20.

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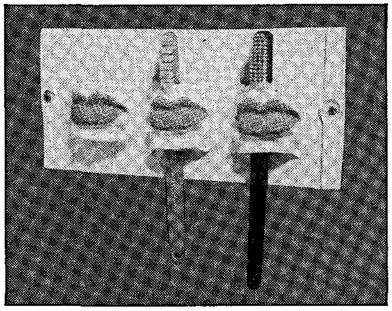

Land of Bilk and Money

The title is immodest, but the investment advice definitely is not. *The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need* is one financial guide that *won't* make you rich—and admits it. Tobias, who cut his teeth at *New York* Magazine with the "random walk" generation, is a wonderfully cynical financial writer, fiercely loyal to the small investor. His cool, spare, readable style lays bare the rapacious scams of the Wall Street moneymen, and he provides a conservative strategy to protect hard-earned savings. His second-chapter heading sums up the book's theme: "A Penny Saved Is Two Pennies Earned."

THE ONLY INVESTMENT GUIDE YOU'LL EVER NEED/*By Andrew Tobias*
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Andrew Tobias
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Food / Paula Wolfert

DOUGH TO GO

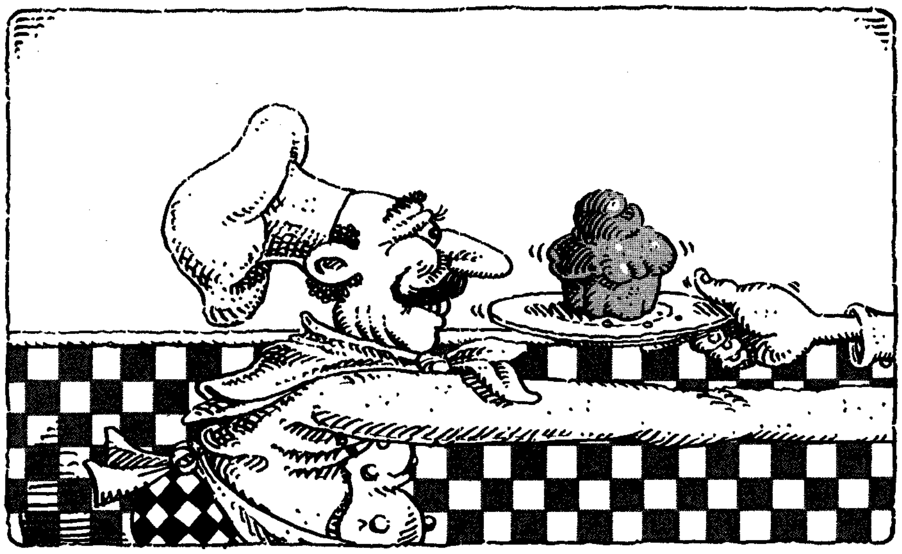
"... Sausages in brioche, turnovers filled with salmon pâté, flaky barquettes of oysters—all are now within every cook's reach..."

Think of all the wonderful dishes that are foods encased in pastry—Greek spanakopitas (spinach pie); Hungarian cherry strudel; coulibiacs; trout en croûte; that standby, beef Wellington; Paul Bocuse's soup of truffles under a pastry puff. Think of striped bass in filo as they do it at the Four Seasons, or an herb-stuffed saddle of lamb crisscrossed with pastry strips. Think of opening up a Moroccan bisteeya, exposing layers of pigeon and almonds and lemon-flavored eggs. Think of cutting into a savory English game pie, releasing a winy aroma that promises gastronomic bliss. . . .

Foods wrapped in pastry are marvels of the kitchen—mysterious when presented, spectacular opened and devoured. And they needn't be fattening. Alain Senderens, chef at Paris's L'Archestrate, a master of *nouvelle cuisine,* doesn't expect his customers to eat the pastry that surrounds a whole black truffle. It's there, he says, to keep the truffle moist, delicious, and aromatic. But, of course, for those who want to eat the pastry, it must be very, very good.

The brioche must be buttery and light, the puff pastry fragile and fragrant, the strudel or filo leaves golden and tissue-thin, the piecrusts rich and tender. Making good pastry isn't easy. Brioche takes seven hours, by the time you've blended, beaten, and worked the dough and waited for it to rise. Puff pastry needs cold marble, cool weather, and patient rolling and folding as the buttery layers are built. Filo or strudel must be strong and thin, whether hand-pulled or machine-rolled. Good piecrusts require a special touch, sometimes called a "pastry hand." Many people think pastry making is arduous, time-consuming, messy, and requires space. Busy New Yorkers, in their cramped kitchens, rarely find the time or will.

But now there are alternatives: premade pastry doughs, usually frozen, but sometimes fresh; machine- and handmade packaged strudel and filo leaves; frozen pie shells and packaged piecrust mixes; all kinds of wraps and biscuits, such as vol-au-vents; and even fresh brioche and pâte brisée. Some of them taste good. At least three products are actually the equal of homemade pastry dough. But, generally speaking, the reviews on these timesavers are mixed. Many lack flavor and texture, and some abuse with an artificial taste. Still, one is grateful. Turnovers filled with salmon pâté, flaky barquettes of oysters in champagne velouté, millefeuilles of puréed vegetables, sausages in brioche, Languedocian chicken pies—these and many more pastry-wrapped foods are now within every cook's reach.



Puff Pastry

Puff pastry, pâte feuilletée, is the ultimate French pastry dough. Composed of hundreds of layers, rising up many times its height during baking, it is the classic pastry for patty shells and vol-au-vents, Dutch tarts, turnovers, and millefeuilles. It should be tender, delicate, flaky, exquisitely crisp, and yet melt in the mouth.

How wonderful now to find puff pastry ready-made, in block form so you can roll it out and shape it as you like. Use it for ovals or rounds or rectangles or horns, pillows or turnovers or long French-style tarts. You can keep ready-made puff pastry in the freezer for months. And don't throw away the trimmings. Stack them, roll them out, and use them for small hexagonal crusts. The one thing you should remember, though, is that puff pastry is difficult to handle when the weather is hot. If the tiny butter nodules begin to melt, the puffed effect will not be sustained.

H. Roth frozen puff pastry (sold frozen, $1.25 a pound, available at Lekvar-by-the-Barrel, 1577 First Avenue, at 82nd Street). I think this is the best on the market, equivalent to homemade. It bakes up to a good puff with a fine buttery flavor and color. Be sure to thaw it thoroughly or it will be difficult to roll. For complete instructions on handling this pastry, see Julia Child's *Mastering the Art of French Cooking,* Volume Two.

Durkee frozen pastry sheets (fifteen-pound box of 120 five-inch-by-five-inch sheets, $16 at Harry Wasserman, 177 Duane Street). Many restaurants with small kitchens rely on Durkee. It is extremely puffy and flaky and can taste very good. But I have a problem with some of its ingredients, particularly the diglycerides, which give it a slightly cheesy smell. If you are gentle with this product, gradually rolling out the defrosted sheets, then forming them

Illustrated by Elwood H. Smith

carefully into shapes, you get good, even layers. But the fifteen-pound box will hardly fit into the average freezing compartment.

Voilà Bakeries puff pastry (one pound costs $2.50 at Balducci's, 424 Avenue of the Americas, at 9th Street). This very disappointing pastry didn't make a decent puff, and the color wasn't good. Also, the product lacked a buttery taste.

Pepperidge Farm patty shells (a ten-ounce box containing six frozen shells, about 95 cents at most supermarkets). There is an oily taste to this product that is quite disagreeable if you're serving your baked pastry cold. However, if you defrost the shells, stack them two by two, pinch them together, and roll them out, you can make an acceptable wrapper for a roast pork or veal or beef.

Filo and Strudel

Did you know there's a filo war going on? I didn't either, until I started looking into ready-made filo and strudel leaves. It's a war that revolves around the fact that a Cypriot gentleman by the name of Evris Kontos has figured out a way of making good tissue-thin filo pastry with a machine. Hand-pulled filo is usually created at the rate of six pounds per hour per man. Kontos's machine can make 250 to 300 pounds per hour. And the big news is that his machine-made filo, sold under the name **Apollo,** is a very good product, provided it's used fresh. The problem is that machine-made filo is driving hand-pulled varieties out of the market; that's too bad, because, good as some of the machine products are, they're still not so good as old-fashioned hand-pulled.

The Greek women from Astoria know this, and so they continue to buy the hand-pulled from small bakeries. Why? Well, it's stronger, and that's an advantage when you're preparing spinach or cheese pie, with its moist, juicy filling. Also, because the crust is stronger, it's less fattening and rich. If your filo leaves are weak, you'll need more of them to support your filling, and since each leaf requires a brushing with butter, you'll end up eating more fat.

To put the matter to rest once and for all: Filo and strudel are made nearly the same, and, yes, despite what the purists say, they are practically interchangeable, providing you calculate as follows: three machine-rolled filo leaves equal two hand-pulled filo leaves, which in turn are equal to one hand-pulled strudel leaf. It's of course better to use filo for Greek desserts and strudel leaves for Hungarian strudel, but if the one you want is not available, you will have no problem if you follow the general rule of equivalents.

Make baklavas, spanakopitas, saraglis, Moroccan bisteeyas; wrap up a stuffed chicken breast or a stuffed fish; even line a pie pan with filo leaves, if you like. But remember, brush every leaf with clarified butter or a mixture of clarified butter and oil if the dish is to be served hot (butter only if it is to be served cold). And to create separate and puffy layers, sprinkle bread crumbs, finely crumbled filo leaves, or toasted chopped hazelnuts between layers.

None of the leaves described below was particularly difficult to work with, though I found they all dried up rather quickly when unwrapped. The trick is to keep them under a damp cloth until ready for use. Hand-pulled leaves can be a little sticky if they're not slowly thawed. And even then they should obtain room temperature before being unrolled. A Hungarian chef advises brushing a strudel with melted butter just after it comes out of the oven. This keeps the pastry flaky and crisp and keeps it from hardening too.

Apollo filo-strudel leaves (one-pound boxes, about 30 leaves, fresh or frozen, $2 at Garden of Delights, 1192 Lexington Avenue, at 81st Street; $1.89 at Bremen House, 200 East 86th Street; $1.89 at Balducci's; and $2.25 at Gimbels East, Lexington Avenue at 86th Street). This is a good all-purpose filo-strudel dough. The only problem is the extreme thinness of the leaves—they tear easily if frozen, and you need at least three or four sheets to stand up under any kind of weight. Their appearance is neat and even; their color is average; the sheets are fragile but absorb butter evenly and well. Excellent for baklava.

Poseidon (one-half pound, 80 cents; one pound, $1.50; fresh—can be frozen—at Poseidon Confectionery, 629 Ninth Avenue, between 44th and 45th streets). These hand-pulled leaves are superb—they're as good as homemade. They are very strong, with a good fresh smell, and they are larger than the average, which is an advantage when making a large pie. No preservatives. Though thin as a handkerchief, they don't tear easily. The color is a beautiful golden brown. Very puffy, good crisp-fragile texture.

Anatolian pastry leaves (one-pound boxes, fresh or frozen, $1.79 at Zabar's, 2245 Broadway, at 80th Street). These are nearly as good as Poseidon except for a slight odor of preservatives. The color is good, the texture very puffy and crisp.

Fantis filo krousta (one-pound boxes, $1.99, fresh or frozen, at Concord Gourmet, 1264 Madison Avenue, between 90th and 91st streets; $2.19, frozen, at York Delicatessen, 1492 York Avenue, at 79th Street; and $1.69, frozen, at Cathedral Market, 2853 Broadway, at 110th Street). Very similar to Apollo when sold fresh. Unfortunately, some stores are guilty of bad storage or poor turnover, and you end up with a soggy mass.

Krinos (one-pound boxes, vacuum-packed, $1.59 at Balducci's). Thicker than other filo leaves. Not recommended for Oriental desserts. Very good to wrap up thick fish fillets for baking.

Strudel Leaves or **Strudelhaus** or **Paprikas** (packages of four sheets, $1.39 at Lekvar-by-the-Barrel; $1.39 at Bremen House; $1.75 at Gimbels East). These hand-pulled strudel leaves are thicker and stronger than any of the

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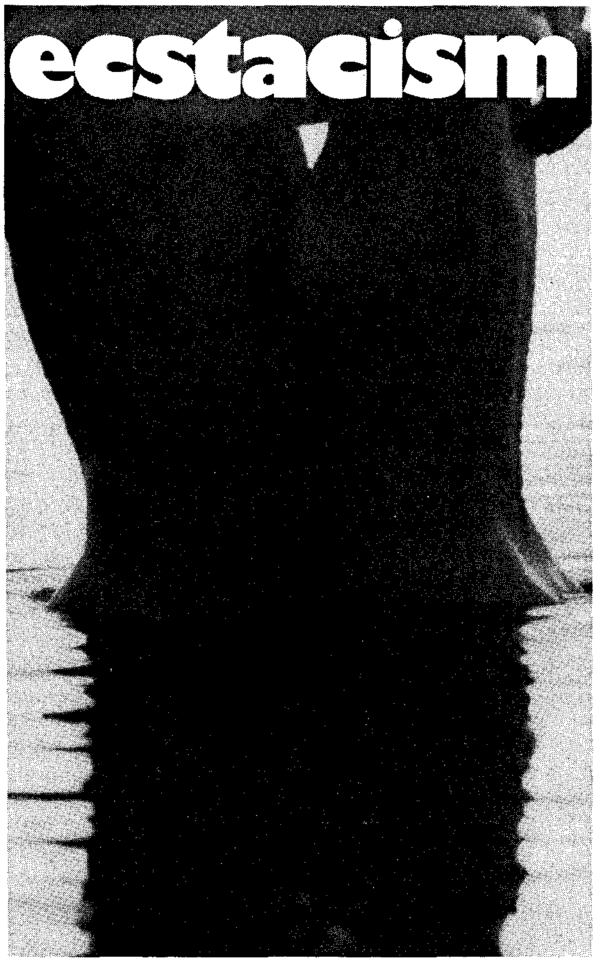

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filo leaves tested. They bake up light, dry, and crisp, with a good color and a superior butter taste. The dough has the extra advantage of keeping a long time out of the refrigerator. It can be mailed with little harm and is still good after being frozen, defrosted, refrozen, and defrosted again. Best for strudels, meat pies, Moroccan bisteeya. One sheet is needed for one strudel.

Famous strudel leaves (packages of four leaves, fresh or frozen, 98 cents at Bremen House). These hand-pulled strudel leaves are packaged in an intricate way that requires great care in handling and unfolding. They baked up to a thick, oily mass. Inferior.

Pâte Brisée

Pâte brisée is the French piecrust especially good for quiches, tartlets, barquettes, and to wrap up meats en croûte. There is now, finally, a ready-made pâte brisée available to quiche lovers in New York.

Voilà Bakeries fresh pâte brisée (one pound, $3 at Mad for Cheese, 1064 First Avenue, at 58th Street). This comes in small loaves six inches long and two deep, and must be ordered 48 hours in advance. I have not tested this product, since it is fairly new; Voilà's frozen pâte brisée, which I did test, has been withdrawn from Manhattan distribution.

Brioche

This soft, eggy, buttery dough is superb for beef Wellington and around stuffed lamb, stuffed fish, sausage, and goose-liver rolls. Or it can be rolled out in a pie plate and filled with fresh fruit and sugar and baked. Brioche is indispensable for coulibiacs of salmon and delightful filled with fish or veal mousse.

Voilà Bakeries frozen brioche dough (one-pound packages, $2.50 at Balducci's). I tried it around a two-pound garlic boiling sausage and found it okay. It's disappointing compared with homemade brioche, but if you're short of time and not too fastidious, it will do.

Frozen Pie Shells

I see frozen pie shells in nearly every supermarket these days, and when I do I'm hopeful of finding an all-around crust that can be used for quiches, flans, and fruit pies. I decided a good commercial piecrust must be flaky but tender enough to pass a fork test—cutting easily, but without crumbling too much. I wanted a golden crust that was short and tender, with a good balance of flour and fat. The crust shouldn't be too bland and it shouldn't taste too salty. In other words, I wanted something that approximated homemade.

I found that all the pie shells I tried tasted better when they were thawed out—lighter and flakier than when I transferred them directly from the freezer to the oven. And when they're thawed, you can remove them from the pie tins and cut the dough into other shapes.

Oronoque Orchards piecrusts (about $1.10 at most supermarkets for two nine-inch shells and one top crust). I found these the best. They baked up to an excellent color, gave off a fragrant aroma, and melted in my mouth. When I tried Oronoque with a juicy filling, the bottom held well. This product has no preservatives and tastes like homemade. Try it for pecan pie.

Pet-Ritz (about 59 cents at Daitch-Shopwell supermarkets for two piecrust shells in nine-inch pans). This thin pastry crust shrinks a lot, even after an all-over pricking. Color and aroma are good, the crust cuts easily, and the salt-to-sugar ratio is fine, but I could taste the preservatives, and the crust barely melted in my mouth.

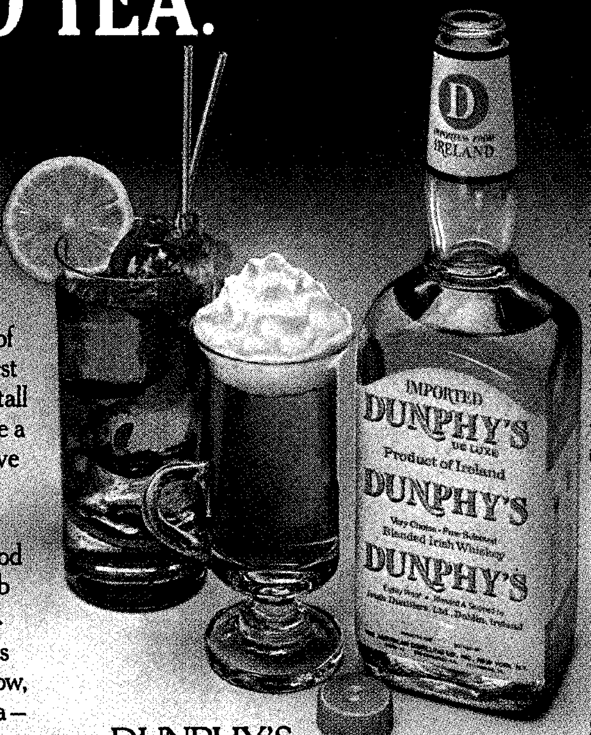
Mrs. Smith's two pie shells, Mello-Rich Quality (about 49 cents at Gristede's for two eight-inch pies). These are deep-dish-type crusts with a high crimp, which makes them ideal for fruit. My fork test showed toughness—the crust broke like a cracker. Also, I found these crusts too salty. This is not a flaky pastry—it's a tight, dense crust that's more like a cookie.

Morton piecrust shells (59 cents at Grand Union and Sloan's for two nine-inch frozen pie shells). A very thin crust that bakes up to a dull sand color. Too chewy and salty. Despite extensive pricking, the shrinkage was immense. To get a better color I baked the shell two minutes longer; it toughened up like a chow mein noodle.

Dry Wrappers

There are numerous dry ready-made pastry forms available on the market in a great variety of shapes—fishkas, fleurons, zakuskis, bouchées, tartlets, and little vol-au-vents. Unfortunately the turnover on these products is generally bad, with the result that they're frequently stale.

Among the brand names tested, only two seemed edible to me, and then only when heated up: the various products sold under the name of **Jos Poell,** a Dutch firm, and the oval and round snack cups produced by **Haust.** Both are available at gourmet shops. The Belgian **Pidy** and the French **BN Tart Express** and **Maurice** products struck me as foul, hot or cold. ▬



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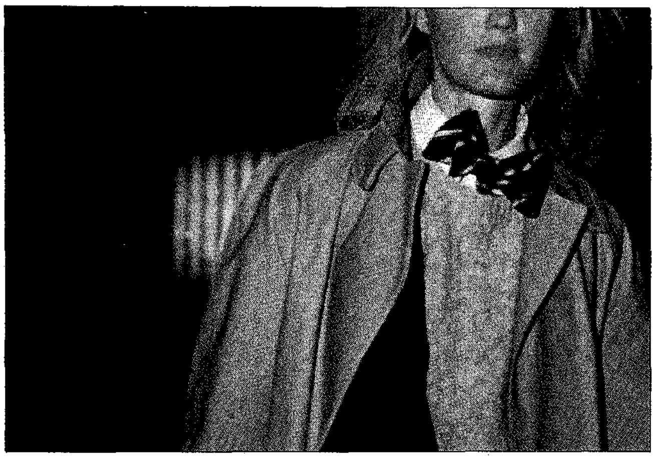
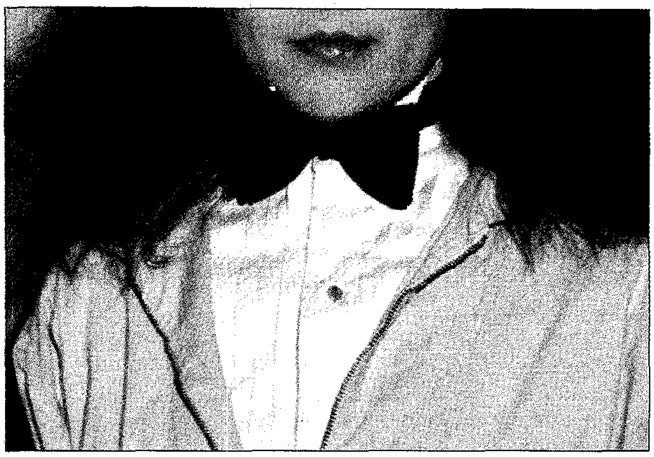
Looks / Mary Randolph Carter

FIT TO BE TIED

"...Women no longer have to borrow bow ties from men or buy them under false pretenses—'It's for him'—in men's stores..."



Old school tie: *This man's striped silk bow tie is $6.50 at Brooks Brothers (346 Madison Avenue, at 44th Street).*



Black tie: *For dress-up, a man's formal tie adds a touch of class; $8.50 at Paul Stuart (Madison Avenue at 45th Street).*

Winging it: *To slip over sweaters and T's, a silk foulard, $8.50, and wing collar, $3, both available at Paul Stuart.*

Hanging loose: *The casual way to wear a bow tie is untied. This silk one costs $8.50 in B. Altman's men's department.*

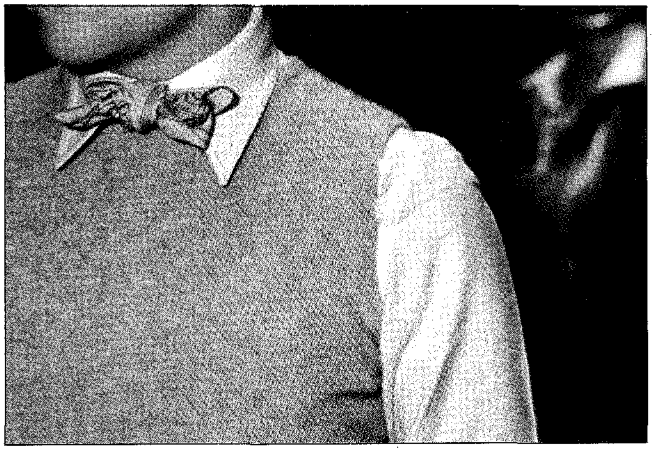
Tie babies: *His and hers silk-twill mini-bows come in solid black an background. A key accessory for both sexes, the ties are available f*

What Sinatra did for the bow tie in the forties, Diane Keaton has done for it today, except this time for women. The "Annie Hall" look—the layering on of a man's big shirt, vest, and jacket over pants or skirt—has popularized what designers like Ralph Lauren have been doing for years. Key accessory to the look is some form of necktie, particularly the bow tie.

Although in the past women have had to borrow ties from men, or buy them under false pretenses—"It's for him"—in sacrosanct men's departments, the tables are turning, thanks to trend-conscious retailers and designers like Vicky Davis, a 1976 Coty-award winner for her ties.

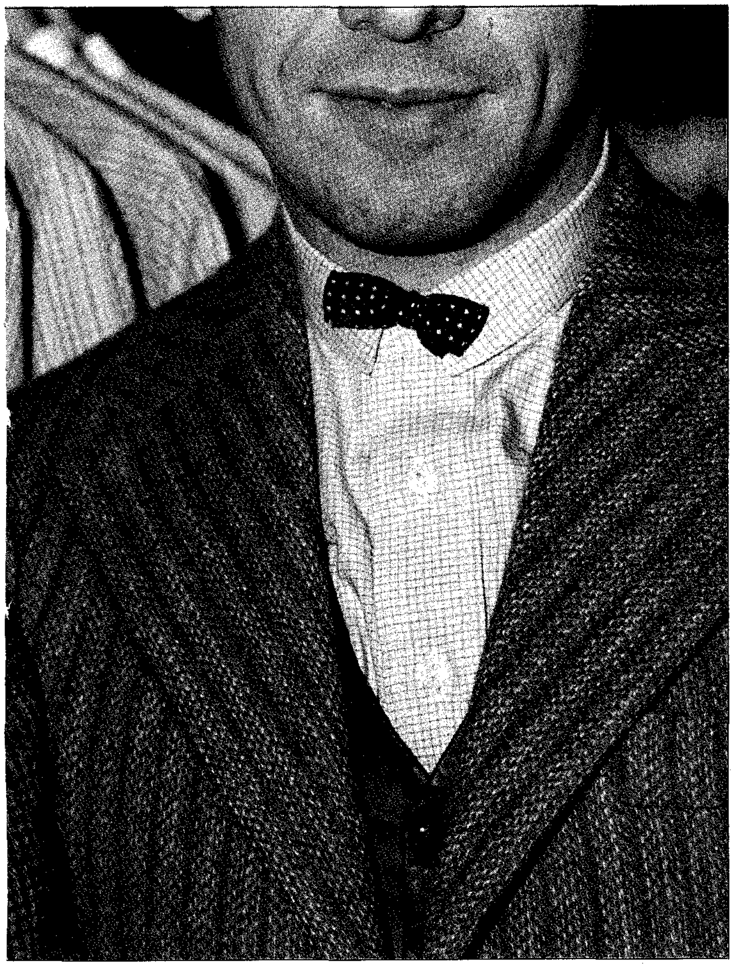
At Bloomingdale's, women's scarves have made way for baskets of bow ties and racks of fifties thin ties. On Macy's fourth floor, the distaff side of this bow-tie business ranges from white tuxedo bows to Western strings. Even Paul Stuart, the fashionable clothier for men, is doing its part with "shy ties"—men's silk handkerchiefs and foulards tied around the necks of the shop's women's shirts.

The practical differences between his and hers have to do with new scale, fabrics, and colors, but the real difference seems to be the intangible one a woman makes when she ties one on.

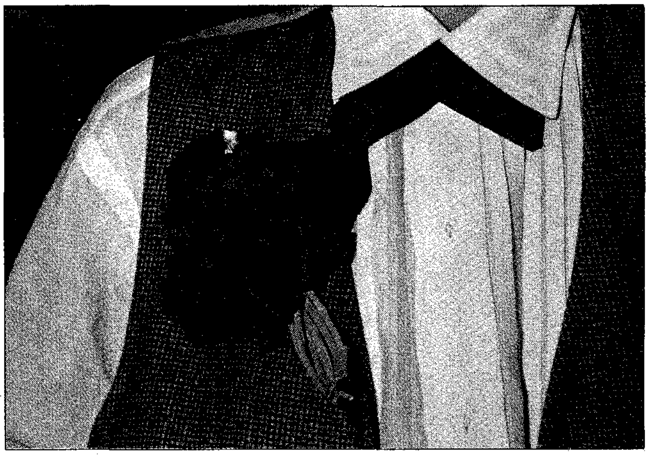


Hanky-panky: *Improvise a soft bow tie with a man's silk handkerchief; $8.50 in Paul Stuart's women's department.*

Swanky clipper: *This big, pre-tied butterfly bow by Vicky Davis comes in assorted colors; $10 at Saks Fifth Avenue, first floor.*



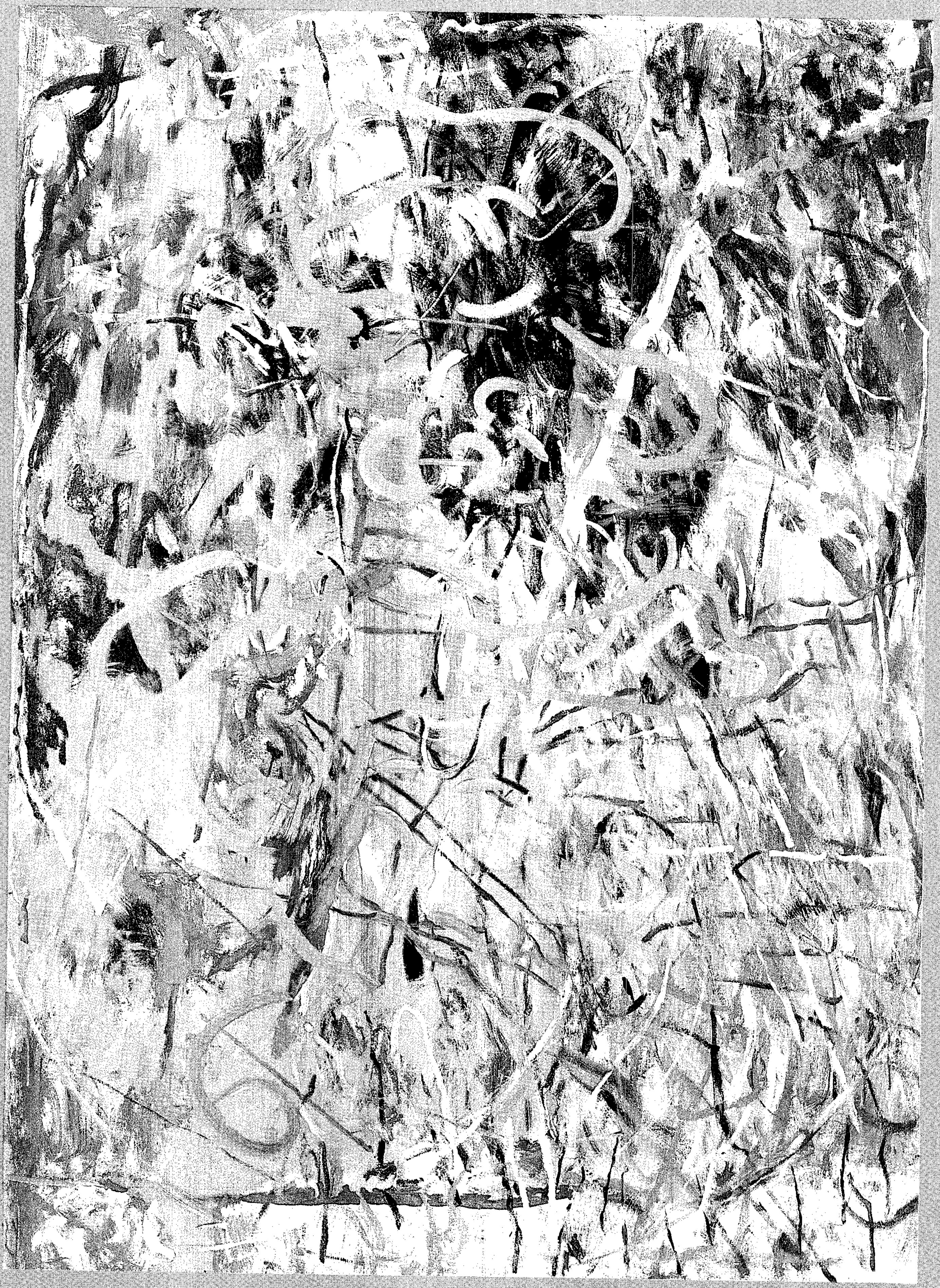
array of polka dots—white on a wine, navy, brown, green, or black at San Francisco Clothing (975 Lexington Avenue, at 70th Street).



Red snapper: *Crossover snap tie has adjustable sizing, comes in other colors too; $5 in Macy's Vintage Clothing, fourth floor.*

Country-tied: *Another Vicky Davis original, this Western-style checked cotton tie is $7.50 in Bloomingdale's first-floor arcade.*

Photographed by Alan Lewis Kleinberg



Art / Thomas B. Hess

WHERE HAVE ALL THE ISMS GONE?

"... Frankenthaler, Liberman, Graves, and others on show this month don't share qualities; they're unique, idiosyncratic ..."

How do things stand in the middle of the end of the twentieth century? Or, if that's too portentous a question, how goes the season of 1978?

Do not worry. I'm not going to wallow in a list of the "Ten Best Exhibitions," nor hold any institution up to New Year's scorn for the ten funniest lapses of 1977. I simply want to reconsider a few impressions which grow and keep growing in the memory, and see whether they add up to anything.

Six black-chocolate bronze pieces by **Joel Shapiro** recently lolled on the gleaming hardwood floor at Paula Cooper's—like metaphysical furniture or animals—humanoid ottomans, frozen in postures of affectionate squirm or rumpled clasp. They're only as high as your shinbone. Yet they fill the space and keep growing. Cubic shafts nest at odd angles and shoot out; the ensembles look clenched, even awkward. Upon examination, they untangle—as a fugue untangles after you get the hang of it—into parallel cantilevers and perpendiculars and 45-degree junctions. The density of the shapes matches the gravity of the metal. There's a peculiarity to them, a Shapironess that inflects each detail of surface and edge. You sense the thinking that informs them even if you can't (don't want to) read the mind. They are strictly sculptural and repel anecdotes like a duck sheds water.

Full-blown—call it orchidaceous—peculiarity also characterizes **William Cply**'s mirrored-wall reliefs, recently shown at Brook Jackson's gallery, and his paintings in the New Museum's (65 Fifth Avenue, at 13th Street) roundup of what it calls "'Bad' Paintings" (its quotation marks); through 2/28. The artist likes girlie-magazine girlies, their curved and lacy, bulgy interlaces and their interlocked men—hairy cops, PFC's, and other daydream Apaches. Cply has become a master at positioning and repositioning them; their breasts, tight corsets, and hips are like syllables that can fit a thousand words with an infinity of meanings. The strong patterns suggest the "line, color, and form" canon of purist aestheticism, until the forms start twisting out of the missionary position into the postures of the Kama Sutra, at which point they will entertain kids of all ages until, with another turn of the brush, they snap back in *malerisch* focus. In the mirrors (Mylar on Plexi jigsawed apart with devilish ingenuity), a vanishing, razor-backed line is camouflaged by a roomful of wild painted wallpaper. If there's a saloon in paradise, William Cply's mirrors will hang behind the bar.

Symbolic layers: *Nancy Graves's oil on canvas,* Owtreit, *1977, 71 inches high.*

There's irony in Cply's paintings, just as there is in Shapiro's sculptures. You have to know a lot about art before you can begin to talk back to their works. **Neil Jenney**'s pictures among the New Museum's "bad" ones double the stakes, so to speak. Jenney, who apparently rejoices in his underground reputation as fully as Andy Warhol does in his jet-stream aura, paints in an implacably all-thumbs way. His subjects in the two 1969 canvases concern, as Marcia Tucker (founding director of the New Museum) writes, "narrative pieces about the relationships between objects (car and man, girl and broken vase)." They urge the viewer to doubt that Jenney, even if he tried, couldn't do any better than these sloshy diagonal brush marks with rudimentary color syntax (green equals grass). Jenney plays on such anxieties with virtuoso finesse. Your questions about him become part of his subject matter, which, in turn, begins to fill with doubts of its own. The menace in his painting is like the danger you sense behind certain comic strips, or the violence in certain children's songs—the danger of lost control.

Believers in historical necessity (and who isn't, most of the time) might consider Neil Jenney and William Cply outside the mainstream of high art (or whatever metaphor is being mixed these days), and they'd look to the retrospective of Helen Frankenthaler and at recent works by Alexander Liberman and Nancy Graves for signs of where the hitherandthithering tradition of modernism is heading.

Helen Frankenthaler had the good idea of assembling 59 small paintings, dating from 1949, when she studiously reinvented the texturologies of Braque, through her assimilation of Pollock's paint-spattered spaces, to her perfection of pooled color techniques for pastoral meditations on spreading hues with delicate edges.

In the intimate wrist-span scale, Frankenthaler's lyric gift comes across with crystal intensity. Her larger works have more architectural clout. Within the reach of her hand, however, Frankenthaler can shape each spill and smudge for a maximum intensity. Her show at Emmerich (420 West Broadway, through 2/11; it's designed to tour Far East museums under U.S. government auspices) expresses the sharp individuality, the specific nature of her liberated, liberating energy.

Frankenthaler's spilled, pooled, blotted, thin colors suggest a form of skywriting. A series of new, vehement canvases by **Alexander Liberman** (Emmerich, 41 East 57th Street, 2/25–3/15) also is a kind of writing—*écriture,* calligraphy, or perhaps "cacography" would be a better way to define the lines that flail across these heavily coated acrylics. The "writing" is accelerated and braked by globs and smears, punctuated by fistfuls of pebbles, stutters of charcoal crayon pushed so hard it shatters in the wet colors, and other evidence of tough, energetic, sustained labor. Painting as manpower; horsepower with brains.

Last summer, Liberman filled several acres at the Storm King Art Center with house-size sculptures (*New York,* June 6, 1977). These paintings—enough to satisfy most artists—somehow were executed in between the massive steel pieces, in the extra hours a nine-day workweek provides. From necessity, they were done fast; hectic velocity is part of their content. You follow the wake of lilac and rasping green turbulences as you would the letters in an unknown language. It's a visual parallel to glossolalia. The artist is possessed, whirling, as if in Rimbaud's *Drunken Boat.* You are reminded of

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> “. . . Were there ever any ‘isms’ in New York? And are the Pop artists all Pop? . . .”

the Romanesque artists—adduced by Meyer Schapiro—who couldn't read Arabic but loved the characters of the script, so they adapted them to Christian altars, thinking to make a dazzling effect, and not knowing that the inscription spells out “There is no God but Allah.”

Liberman's “writing” concerns an inner state, an exaltation about work with colors and lines moved at high speed across taut canvas. Conventional elements are subverted by élan; composition is sacrificed to spontaneity, which, in turn, has its own order and tensions.

The individual quality of such expressions is dramatized when you compare Liberman's new paintings with those by **Nancy Graves**, who also has produced an extraordinary body of recent paintings; they will be shown at Knoedler (19 East 70th Street, 2/18–3/9). Liberman works from the inside to the outside, from id, so to speak, to est. In between her will to art (*Künstwollen*, in Walter Benjamin's phrase) and the finished painting, Nancy Graves builds an impressively difficult, intellectual obstacle course—like the rules of the villanelle to a troubadour or of teatime to a samurai. As discussed in this space a year ago (*New York*, February 28, 1977), Graves has made herself expert in various scientific representational systems. Her film on camels, done in preparation for a herd-size sculptural group based on those prehistoric prancers, is one of the best documentaries I've seen. Her watercolors and oils are clued to various intricate mapping systems derived from aerial surveys of the moon, Mars, and other projects. A particular rill or crater, found in a NASA document, is interpreted and reinterpreted in Graves's studies and paintings.

In the new paintings, she works with more fluent, exuberant gestures within the same context. Two years ago, her colors tended to be dry, powdery. Now they slide, loop, unravel from the brush. Watercolors are painted wet in wet. Color flows in hot, floral glissades that have a landscape immanence to them—interior landscapes of the body, exterior ones of outer space. You are taken across canyons, through spills of lava, beneath flushed sunbursts. Care is taken for small details. Clusters of dots appear like landmarks. Layers of ideas or symbols are superimposed as if several codes were being scanned simultaneously.

The light is atmospheric, with a Northern glisten to it. Graves knows Italy and loves Renaissance painting. In some new watercolors, however, you find connections to Turner and to Altdorfer's battle scenes (that make *Star Wars* look like mumblety-peg). Sometimes diagonals are disposed across a horizontal format like walking poles (or like Pollock's *Blue Poles*). Elsewhere, small parts cluster into a glowing entity, yet stick resolutely apart; they don't merge. Each has the importance and the individuality of a topological notation, like the symbol of a village or of a mineral deposit or that Nancy Graves was here.

Such exhibitions suggest something of the variety and openness of the situation among some of the best artists at work today. There is no dominant school or direction. There are no big “isms.” “Creative eclecticism” seems an applicable label; some people like the term “Post-Modern.” What joins Frankenthaler, Liberman, and Graves are superficial technical connections that, if emphasized, distort the value of the individual's contribution. But were there ever any isms in New York? Did the Abstract-Expressionists have so much in common? What did Pollock and Newman share beyond friendship and some dates on the timetable of history? Or Rothko and Kline? Are the Pop artists all Pop? And the Color-Field and Minimal painters and sculptors?

Could it be that the phenomenon of the ism is a Paris-art-world characteristic that never took root in America? In Europe, art history seemed to move in narrative flows (not in a progress, of course). You went from Romanticism to Realism to Impressionism, and so forth, up to Surrealism—1830 to 1930. The labels usually were accepted, even cherished by the artists. Some movements were named by the painters themselves, with considerable ceremony (the Nabis, for example, the Dadas, the Surrealists).

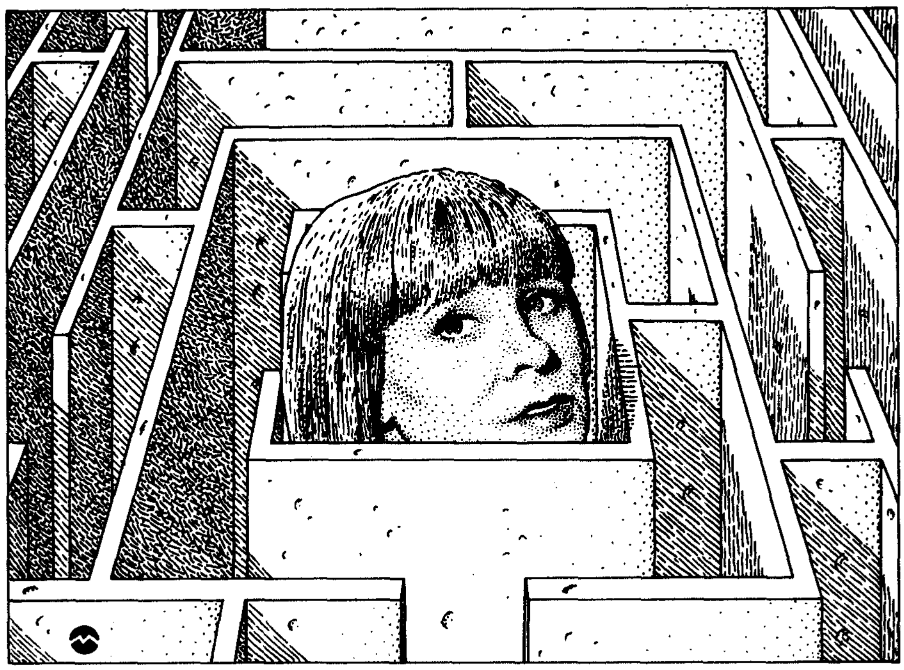
Postwar American art hasn't moved in narrative patterns. Perhaps a model for its drama might be a shower of rain on a lake. First a few drops, then more, then still more, each drop (each individual artist) making a point, then circling out in ripples that meet other ripples from other artists, each inflecting the other, each with its own center. The important things in New York painting aren't commonalities; they're the unique idiosyncratic qualities. The hearts of matter. ■

Movies / Molly Haskell

WHITE RUSSIANS AND MAD DOCTORS

"... *Coup de Grace* is the Schlöndorffs' best film: the least given to the manipulation of sympathies along ideological lines ..."

Coup de Grace, the new Volker Schlöndorff film starring Margarethe von Trotta, is largely the story of failure—of unrequited love and unsuccessful war and the execution of one friend by another in the bleak landscape of post-revolutionary Russia. But beneath its grim surface, shot in chilling black and white, is an oddly exciting, even passionate story of frustrated love. The sparks ignite as love and politics pursue what are so often contradictory courses within a single person. A woman's heart betrays her. Or does she betray her heart? The countess Sophie, obsessed with a handsome and unfeeling officer while her mind leaps forth in sympathy with the revolutionary struggle, is a heroine of much greater breadth than the whimpering underdog divorcée of *A Free Woman* or the exquisite scapegoat martyr in *The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum*, two of the Schlöndorffs' recent films.



That's Schlöndorffs plural, of course. Von Trotta, Schlöndorff's wife, has served alternately—and sometimes simultaneously—as actress, screenwriter, and co-director. She not only stars in *Coup de Grace* but co-authored the adaptation of the novel by Marguerite Yourcenar, the intensely admired, if not widely known, Belgian novelist. *Coup de Grace* was written in 1939 about a period twenty years before, but it is strikingly contemporary in its awareness of the complex sexual and ideological currents that were convulsing traditional society and reshaping the world. The book, which has acquired something like cult status, is one the Schlöndorffs have long wanted to bring to the screen, and it has provided the basis for what strikes me as their best film: the most ample, the least given to the manipulation of sympathies along ideological lines. The casting of Von Trotta as the strong-willed, not-quite-plain countess and Matthias Habich as the contrasting, ruthlessly handsome Erich is the first masterstroke. If their love-hate relationship symbolizes the class struggle or anything beyond itself, I wouldn't know it. What is exciting is that they make us forget generalities in the fireworks of the moment. There is more perverse magnetism in the looks that pass between them, in their complete inability to communicate, than in many a lovers' embrace.

It is to Kratowice, the estate occupied by Sophie and her senile aunt, that Sophie's brother Konrad comes, with a group of fellow officers, to conduct from there a last-ditch offensive against the Bolsheviks. Foremost among them is Erich, their mutual childhood friend, now a cold-eyed zealot who has found complete fulfillment in the discipline of the soldier's life, and the virile fellowship of other men.

Sophie declares her love; Erich rebuffs her. Even if his tastes weren't bent in another direction, he shrinks from a woman as serious and emotionally demanding as Sophie. She, for her part, is irresistibly drawn to him and to what Sylvia Plath called "the boot in the face." It's an attraction that I confess I've never understood, but Habich, with his arrogant blond beauty and intense indifference, makes a diabolically magnetic sadist. He's a sort of Germanic version of the misogynist aristocrats of women's gothics, but unlike these specialists in mental torture—all of whom are secretly waiting for the right woman—Erich's misogyny isn't so easily cured. A repressed, or not so repressed, homosexuality is but one part of his antagonism. He lives for the activity of war and killing and the mystique of noble brotherhood. One provides the perfect vehicle for his contempt for mankind, the other for his love of men.

Konrad, the one person he loves, is a shadowy figure, off in his own world. We are told that only he truly believes in the traditions they are fighting to preserve, but he never speaks for himself, perhaps because his world, as far is Schlöndorff is concerned, has no more claim on our interest. It is Konrad who might have provided a sense of community among the characters and continuity between past and present, but that would have been another film. It is this episodic, loosely Brechtian style that marks Schlöndorff as a member of the postwar generation of German directors. The lack of narrative flow, the absence of transitions, suggest an instinctive repudiation of the past and one's own part in it. Some directors (Wenders, Fassbinder) have

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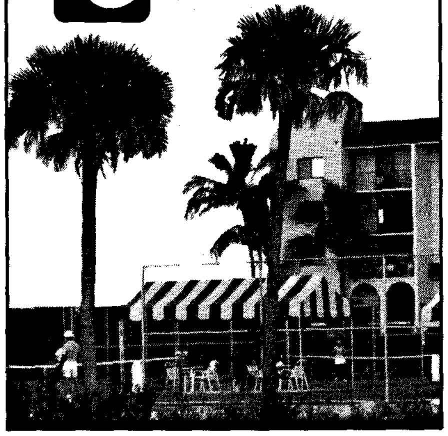

turned this to better account than others. But in *Coup de Grace,* imbued with a generous sadness, Schlöndorff comes close to masking his weaknesses or converting them into strengths. He allows his characters their incompatible emotions beyond the reach of the political determinist who usually acts as his unseen puppeteer.

Speaking of puppets and strings, you will know, unless you have somehow missed the artwork for **Coma** (the Michael Crichton film and the Robin Cook book on which the movie is based), that the image of humans hanging from wires figures prominently in this medical thriller. You may suspect that the perpendicular people who stalk the hospital corridors are attached to wires too, but I assure you that only the horizontal ones are comatose. The rest are merely doing deadpan duty as doctors and nurses. (Crichton and Cook are both doctors, and the medical vocabulary employed, in keeping with the specialized style of hospital fiction, boasts technical terms for bodily functions and treatments that only a soap-opera addict or a med student could fathom.)

If the doctor characters—Genevieve Bujold as the woman whose suspicions are aroused when her best friend, after a routine abortion, sinks into a fatal coma; Michael Douglas, her ambitious lover; Richard Widmark, as head of the hospital; and Rip Torn, as the chief anesthesiologist—are strictly no-frills functional, the plot is something else again. If you can suspend your disbelief like so many comatose bodies on wires, there is no reason why you shouldn't thoroughly enjoy *Coma* as hospital gothic.

In Crichton's own adaptation of the Cook best-seller, the entire world is confined to the Boston hospital where a disproportionate number of young, anesthetized patients are succumbing to unexplained coma; and to a place called the Jefferson Institute, where they are being dispatched, apparently for reasons of space. This forbidding-looking windowless structure, the institutional equivalent of a haunted house, turns out to be the Sotheby Parke Bernet of body parts, with a blandly solicitous Elizabeth Ashley acting as chief auctioneer.

Genevieve Bujold, who must single-handedly probe the nefarious goings-on, is perfect as the persistently nosy doctor. The fact that she is a woman in a man's world heightens the element of danger: Her suspicions can be dismissed by the Hippocratic fraternity as the ramblings of a hysterical woman, while from her point of view it is

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Although Crichton is sufficiently aware of these possibilities to have raised them, he doesn't really develop them to the fullest, doesn't get the emotional and psychological juice out of the sexual paranoia and political intrigue of the hospital world. The dialogue has a flat, manufactured quality, while many of the characters remain unclear to the end. Whose side are they on and what do they know? If they seem like robots, it is because we are never privileged to hear them talking among themselves, never given clues to create or allay suspicions. Crichton, who worked with robots before in his ingenious *Westworld,* knows how to play off preconceptions and stereotypes but has yet to project alternatives by breathing humanity into his flesh-and-blood characters.

Akira Kurosawa's **Dersu Uzala** has finally opened here after being shown at the 1976 New York Film Festival and winning the foreign-film Oscar the previous year. One feels that in his portrait of the grizzled old Asian trapper Kurosawa has met a kindred soul. It is a film by an old man about an old man, and it has that peculiar unworldly calm, that refusal to be pushed or hurried, that often marks the late work of major directors.

The story, by Kurosawa and Yuri Nagibin, based on a story by Vladimir Arseniev, is set in czarist Russia and is, in its own way, an adventure saga. An expedition of mappers making their way in the sub-zero wilds of eastern Russia are lucky enough to stumble on to and employ as their guide the old trapper Dersu. Played by Maxim Munzuk, he is an extraordinary figure, grizzled, stocky, close to the ground, more of a wood spirit than a human being as he reads the signals of nature and converses with the elements as if they were members of his own family.

The film falters when it reaches what should be the end of its journey and pursues the relationship between the captain and Dersu back to civilization. But, ah, those chilling and inhuman snow-filled forests, those vast landscapes that seem to stretch into an infinity of time as well as space. Kurosawa captures this terrain as no one has since Dovzhenko. As with that great silent director, it behooves one simply to overlook the more obvious effects and surrender to the lyrical mood. ▬

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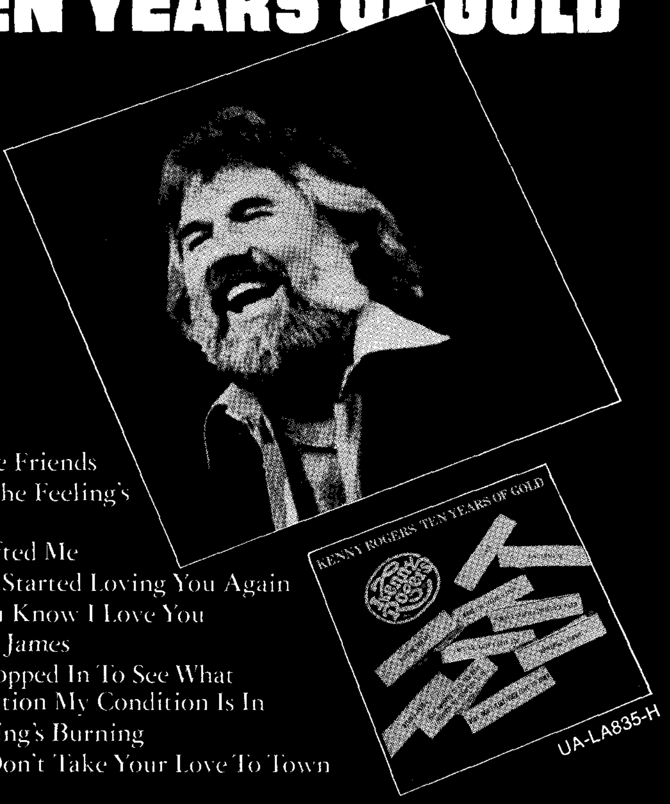

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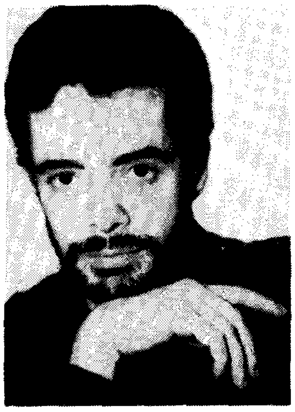

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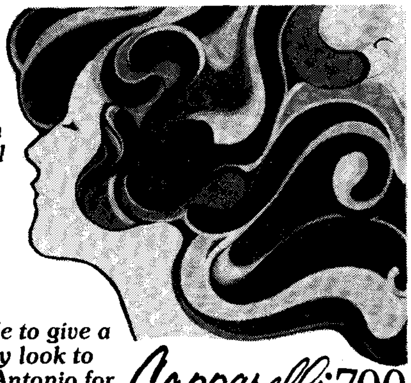

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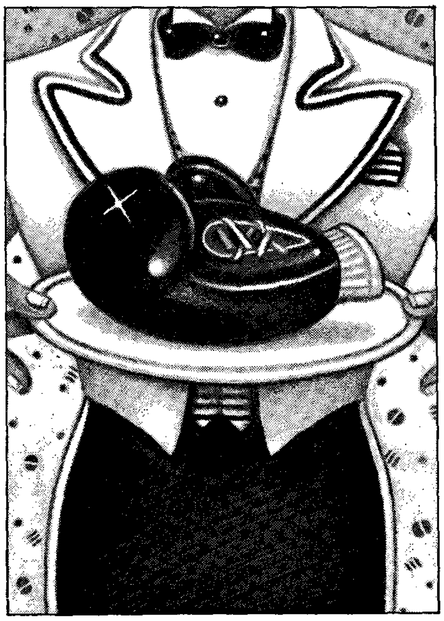
BLACK AND WHITE IN MONOCHROME

"...Gus Edwards's *Black Body Blues* is hardly more than an outline for a play. The conflicts lack plasticity and complexity..."

Black Body Blues is the second play by Gus Edwards, now presented by the Negro Ensemble Company in repertory with his first, *The Offering*. Though more daring in concept, both ideologically and technically, it is much the less successful of the two. It is the story of Arthur, a former boxer who proved too gentle to be a great fighter, and who has now opted for a placid existence as the butler of a white man who treats him squarely. The employer gives Arthur not only food to take home but also food for thought, such as a recording of Beethoven's Ninth, and incentive to educate himself. As Arthur observes, his white boss is the only person who takes him seriously. Joyce, the black hooker and drug addict whom Arthur took in as a live-in girl friend, does not really care for him: She still turns tricks to pay off Andy, her pusher and former pimp, whenever she needs a fix. Andy, of course, only pretends to be Arthur's friend. Fletcher, the fanatical blind man who lives upstairs, also professes appreciation for Arthur's kindness, but is more than willing to have sex with Joyce in Arthur's bed.

The worst exploitation, however, comes from Louis, Arthur's older and cleverer brother. Louis is on the run from the police, who want him for several bank robberies and a killing. Arthur decently puts him up in his dingy apartment off Times Square, and even gets him a job with his employer. This kindness proves fatal: Arthur ends up losing everything, probably even his life. Now, it is a temerarious thing for a black playwright to suggest that a white man may be a black man's sole benefactor. Unfortunately, however, Edwards has made his hero too simple—both mentally and as a dramatic character. The latter impoverishment he shares, moreover, with the other dramatis personae, all of whom are too one-sidedly eager to use him. True, Joyce blames his sedentary reclusiveness for the stagnation of their relationship, but she does this precisely when he has brought home champagne to celebrate her birthday, which detracts from the merit of her claim. The conflicts, then, lack plasticity and complexity; *Black Body Blues* is hardly more than an outline for a play. This, I take it, is largely deliberate, and constitutes the author's technical audacity: Edwards has tried to strip the plot, characters, and dialogue down to the bone—an apter title might have been "Black Bone Blues." Such reduction, however, requires people and situations less obvious and predictable than these: mystery that is bone-deep.



The acting, as in *The Offering*, is most accomplished, though Douglas Turner Ward, who also directed, makes the blind Fletcher rather more outlandish and violent than seems strictly necessary. But Samm-Art Williams and Frankie R. Faison, respectively, do all that can be done to keep the patently good and the blatantly bad brother from becoming totally monochromatic. Norman Bush and Catherine E. Slade are even more successful at coaxing a little ambiguity out of the pimp and the prostitute. Raymond C. Recht's set looks excessively shabby, but that may be because it must do double duty: With minor changes, it serves also in *The Offering*. It would be nice to be able to say that Edwards's brace of plays are equally bracing, but I can't. I can at least urge you again to catch *The Offering* if you haven't done so yet.

The Roundabout Theater Company has come up with a most unusual **Othello.** In your standard *Othello*, one of the characters is unjustly strangled; in this one, all of them deserve to be. Actually, Earle Hyman, who plays the Moor, has an inkling of the right idea: He has a tendency to grab whomever he talks to by the neck. But by the intermission, when I departed, he had left all the jobs unfinished.

By way of further originality, this *Othello* reduces tragedy to farce. Some of it, under the direction of Gene Feist (one of the Roundabout's two heads, the other being Michael Fried), may even have been intended. I gather that, in a scene I managed to spare myself, Iago, lying next to the prostrate Othello, raises one leg over the Moor's body. This is supposed to suggest a latently homosexual relationship, but looks, as Howard Kissel put it in *Women's Wear Daily*, "more like a dog urinating." Let me, however, stick to what I saw. You cannot stage *Othello* with a Moor who is at least a foot taller than Iago, and at least two than Desdemona. As a result, Iago becomes a fawning dwarf and Desdemona a large doll, which, to make matters more ludicrous, keeps hurling itself at Othello, to be caught in midair. It looks like a hopeless circus act.

Gene Feist is one of those remarkable directors who despite steady work—in their own employment, needless to say—do not, over the years, improve by an iota. He has tried to devise some picturesque (as he sees it) groupings; and, perhaps to compensate for all the cuts in the text, has doubled the heralds, and orchestrated a sword fight for two into group fencing. He has, evidently, also tried to Freudianize the Iago-Othello relationship (Iago's "motiveless malignity" is, I think, best left alone), but has done it halfheartedly. There are other hand-me-down notions wispily floating around, such as those people bent double, struggling against the storm—which Feist probably got from Peter Brook's *Lear*, where it made much more sense. On the whole, however, he generates a minimum of movement, and most of that conven-

Illustrated by Dave Calver

tional. At best, he comes up with a vulgar piece of business, such as having Iago, as he promises Rodrigo enjoyment of Desdemona, simulate copulation by rapidly pulling Rodrigo's sword in and out of its sheath.

From none of the actors has Feist elicited a genuine performance, though that is not entirely his fault. The Iago of Nicholas Kepros comes closest to adequacy, but there is not much finesse and imagination about it, and you would think that any fool could instantly recognize a double-dyed villain in him. Any fool, but not this Othello, whom Earle Hyman plays not as a gallant soldier who loses his equipoise, but as a mouth-organ player who, having lost his harmonica, is doing his best to fake its presence bare-mouthed.

To think that Hyman has played Othello steadily for some quarter century, both in this country and (in Norwegian) in Scandinavia, and yet gives us here something that would be poor as a first reading. Vocally, it is all meaningless flutings and trumpetings; when, for example, he exclaims, "I love the gentle Desdemona," he bellows "Des! . . . De! . . . Mona!" as ominously as if he loved her particularly in a large pot over a slow fire. Facially it is mostly scowls and horrible eye-popping smirks that are, apparently, meant to suggest passion. And somatically, it is all strange lurchings and leanings, sometimes executed on one foot, as if to impersonate a water bird or the Tower of Pisa. When particularly moved, Hyman stamps his foot petulantly and, once or twice, erupts into a cossack dance. Oddest of all, when he proposes to "blow" all his "fond love . . . to heaven," he does so by slapping his two bent knees!

As for Mary Carney's Desdemona, I have occasionally been obliged to describe professional performances as high school, but this one is too elementary to be even junior high. With Feist's collusion, Miss Carney gives us a prancing, skittering creature spouting an endless singsong, and apparently in constant pursuit of a Hershey bar. Of the others, I don't know what to say; it is not so much that words fail me as that they fail *them.* Carmen de Lavallade is a fine dancer, but no actress; her Emilia has the added inappropriateness of being black, which tends to give credence to Iago's suspicions about her and the Moor.

One last word or two about Jeff Fiala's unit set, which looks like an unfurled scroll with chicken scratches on it, or perhaps a rug being pulled from under the actors—something they can do very handily for themselves. ■

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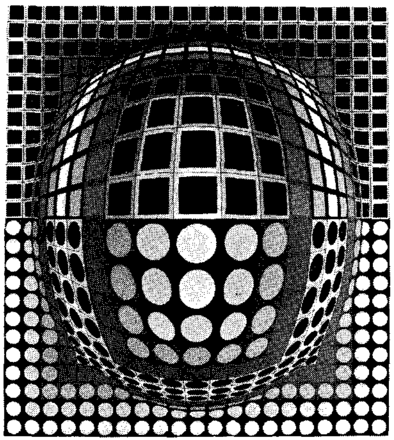

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"... Lafite 1974 can be found for around $14; Moulin des Carruades, produced entirely on the Lafite property, sells for $8..."

When Is Lafite Not Lafite?

It's not every day that one of the world's most famous vineyards introduces a second label, but Château Lafite-Rothschild is doing just that. Starting with the 1974 vintage, Lafite is exporting a wine called Moulin des Carruades. The wine, which recently arrived in New York, is produced entirely on the Lafite property in the village of Pauillac in the Médoc district of Bordeaux and could actually be sold as Lafite-Rothschild. In the January following the vintage, while the wines were still in large vats and before they were all assembled and transferred to small casks for aging, a selection was made of the wines to be sold as Lafite-Rothschild. The wines not up to the château's standards were eventually bottled as Moulin des Carruades.

The concept is not unique. Château Latour markets a second wine as "Forts de Latour," and it, too, represents a selection of wines that could all be sold as Château Latour. Château Haut-Brion also bottles a second wine, Château Bahans, sold only in France. Mouton-Cadet, the popular red Bordeaux marketed by Baron Philippe de Rothschild, owner of Château Mouton-Rothschild, is something else again. It is a blend of wines purchased throughout the Bordeaux region, and has nothing whatever to do with the wines produced at Mouton-Rothschild.

Although Americans are seeing Moulin des Carruades for the first time, neither the name nor the idea is new to the owners of Lafite. "Carruades de Château Lafite-Rothschild," a label which became familiar to Americans in the 1950s, was used for wines from the Lafite vineyard that came from vines less than twelve years old (which produce lighter, less intense wines). At least that is the traditional explanation of what Carruades de Lafite was. It's likely, however, that the wines sold as Carruades de Lafite were also a selection of lesser wines from the entire crop. I would imagine, for example, that if part of a vintage was picked in the rain, the diluted wines would eventually be sold as Carruades de Lafite, whether or not they came from young vines. When Carruades de Lafite was the second label of Lafite, Moulin des Carruades was used as a third label, for wines of even lesser quality, and this label was used only in France.

The Carruades de Lafite label has not been used since the 1967 vintage; since then, the less successful wines of Lafite have been bottled as "Bordeaux Supérieur" and consumed primarily by the Rothschild family and their friends. Since Carruades de Lafite became rather well known among wine drinkers, why didn't the Rothschilds use this name when they decided, after the 1974 vintage, to revive the concept of marketing a second wine? Apparently, the Carruades de Lafite label led to certain abuses. Some restaurateurs would list Lafite-Rothschild on the wine list and then serve their customers Carruades de Lafite, which costs about half as much. Occasionally a sommelier would serve Carruades de Lafite with his thumb over the word "Carruades." There were even instances of wine merchants' charging more for Carruades than for Lafite, with the explanation that Carruades de Lafite was a selection of the very best wines of the Lafite estate, and actually superior to Lafite-Rothschild. The Rothschilds therefore decided it would be more prudent this time to use "Moulin des Carruades" as the name of their second wine.

Of the 24,000 cases of the 1974 vintage produced at Lafite, about 6,000 were bottled as Moulin des Carruades. In the excellent 1975 vintage, none of the 12,000 cases produced at Lafite will be sold as Moulin des Carruades, although the second wine will again be marketed in the 1976 and 1977 vintages. At the property, the wine is sold at half the price of Lafite-Rothschild, but in New York retail shops Lafite 1974 can be found for around $14, while Moulin des Carruades sells for $8.

Well, how good is Moulin des Carruades, and how does it compare to Lafite-Rothschild and to other Bordeaux châteaux in the same price range? I recently participated in a blind tasting of eighteen well-known 1974 Bordeaux châteaux. When the labels were uncovered, the tasters were astonished to discover that the two wines ranked lowest were Lafite-Rothschild and Moulin des Carruades. I found that both of the wines had started to oxidize and turn brown, and both had the unhealthy smell and taste of dead leaves.

I decided to arrange another blind tasting on my own, and invited three importers to compare Lafite-Rothschild and Moulin des Carruades with several other 1974 wines from the Médoc. At this tasting, Lafite-Rothschild displayed some of its traditional elegance and finesse, but, again, the wine showed signs of oxidation and lacked the deeper color—the bigger flavor—of Latour and Mouton Rothschild. Moulin des Carruades was much less successful than Lafite—weak, undistinguished, and already turning brown—and was considered not simply overpriced, but an unattractive wine. It was not as good as Ducru-Beaucaillou, Montrose, or Pichon-Lalande, for example, and no better than Lynch-Bages—all of which cost $2 less a bottle. It's not clear why the owners of Lafite-Rothschild have decided that the less successful wines of the estate, which for several years have been consumed by the family, should be sold to the public at $8 a bottle, but the 1974 Moulin des Carruades is certainly an inauspicious start.

Illustrated by Walter Gurbo

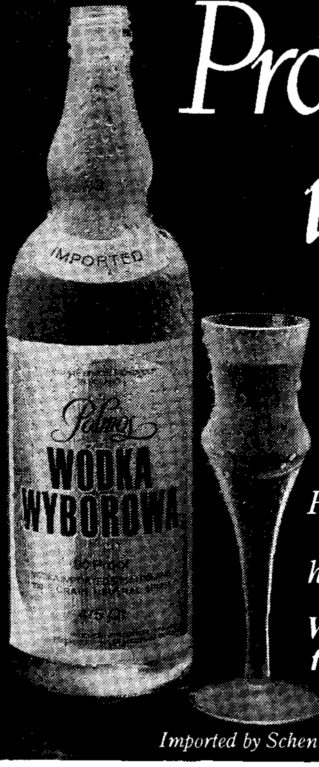
What's in a Jug?

When you buy what looks like a gallon or half gallon of wine these days, you may actually be getting about 20 percent less wine than you think. That is because American wine makers have agreed to adopt metric sizes, and most wineries have already begun to switch over. The new jug-wine sizes will be the two-bottle metric magnum (50.7 ounces), which replaces the 64-ounce half gallon, and the four-bottle jeroboam (101.4 ounces), which replaces the 128-ounce gallon. Since so many jugs now come in an attractive variety of shapes, often with convenient handles, it's difficult to tell at a glance the difference between a five-bottle gallon and a jeroboam, or between a half gallon and a magnum. Most wineries do not indicate the contents on their labels, but mold "2/5 gallon" or "1.5 liters" onto the base of the bottle, where it is harder to spot.

Imported jug wines also present a confusing array of sizes. In one store I saw a display of large bottles from Italy containing 50.7, 60, 67, and 68 ounces at various prices. And although the contents are printed on the label, they are rarely stated in ounces alone, but usually in confusing combinations of quarts, pints, and ounces.

Conversion to metric sizes must be completed by the end of 1978, so wineries can't be blamed for starting early. Nevertheless, the changeover does permit some wineries to raise their prices in a way that is not readily apparent to the consumer. For example, Gallo originally replaced its $3.29 half gallons of Hearty Burgundy with metric magnums at $3.10, which now list at $3.39. Italian Swiss Colony replaced its half gallons of Colony Chablis and Burgundy at $3.05 with magnums at $2.99, which now sell for $3.19. A few months ago, Paul Masson replaced its $3.99 half gallons of Chablis and Burgundy with $3.79 magnums, which are now priced at $3.99; and Louis Martini recently converted its Mountain Red and White wines from half gallons to metric magnums, but the $4.29 price remained the same.

One curious result of this changeover period is that it's not unusual to see a California magnum displayed next to a full gallon from the same winery, the latter still at the old price. In such a case, the gallon often represents a 25 percent saving over the magnum. Eventually, the use of standard metric sizes will help the consumer recognize values among both American and imported jug wines, but for the moment, don't judge a jug wine by its appearance. ▬



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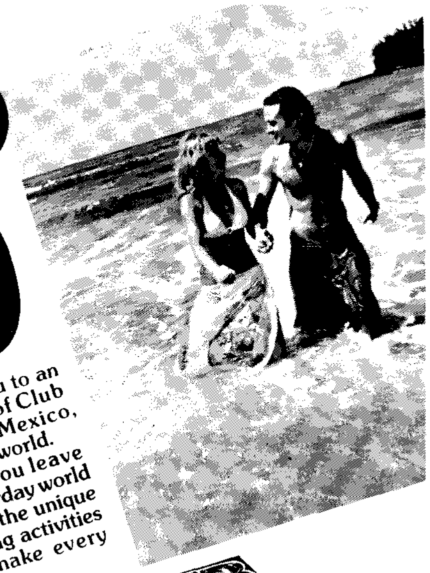

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Brrrrr, fur—Not a moment too soon: Here are wholesale prices on fur coats for women, sizes 6–20, although not all coats are available in all sizes. We saw: a handsome let-out raccoon, $1,500; a natural nutria with dyed-fox collar, $1,450; a dyed nutria with raccoon collar, $750; Lunaraine female mink, sable collar, $2,950; Blackglama mink, dyed-sable collar, $3,200; muskrat coat, raccoon collar, $850; red-fox jacket, $950; natural muskrat with muskrat trim, $850. For early birds, there are a couple of raccoon coats at $850 and raccoon jackets at $750. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *P. Miller & Son, Inc., 307 Seventh Ave., between 27th and 28th sts., sixth floor (242-8688); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Sat. till 2:30 p.m.; through 3/31.*

Factory furs—"Fun" furs are the attraction here, and many of these are one and few of a kind. Examples: long, brown-dyed Spanish curly-lamb coats and natural-color curly-lamb jackets, $125 each; two brown and three black-and-white monkey coats with leather trim, $495 and $295 each; fully let-out double-breasted raccoon coats, $1,295; long Canadian-red-fox coats, $2,500; long Australian-red-fox coats, $1,495. There are also a couple of racks of used furs, many in poor condition and very cheap, but we spotted two handsome opossum coats, $495 each, and a good-looking nutria for $250. Sizes 8–12 on sale furs. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Harry Kirshner & Son, 307 Seventh Ave., between 27th and 28th sts., fourth floor (CH 3-4847); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

T-shirts and totes—This First Ave. "shop" is really more of a wholesale outlet, because the owner supplies her printed and silk-screened T-shirts, totes, etc., to major department stores. Here, you can buy these items for much less. T-shirts range from $2 for infants' sizes in poly and cotton to $3.50 for adults' sizes in 100 percent cotton; Tris-free children's nightshirts are $4, adults' are $4.50; plain canvas tote bags are $5, appliquéd, $6–$7; children's totes, $2.50; T-shirt dresses, $12.50–$20; canvas aprons are $4; baby bibs, $1; canvas dog carriers in two sizes, $13 and $15; canvas rain hats, $4. Have your name or message printed for $1 for the first five letters, 12 cents for each additional letter. Children's silk-screened T-shirts, sizes 8, 10, and 12, are $2, and some lucky toddlers, sizes 6 months and 24 months, will find T-shirt-and-romper sets for $1.25. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Be Yourself Designs, Ltd., 1663 First Ave., between 86th and 87th sts. (534-5376); seven days a week, 9:30 a.m.–7:30 p.m.; through 3/5.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Mothers-to-be—These three maternity-wear shops are having an anniversary clearance that includes: all-wool pants, were $29.75–$31.50, now $20; velvet slacks, now $14; acrylic sweaters, were $12.95–$17.50, now half price; wool capes, were $75–$90, now $37.50–$45; dresses and evening wear, including Diane Von Furstenberg, Franck Olivier, and others, now 33 percent off original discounted prices, while other dresses are up to 50 percent off. Maternity sizes 4–18. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Reborn Maternity, 1425 Third Ave., between 80th and 81st sts. (737-8817); Mon.–Wed. and Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Thurs. till 9 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m., Sun. 11:30 a.m.–5 p.m.; 1699 Northern Blvd., Manhasset (516 365-7259), and 215 East Post Rd., White Plains (914 948-3914); Mon.–Wed., Fri., and Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 9 p.m., Sun. 11:30 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 2/19.*

Handicrafts—Performer's Outlet is having a sale on selected merchandise in its spice-tea-scented brownstone store. Everything is made by hand, often by people in the performing arts. All dolls and toys for children are 40 percent off, including crocheted finger puppets, were $1 each, now 60 cents; and a large rag doll, was $45, now $27. At 30 percent off: all jewelry, from stuffed-fabric hearts that were $3, now $2.10, to a large-linked silver necklace, was $32, now $22.40; jams, sauces, and jellies from North Carolina; and an African kalimba (thumb piano). At 20 percent off: all pillows, pottery, and soft silk batik scarves. At 10 percent off: everything else in the store, including a funny marionette, was $8.50, and valentines. Cash-and-carry only; all sales final. *Performer's Outlet, 222 East 85th St. (249-8435); Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 10:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; through 2/28.*

Winter clothes—A clearance of fashionable winter clothing at this Madison Ave. boutique provides good values for women sizes 4–12. Velvet skirts, were $48, now $29; plain, tweed, and paisley wool skirts, were $44–$129, now $30–$89; cashmere cowl necks, were $60, now $45; Shetland pullovers and V-necks in assorted colors, now only $12; winter skirts in French-cotton flannel, were $68, now $19; French single-breasted flannel blazers, were $120, now $65; cotton-broadcloth shirts, were $28, now $19; English-cotton plaid shirts, were $36, now $23; and more. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Sharon Bovaird, 1116 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. (794-8865); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. 1–5:30 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Cleaning your coat—For one month only, these cleaners are offering a 20 percent discount on cleaning, refurbishing, and making your sheepskin or shearling coat or jacket water-repellent. However, you must bring it in and pick it up yourself. This is the first such price reduction in the business's 40 years, and special one-week service is available. The store reserves the right to turn away any garment more in need of honorable burial than cleaning, and the cost varies with the size, condition, and construction of the garment. The average walking-length coat is generally $25–$35 to process, and the average full-length coat, $30–$45, before the 20 percent discount. Cash-and-carry only. *Leathercraft Process of America, Inc., 54 West 56th St. (JU 6-3737); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–2 p.m.; through 3/4.*

Freebie—Women who wish to participate in market research on new products, including evaluation and testing of these products, can give Clairol's Forum a call for an appointment. Hair coloring is sometimes included, though optional, and you may be asked to sample and give your opinion on shampoos, conditioners, and other beauty goods. There are individual cubicles for each participant; coffee is served; and a free professional styling is thrown in (a blow-dry or a set, but no haircuts). Each participant not only has the chance to have her say, but leaves with a gift of four full-size Clairol and/or Bristol-Myers products to take home. *Call 644-3975 Mon.–Fri. 8:30 a.m.–4:30 p.m. to make an appointment.* ■

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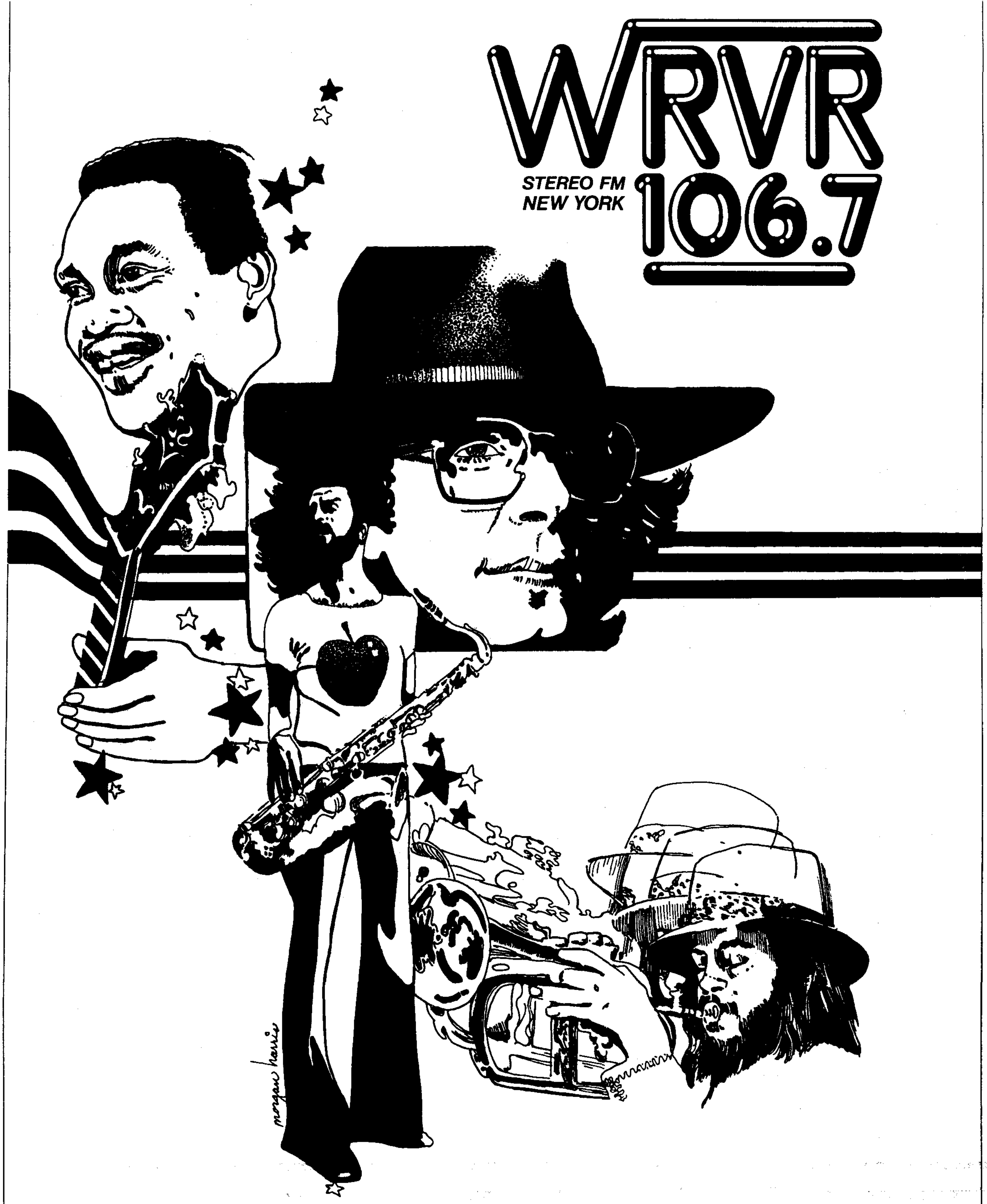
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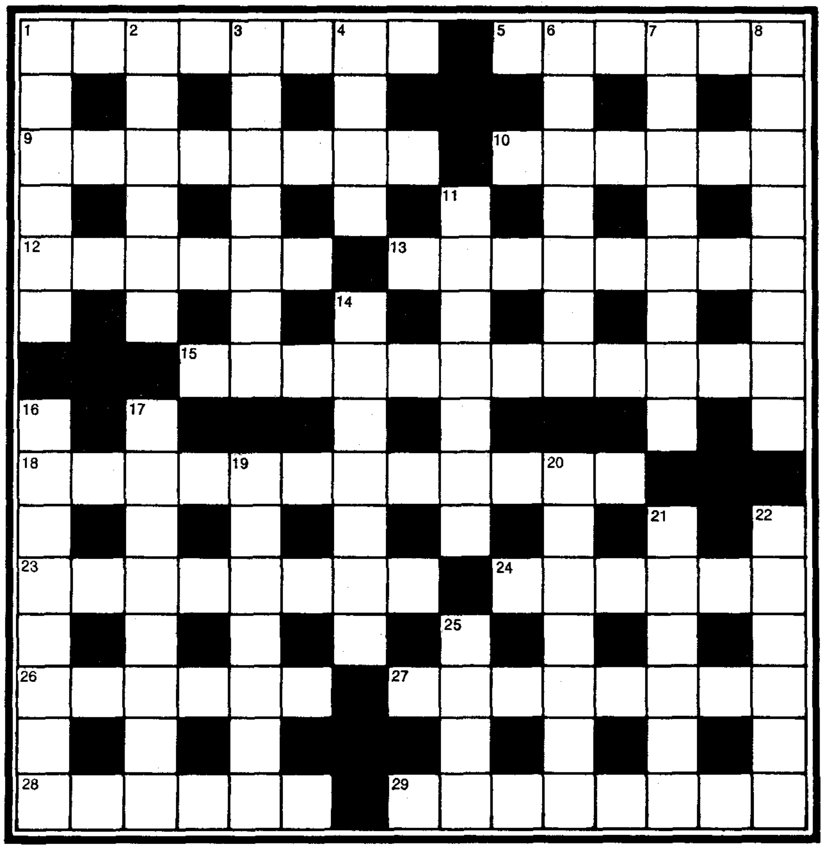

Solution to last issue's puzzle:

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N	■	■	■	■	H	E	N	C	E	F	O	R	T	H

Clues

ACROSS

1 Classic description of delinquent youth putting girl in jail? (8)

5 Something choice given to the editor to be adorned. (6)

9 Just the chap to train a monkey. (8)

10 Walker the thriller-writer? (6)

12 Everything, for example, to note and charge. (6)

13 Crime-fighting organisation in petrol riot! (8)

15 International trade show—appropriate, yet not the right selection. (6, 6)

18 Simple form of transport used by swimmer in the waves. (6-6)

23 Group initially defaces the landscape, but takes on a brighter look altogether. (8)

24 By the way, a dissolute fellow is seen in a particular strip. (6)

26 Ornaments on top of temples? (6)

27 A portion of tea in the dose of liquor. (8)

28 Mentioning the absence of bell-like sound. (6)

29 Have a game with the beak outside the theatre. (4-4)

DOWN

1 Animal going up to strike master and many besides. (6)

2 Run without a mate. (6)

3 Model posing as a badly-dressed father? (7)

4 Nothing Oriental about this river? (4)

6 Young creature confusing the London district. (7)

7 Old-style catcher under the cow? (4-4)

8 Diana depends on terrible falsehoods! (4, 4)

11 Beg to get the rent sorted out and to eat. (7)

14 A short answer in difficult circumstances for the record. (7)

16 Roundhead in the bay getting on towards the resort. (8)

17 Making a lot of noise about one pretender. (8)

19 Take directions to the transport and board it. (7)

20 Where the cross-country runner may well arrive! (7)

21 To miss nothing, confuse Haiti with another island territory. (6)

22 Feel around two points of the plant. (6)

25 Monk's hood for female novice. (4)

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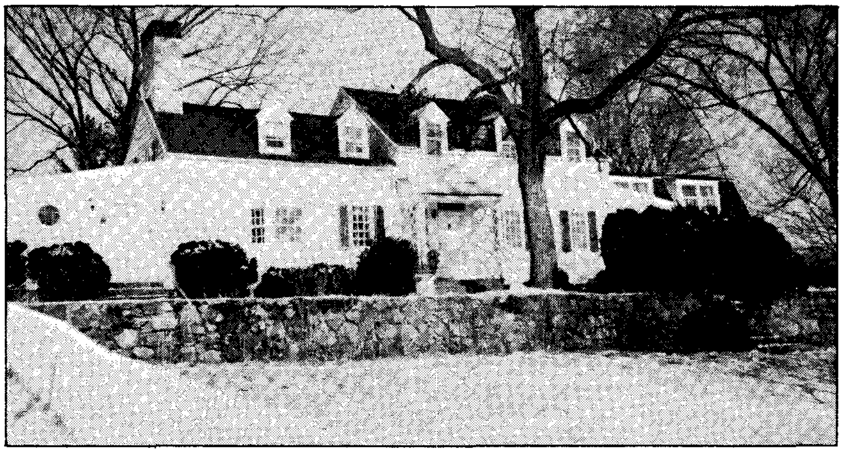

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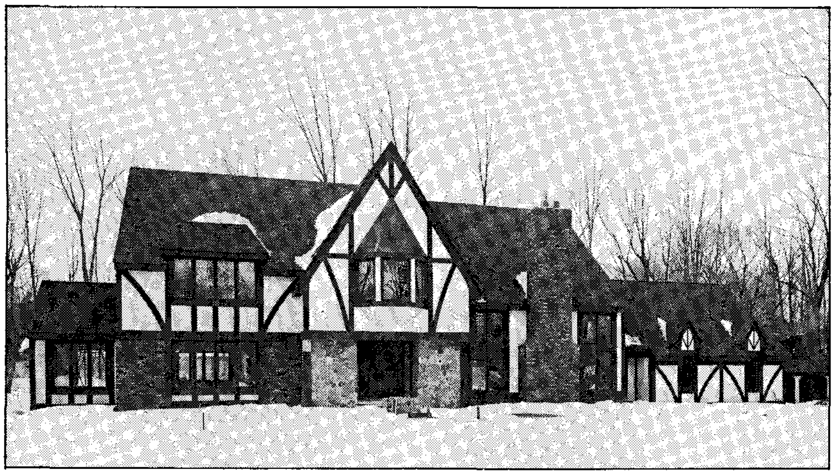

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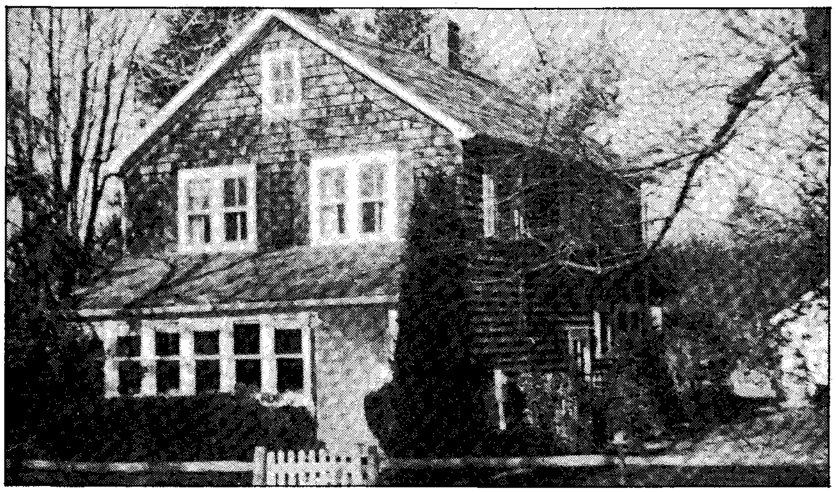

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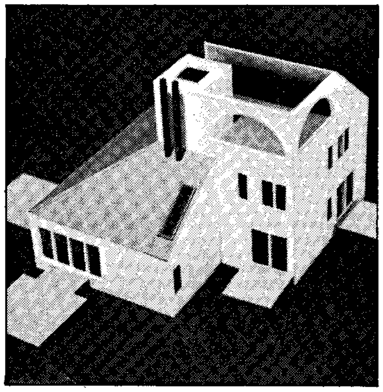

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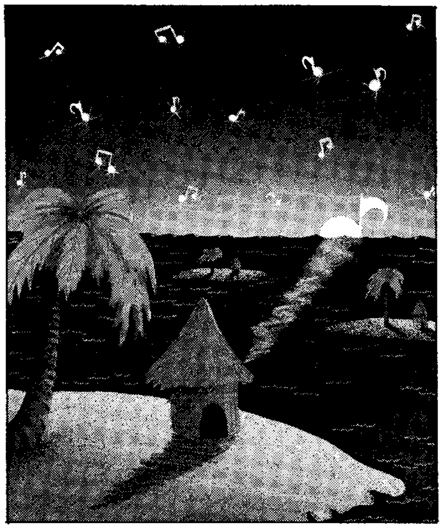
SLOW AWAKENING ON A SMALL ISLAND

"...Vieques presents an interesting picture of a small community gently but firmly guided toward artistic self-awareness..."

VIEQUES, P. R.—A perfect travel-poster beach to ourselves, Schwarzkopf singing "Sei nicht bös" on the cassette player, lunch wrapped in a newspaper full of words like "blizzard"—everyone is entitled to a few self-indulgences now and then. Vieques is a small island (roughly 50 square miles) some ten miles east of Puerto Rico, primitive in mostly pleasant ways. Old residents say that most of the Caribbean islands were like this before the jets came. Vieques has no jetport; you reach it either by ferry from Fajardo, a tumbledown waterfront on the main island, or by the one airline out of San Juan International. That line, known as Air Mont, consists entirely of Captain Yves Dumont and his five-seater Beechcraft. Dumont publishes a schedule, but usually flies when the spirit moves him.

Ten days on Vieques, despite the lack of any resort-style diversion, pass very quickly, meal to meal, nap to nap, beach to beach. During more energetic hours, I chatted with some of the island's cultural movers and developed an interesting picture of a small community being gently but firmly guided toward the beginnings of an artistic self-awareness, and of the problems that have to be faced along the way. In a sense, the awakening process now going on in Vieques might stand as the story of any place in the world at some point in its history.

I spent some time with a young chap named José Calderon, who is the band instructor at the island's one high school. José studied music at the University of Puerto Rico, and also at several colleges in the States. As a band instructor, he has to face certain problems indigenous to the area (band instruments in the West Indies, like cars, have a high mortality rate from rust), plus others that you can run into almost anywhere (school boards are notably reluctant to provide new instruments when needed). José also told me that the biggest problem in getting school kids interested in band work is that anyone with any musical aptitude at all would rather study electric guitar or piano and land a job in a combo at some big hotel. This, despite the fact that a noble band tradition exists in all the Spanish islands.



Yet he is convinced that the best way to move today's kids toward some higher cultural level is through an evocation of tradition. For a small island, Vieques has a remarkably rich history. It has been a battleground and a refuge for a number of Indian tribes in the distant past, and, in the past few centuries, has been fought over during successive colonizations by Spanish, French, English, and American forces. Out of some of this history, José Calderon is now constructing a kind of symphonic drama, writing both book and music, which he hopes to stage outdoors this coming summer—something along the lines of the famous *Lost Colony* in Virginia or the old *Ramona* play that used to be produced in California. His music will attempt to draw together whatever scraps he can find of authentic old Viequense music, along with new material of his own contrivance. Right now, he is going through what ambitious creative musicians must go through anywhere in the world: trying to raise funds, trying to interest the islanders in supporting a project that could, if successful, represent a major step for Vieques toward artistic self-respect.

As it happens, the timing seems to be right for such a step. Right now, a certain amount of turmoil is occurring on the island that stems from events in its recent history. Until World War II, Vieques had a population of close to 25,000, many profitably engaged in sugar and pineapple farming. In 1941, however, as war loomed for the United States, the navy moved onto the island, preempting and clearing nearly two thirds of the land for a major base and ammunition dump for Panama Canal defense. Within a year, the native population was reduced to about 8,000, where it stands today. The military presence, at its height, did bring in money, of course, and for a time the island's economy prospered.

Now, however, most of the military force has been removed, except for a guard station at the ammunition dump and a small Marine camp with personnel of about 100, engaged mostly in antiquated war games like amphibious landing practice and target shooting (as if Ma Bell were to conduct classes in the use of the hand-cranked telephone). The farms have long since disappeared, and the civilian work force at the bases has been drastically cut back. The dominant mood among Viequense, understandably, is the hope that the military will decamp completely, and return the land to better use. Whether or not this happens—and it most likely won't—the presence of this irritant has given the natives a sense of community.

The other major event for Vieques is actually about to happen, probably this week. A series of dry years, plus overuse of the land by the military, has left the island disastrously water-poor. At the island's two restaurants where American tourists and part-time expatriates gather (La Campesina and the admirable Duffy's), conversational topics include getting the laundry done and getting a bath; the irony here is that Vieques, with its six-inch average yearly rainfall, is in clear view of Puerto Rico's El Yunque rain forest, with its 120-inch average. Now, finally, a pipe has been laid from El Yunque to Vieques, and a faucet-turning ceremony is about to take place.

There is some fear, of course, that abundant water will lead to condomin-

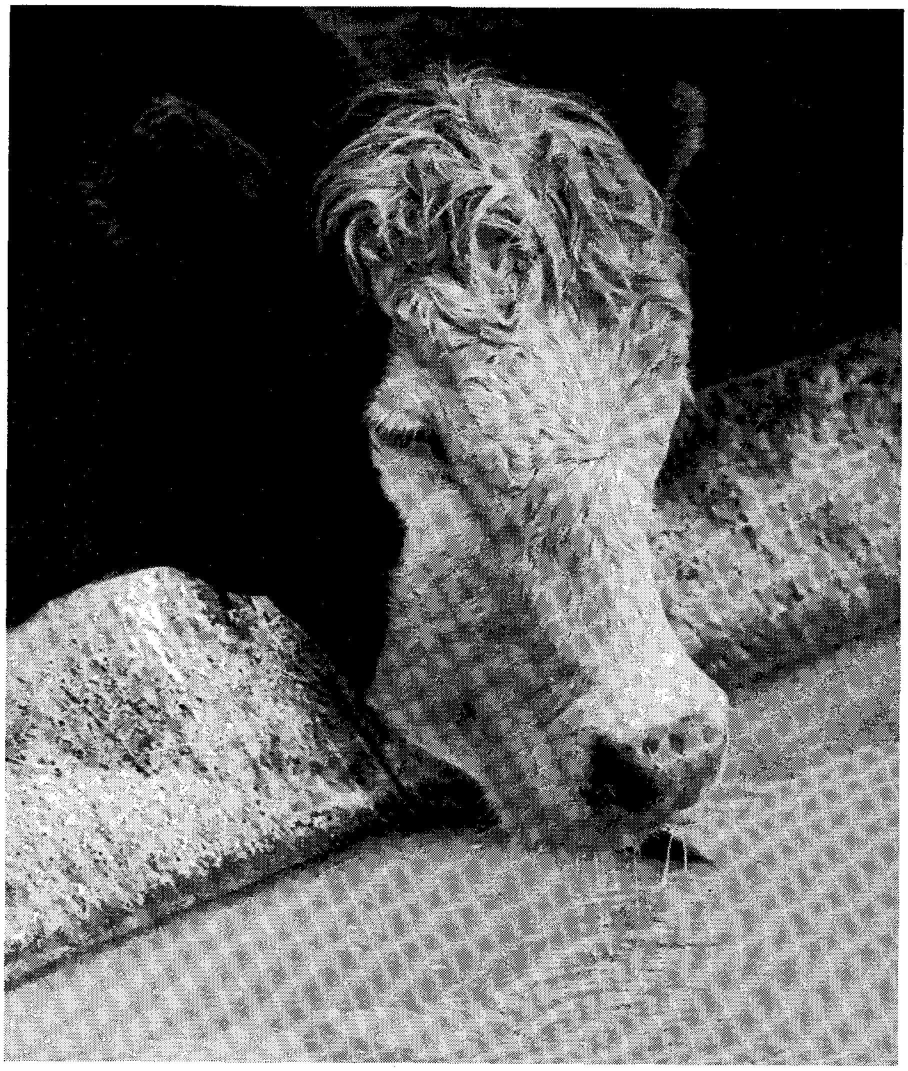
Illustrated by E. Salem Krieger

iums and big hotels, as has befallen Puerto Rico. In this regard, the military presence is something of a safeguard, since present regulations severely limit building along the south shore, where the most beautiful beaches can be found. (If I haven't made it clear by now, the unspoiled beauty of these beaches is something you expect to find only in picture books.)

Among the island's small selection of accommodations, there is one guest house of consequence, the Casa del Frances, boasting a mere sixteen rooms with seven more under way. This has to be one of the Caribbean's great small hotels, however, a handsome old plantation house built around a plant-filled atrium, comfortable, moderately priced, nicely run, and with an estimable vegetable garden and kitchen. Paul Caron, a young American banker based in Brussels, owns the place, which is run by his sister and her husband, Susan and Mac Proctor. Caron was down for a couple of days while I was on Vieques, and he talked enthusiastically about involving the Casa in Viequense cultural activities. Already, there have been chamber concerts at the hotel, with young musicians from Puerto Rico bringing their music over for a weekend. If all goes well with José Calderon's musical drama, it will be staged in a broad meadow behind the hotel, with bleachers built that will then serve the island as its first cultural center.

I asked Caron where he expects support for these artistic ventures. "Oh," he said, "the mayor comes, the man who runs the grocery store comes with his family, the man who brings the newspaper comes. It's very much a family affair. When you're on an island where nothing ever happens, and something happens, it's a major event."

Nothing much *does* happen on Vieques; that's part of its unique appeal, the more so every time another condominium despoils another idyllic site on one of the larger islands. It's basically a sleepy island of remarkable natural beauty where, instead of the frozen food at the San Juan hotels, you eat spectacularly well on fish caught that day; where phones don't work for weeks at a time, the best supermarket has never heard of whipping cream or Perrier water, and it doesn't matter. The island's present primitiveness gives it the chance to build in directions different from those of the big tourist centers, with chamber music and native drama instead of American hotel combos, and meandering dirt roads instead of superhighways. Right now Vieques is still living in the past, which is a good starting point for avoiding the mistakes of the present. ■



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Dance / Marcia B. Siegel

ANOTHER NOTCH IN THE TOTEM POLE

"... Balanchine has decided to try setting up a classical ensemble of men to do what a female corps does in traditional ballets..."

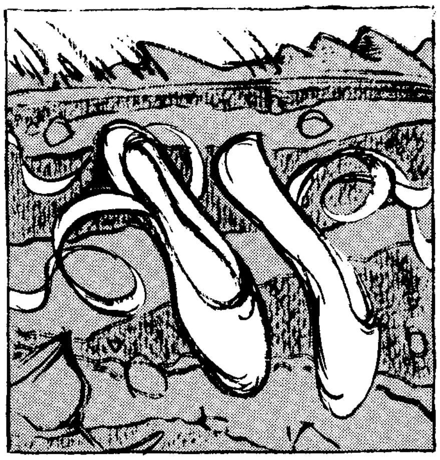
George Balanchine is an artisan, not a tortured genius. He uses limited and well-known materials, shaping and arranging them differently to make each new product. He doesn't have to dump out the entire contents of his mind or re-create the universe every time he goes to work. If ballets were like totem poles, or rugs, or silver goblets, his are the ones they would dig up in 2,000 years as the most refined objects our culture has evolved.

The new **Kammermusik No. 2** (Hindemith) is deceptive. As I watched it, pieces of other Balanchine ballets kept streaking across my memory and disappearing. I saw the drive and imposing muscularity of *Symphony in Three Movements,* the crooked, cramped body shapes of that ballet and *Stravinsky Violin Concerto,* the playful chorus boys and girls of *Who Cares?* But more than anything I saw *Prodigal Son.*

It's pretty mind-boggling to think of someone going back almost 50 years to take up a thought, and, more than that, pursuing the thought in a contemporary direction. The thought in this case is the male corps de ballet. *Prodigal Son*—still in the NYCB repertory—is, of course, a narrative ballet, and the group of men in the background represent the Prodigal's worldly, corrupt friends. But this is 1978, the age of the male dancer, and Balanchine has decided to try setting up a classical ensemble of men to do what a female corps does in traditional ballets.

Two female soloists, Colleen Neary and Karin von Aroldingen, later joined by Adam Lüders and Sean Lavery, are placed in front of the eight men, who work mostly in very formal lines and compact clusters. The ballet is completely presentational; the corps functions as a frame for the solo dancers, underlining, echoing, and sometimes contrasting with their movements.

Come to think of it, what this really reminds me of is *Concerto Barocco,* Balanchine's definitive essay on the modern uses of the female corps. Not only are there the same number of corps dancers, but they're used in very similar ways—except that the movement idiom for men is linear, assertive, rough and tough, and sometimes deliberately inelegant.



At the end of the first section of music—the ballet itself never really stops to divide into sections—the corps gradually collects into a phalanx in the center of the stage and moves down to the footlights, edging Neary and von Aroldingen farther and farther out to the sides until they're virtually blown into the wings. If we've taken the corps's presence for granted up to this point, we never will again. Having won the stage, they reinforce the image of their own solidarity by forming a hands-linked mass, an asymmetrical moving sculpture that keeps changing shape as individuals take a few steps through it without losing contact.

The principal dancers return and do brief duets and solos, sometimes backed by the corps and sometimes on an empty stage. But the presence, the weight of these eight men, seems to grow more impressive, even when they're out of sight. The corps becomes more virtuosic—they do pirouettes for the first time, and other showy steps—without losing the clarity or precise meshing of their formations.

The ballet grows denser. At some point near the end, the women leave and Lüders and Lavery dance small solo phrases, the men behind them joining in exact unison. Both couples reassemble and do short partnering interludes, embellished by smaller units from the ensemble—a pair of men making fanfaring business behind von Aroldingen and Lavery, then a line of four advancing grandly to amplify Neary and Lüders. Then the soloists are gone and the ensemble spreads out across the footlights, does a capsule kick chorus, and ends with a kneeling, folded-up bow, a reverse image of the corps's final gesture in *Concerto Barocco.*

Balanchine has taken part of the movement language for *Kammermusik No. 2* from *Prodigal Son:* His idea seems to be to give the corps clean, total body shapes that fill out and punctuate the stage, yet convey a "masculine" quality. They stamp, punch, thrust straight or jagged arms through the air. They never have recourse to the fluid, curving, pretty designs you see in a female corps.

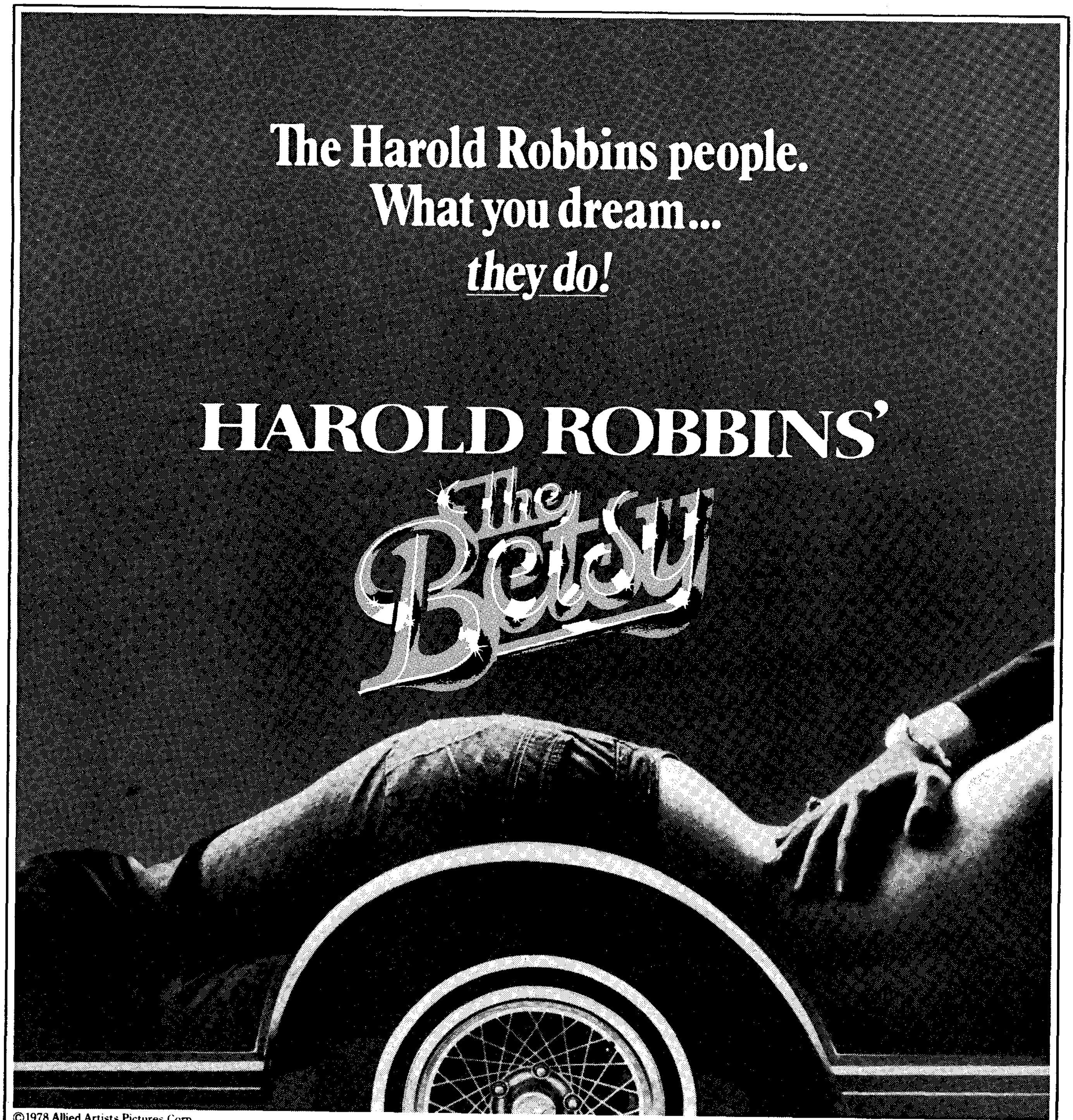
For speed and agility the movement becomes oppositional, athletic; posed on the balls of their feet, with steadying arms flung to the sides, they cut through the space like tightrope walkers or jazz dancers. The look of the movement, as if hung from the shoulders and always rebounding up from contacts with the floor, is typical of von Aroldingen, especially when she dances Balanchine's modern roles.

Balanchine seems to have chosen some of the most eccentric-looking dancers in the company for the principal roles. None of the four has a classically proportioned body, and they all look somewhat oversized and awkward in their fast, detailed movement. Neary and von Aroldingen work often in meticulous canon only one beat apart, switching rapidly from expansive arm gestures to staccato conversations of the feet. Neary is particularly good at keeping a clear, traceable line while racing through drastic changes of activity. I've never seen her dance better.

On top of all this invention, there's something intriguing about the look of *Kammermusik.* It's this overall drive or feeling, which doesn't match up in any rational way with more explicable parts of a work, that—sometime later—pundits label style. ▬

We welcome Marcia Siegel back to New York *as dance critic. In her nine years' absence she has published two books and written for several major publications.*

Illustrated by Elizabeth Van Itallie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Page of Lists / Terry Clifford

A WREATH OF LAUREATES

... No fewer than sixteen (count 'em) Nobel-prize winners live in our city. We defy you to name three besides Kissinger ...

Cournand
de Duve
Claude
du Vigneaud
Edelman
Kissinger
Lee
Hartline
Lipmann
Yalow
Leontief
Moore
Stein
Ochoa
Rabi
Rainwater

New Yorkers are plagued by many doubts and insecurities, but here's something you can be absolutely sure of: The sixteen people living among us who have won the Nobel prize are all smarter than you are.

1. **André Frédéric Cournand,** 82, is professor emeritus of medicine at Columbia University, where he has been on the faculty since 1935. In 1956 he won (along with two others) the Nobel prize in physiology and medicine for the development of a technique of heart catheterization.

2, 3. **Christian René de Duve,** 60, and **Albert Claude,** 78, both professors at Rockefeller University, were co-winners of the 1974 Nobel prize in physiology and medicine for their pioneering research in modern cell biology. Claude was the first to use an electron microscope to study cells and pioneered the use of the centrifuge to separate cell components for analysis. De Duve maintains two full research laboratories—one in New York City and one in Belgium.

4. **Vincent du Vigneaud,** 76, is professor emeritus of biochemistry at Cornell University Medical College. He won the Nobel prize in chemistry in 1955 for his research on sulfur compounds, the pituitary hormones, and the first synthesis of a polypeptide hormone.

5. **Gerald Maurice Edelman,** 48, a molecular biologist, is a professor at Rockefeller University, his alma mater. He won the Nobel prize in physiology and medicine in 1972 (shared with an Englishman) for delineating for the first time the exact chemical structure of an antibody.

6. **Haldan Keffer Hartline,** 74, won the Nobel prize in physiology and medicine in 1967 (shared with two others) for his discoveries about the chemical and physiological processes of the eye and vision. He is a professor at Rockefeller University.

7. **Henry Alfred Kissinger,** 54, who recently moved to New York, won the Nobel peace prize in 1973 for negotiating the Vietnam ceasefire agreement when he was Richard Nixon's secretary of state. For the first time in the history of the Nobel prize, two committee members resigned in protest.

8. **Tsung-Dao (T. D.) Lee,** 51, Enrico Fermi professor of physics at Columbia University, won the Nobel prize in physics (along with a fellow Chinese-American colleague) in 1957 for disproving the law of parity conversion in nuclear physics.

9. **Wassily Leontief,** 71, professor of economics at New York University, won the Nobel prize in economic science in 1973 for devising the input-output formulation that shows how changes in one economic sector affect performance in other sectors.

10. **Fritz Lipmann,** 78, is professor emeritus of biochemistry at Rockefeller University. He won the Nobel prize in physiology and medicine in 1953 (along with an Englishman) for his discovery of coenzyme A and its importance in cell metabolism.

11, 12. **Stanford Moore,** 64, and **William Stein,** 66, two professors at Rockefeller University, won the Nobel prize in chemistry in 1972 for their research on enzymes. They worked out the chemical structure of pancreatic ribonuclease, the enzyme that breaks down RNA, one of the genetic materials.

13. **Severo Ochoa,** 72, professor of biochemistry at New York University Medical Center, won the Nobel prize in physiology and medicine in 1959 with Arthur Kornberg, 59, a native New Yorker who is now at Stanford University. They became Nobel laureates for their discoveries of the mechanism of the biologic synthesis of ribonucleic and deoxyribonucleic acids.

14. **Isidor Isaac Rabi,** 79, holds the highest professorship at Columbia University, that of university professor emeritus. He has been a faculty member at Columbia University since 1929. He won the Nobel prize in physics in 1944 for measuring the radio-frequency spectra of certain atomic nuclei.

15. **James Rainwater,** 60, was the 1975 Nobel-prize winner in physics for research which led to a new theory of atomic nuclear structure. He has been on the faculty of Columbia University since 1939.

16. **Rosalyn Sussman Yalow,** 56, was the first female New Yorker ever to win the Nobel prize. She won in physiology and medicine in 1977 (along with two men) for her role in the development of radioimmunoassay, a testing technique that allows one to detect and measure virtually any minute substance in the body fluids. Dr. Yalow did her research at the Veterans Administration Hospital in the Bronx, where she has worked for 30 years. She is also on the faculty of the Mt. Sinai School of Medicine. She was born in the Bronx and educated in the city public-school system. ▬

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